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Frontispiece

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SIR RICHARD STEELE From the painting by Jonathan Richardson in the National Portrait Gallery, London

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 126 Wednesday, July 25, 1711 (1711)

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Tros Rutulusve fuat nullo discrimine habebo.

Virg.

IN my Yesterday's Paper I proposed, that the honest Men of all Parties should enter into a Kind of Association for the Defence of one another and the Confusion[a] of their common Enemies. As it is designed this neutral Body should act with a Regard to nothing but Truth and Equity, and divest themselves of the little Heats and Prepossessions that cleave to Parties of all Kinds, I have prepared for them the following Form of an Association, which may express their Intentions in the most plain and simple Manner.

We whose Names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly declare, that we do in our Consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any Man whatsoever to be our Enemy who endeavours to perswade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the Hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all Times and all Places; and that ten will not be more three Tears hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, that it is our Resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all Occasions oppose such Persons that upon any Day of the Tear shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost Peril of our Lives and Fortunes.

Were there such a Combination of honest Men, who[b] without any Regard to Places would endeavour to extirpate all such furious

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Zealots as would sacrifice one half of their Country to the Passion and Interest of the other; as also such infamous Hypocrites that are for promoting their own Advantage, under Colour of the publick Good; with all the profligate immoral Retainers to each Side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit Submission to their Leaders; we should soon see that furious Party-Spirit extinguished, which may in Time expose us to the Derision and Contempt of all the Nations about us.

A Member of this Society, that would thus carefully employ himself in making Room for Merit, by throwing down the worthless

and depraved Part of Mankind from those conspicuous Stations of Life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any Regard to his private Interest, would be no small Benefactor to his Country.

I remember to have read in *Diodorus Siculus* an Account of a very active little Animal, which I think he calls the *Ichneumon,* that makes it the whole Business of his Life to break the Eggs of the Crocodile, which he is always in search after.[1] This Instinct is the more remarkable, because the *Ichneumon* never feeds upon the Eggs he has broken, nor any other Way finds his Account in them. Were it not for the incessant Labours of this industrious Animal, *Ægypt,* says the Historian, would be over-run with Crocodiles; for the *Ægyptians* are so far from destroying those pernicious Creatures, that they worship them as Gods.

If we look into the Behaviour of ordinary Partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested Animal; and rather acting after the Example of the wild *Tartars,*[2] who are ambitious of destroying a Man of the most extraordinary Parts and Accomplishments,[3] as thinking that upon his Decease the same Talents, whatever Post they qualified him for, enter of Course into his Destroyer.

As in the whole Train of my Speculations, I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious Spirit of Passion and Prejudice, which rages with the same Violence in all Parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some Good in this Particular, because I observe that the Spirit of Party reigns more in the Country than

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in the Town. It here contracts a kind of Brutality and rustick Fierceness, to which Men of a politer Conversation are wholly Strangers. It extends it self even to the Return of the Bow and the

Hat; and at the same Time that the Heads of Parties preserve towards one another an outward Shew of good Breeding, and keep up a perpetual Intercourse of Civilities, their Tools that are dispersed in these outlying Parts will not so much as mingle together at a Cock-Match.[1] This Humour fills the Country with several periodical Meetings of Whig Jockeys and Tory Fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable Curses, Frowns, and Whispers it[a] produces at a Quarter-Sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former Papers, that my Friends Sir ROGER DE COVERLY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT are of different Principles, the first of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *moneyed* Interest. This Humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable Raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the Club. I find however that the Knight is a much stronger Tory in the Country than in Town, which, as he has told me in my Ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his Interest. In all our Journey from *London* to his House we did not so much as bait at a Whig Inn; or if by Chance the Coachman stopped at a wrong Place, one of Sir ROGER's Servants would ride up to his Master full Speed, and whisper to him that the Master of the House was against such an one in the last Election. This often betrayed us into hard Beds and bad Chear; for we were not so inquisitive about the Inn as the Inn-keeper, and provided our Landlord's Principles were sound, did not take any Notice of the Staleness of his Provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the Hoste was, the worse generally were his Accommodations; the Fellow knowing very well, that those who were his Friends would take up with coarse Diet and an hard Lodging. For these Reasons, all the while I was upon the Road I dreaded entering into an House of any one that Sir ROGER had applauded for an honest Man.

Since my Stay at Sir ROGER's in the Country, I daily find more Instances of this narrow Party-Humour. Being upon the Bowling-Green at a neighbouring Market-Town the other Day, (for that is

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the Place where the Gentlemen of one Side meet once a Week) I observed a Stranger among them of a better Presence and genteeler Behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprized, that notwithstanding he was a very fair *Bettor,* no Body would take him up. But upon Enquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable Vote in a former Parliament, for which Reason there was not a Man upon that Bowling-Green who would have so much Correspondence with him as to win his Money of him.

Among other Instances of this Nature I must not omit one which concerns my self.[a] *Will. Wimble* was the other Day relating several strange Stories that he had picked up no Body knows where of a certain great Man; and upon my staring at him as one that was surprized to hear such things in the Country which[b] had never been so much as whispered in the Town, *Will.* stopped short in the Thread of his Discourse, and after Dinner asked my Friend Sir ROGER in his Ear if he was sure that I was not a Fanatick.

It gives me a serious Concern to see such a Spirit of Dissention in the Country, not only as it destroys Virtue and common Sense, and renders us in a Manner Barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our Animosities, widens our Breaches, and transmits our present Passions and Prejudices to our Posterity. For my own Part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the Seeds of a Civil War in these our Divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first Principles, the Miseries and Calamities of our Children. C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid,* 10. 108: *Rutulians, Trojans,* are the same to me. DRYDEN.

[a] and the Confusion] and Confusion *Fol.*

[b] who] that *Fol.*

[1] Diodorus Siculus, 1. 35. 7. See *The Historical Library of Diodorus the Sicilian*, trans. G. Booth (1700), book i, chap. iii:

But Nature has provided relief against the increase of this destructive monster [the crocodile]; for the *Ichneumon,* as it's call'd (of the Bigness of a little Dog) running up and down near the Waterside, breaks all the Eggs laid by this Beast, wherever he finds them; and that which is most to be admir'd, is, that he does this not for Food or any other Advantage, but out of a natural Instinct for the meer Benefit of Mankind (p. 17).

[2] Cf. *Hudibras*, 1. ii. 23–26:

So a wilde *Tartar* when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit.

[3] Arnold suggests that the reference here is to the treatment of the Duke of Marlborough 'by an ungrateful court and an intriguing ministry'. The allusion (below, p. 4) to the several strange stories which Will Wimble 'had picked up no Body knows where of a certain great Man' lends support to this conjecture.

[1] Misson mentions this as a peculiarly English sport. Besides the diversions they have in common with other nations, such as tennis, billiards, chess, tick-tack, dancing, and plays, the English have some which they love and use more than any other people. 'Cock-fighting is a Royal Pleasure in *England.* Their Combates between Bulls and Dogs, Bears and Dogs, and sometimes Bulls and Bears, are not Battels to Death, as those of Cocks …' (p. 304).

[a] Whispers it] Whispers that it *Fol.*

[a] concerns my self.] concerns to my self. *Fol.*

[b] which] that *Fol.*

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THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

...*Quantum est in rebus Inane?*

Pers.

IT is our Custom at Sir ROGER'S, upon the coming in of the Post to sit about a Pot of Coffee, and hear the old Knight read *Dyer's* Letter,[2] which he does with his Spectacles upon his Nose, and in an

audible Voice, smiling very often at those little strokes of Satyr which are so frequent in the Writings of that Author. I afterwards communicate to the Knight such Packets as I receive under the Quality of SPECTATOR. The following Letter chancing to please him more than ordinary, I shall publish it at his Request.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have diverted the Town almost a whole Month at the Expence of the Country, it is now high time that you should give the Country their Revenge. Since your withdrawing from this Place, the fair Sex are run into great Extravagancies. Their Petticoats,[1] which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous Concave, and rise every Day more and more: In short,[a] Sir, since our Women know themselves to be out of the Eye of the SPECTATOR, they will be kept within no Compass. You praised them a little too soon, for the Modesty of their Head-dresses; For as the Humour of a Sick Person is often

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driven out of one Limb into another, their Superfluity of Ornaments, instead of being entirely Banished, seems only fallen from their Heads upon their lower Parts. What they have lost in Height they make up in Breadth, and contrary to all Rules of Architecture widen the Foundations at the same time that they shorten the Superstructure. Were they, like *Spanish* Jennits,[2] to impregnate by the Wind, they could not have thought on a more proper Invention. But as we do not yet hear any particular Use in this Petticoat, or that it contains any thing more than what was supposed to be in those of Scantier[b] Make, we are wonderfully at a loss about it.

'The Women give out, in Defence of these wide Bottoms, that they are Airy, and very proper for the Season; but this I look upon to be only a Pretence, and a piece of Art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate Summer these many Years, so that it is

certain the Heat they complain of cannot be in the Weather: Besides, I would fain ask these tender-constitution'd Ladies, why they should require more Cooling than their Mothers before them.

'I find several Speculative Persons are of Opinion that our Sex has of late Years been very Saucy, and that the Hoop-Petticoat is made use of to keep us at a distance. It is most certain that a Woman's Honour cannot be better entrenched than after this manner, in Circle within Circle, amidst such a Variety of Outworks and Lines of Circumvallation. A Female who is thus invested[1] in Whale-Bone is sufficiently secured against the Approaches of an ill-bred Fellow, who[a] might as well think of Sir *George Etheridge*'s[2] way of making Love in a Tub, as in the midst of so many Hoops.

'Among these various Conjectures, there are Men of Superstitious Tempers, who look upon the Hoop-Petticoat as a kind of Prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the Downfall of the *French* King, and observe that the Farthingale[3] appeared in *England* a little before the Ruin of the *Spanish* Monarchy.[4] Others are of Opinion that it foretells Battel and Bloodshed, and believe it of the same Prognostication as the Tail of a Blazing Star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a Sign that Multitudes are coming into the World, rather than going out of it.

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'The first time I saw a Lady dressed in one of these Petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my own Thoughts for walking abroad when she was *so near her Time,* but soon recovered my self out of my Errour, when I found all the Modish Part of the Sex as *far gone* as her self. It is generally thought some crafty Women have thus betrayed their Companions into Hoops, that they might make them accessary to their own Concealments, and by that means escape the Censure of the World, as wary Generals have sometimes dressed two or three dozen of their Friends in their own Habit, that they might not draw upon themselves any particular Attacks from the Enemy. The strutting Petticoat smooths all Distinctions, levels the Mother with the Daughter, and sets Maids and Matrons, Wives and Widows, upon the same bottom. In the mean while, I cannot but

be troubled to see so many well shaped innocent Virgins bloated up, and waddling[a] up and down like big-bellied Women.

'Should this Fashion get among the ordinary People our publick Ways would be so crouded that we should want Street-room. Several Congregations of the best Fashion find themselves already very much streightned, and if the Mode encrease I wish it may not drive many ordinary Women into Meetings and Conventicles. Should our Sex at the same time take it into their Heads to wear Trunk Breeches (as who knows what their Indignation at this Female Treatment may drive them to) a Man and his Wife would fill a whole Pew.

'You know, Sir, it is recorded *of Alexander* the Great,[1] that in his *Indian* Expedition he buried several Suits of Armour which by his Directions were made much too big for any of his Soldiers, in order to give Posterity an extraordinary *Idea* of him, and make them believe he had commanded an Army of Giants. I am persuaded that if one of the present Petticoats happens to be hung up in any Repository of Curiosities, it will lead into the same Error the Generations that lie some Removes from us, unless we can believe our Posterity will think so disrespectfully of their Great Grand-mothers, that they made themselves Monstrous to appear Amiable.

'When I survey this new-fashioned *Rotonda*[2] in all its Parts, I cannot but think of the old Philosopher, who after having entered into an

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Egyptian Temple, and looked about for the Idol of the Place, at length discovered a little Black Monkey[3] enshrined in the midst of it, upon which he could not forbear crying out, (to the great Scandal of the Worshipers,) What a magnificent Palace is here for such a Ridiculous Inhabitant!

'Though you have taken a Resolution, in one of your Papers, to avoid descending to Particularities of Dress, I believe you will not think it below you, on so extraordinary an Occasion, to Unhoop the fair Sex, and cure this fashionable Tympany that is got among them. I am apt to think the Petticoat will shrink of its own Accord at your first coming to Town, at least a Touch of your Pen will make it

contract it self, like the Sensitive Plant,[1] and by that means oblige several who are either terrifyed or astonished at this portentous Novelty, and among the rest,

Your Humble Servant, &c.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Persius, *Satires, 1*. 1: How much of emptiness is there in things!

[2] No. 43 (vol. i).

[1] In *Tatler* 113 William Jingle complains that the ladies' petticoats are 'too wide for entring into any Coach or Chair' and describes the invention of special vehicles to accommodate them. Ten days before the publication of this number *The Farthingale reviv'd, or More Work for a Cooper: a panegyrick on the late, but most admirable invention of the hoop-petticoat,* is advertised ('This Day is publish'd') in No. 118. Swift writes to Stella on 10 Nov. 1711: 'Have you got the whale-bone petticoats amongst you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them.'

[a] In short,] In a Word, *Fol.*

[2] The legend of Spanish mares becoming pregnant by the wind was an old one; see Lean, *Collectanea,* ii. 102–3. The *British Apollo* of 16 June 1708 gives a facetious explanation, in reply to a query.

[b] of Scantier] of a Scantier *Fol.*

[1] Cf. Pope's *Rape of the Lock,* ii. 119–22.

[a] who] and *Fol.*

[2] Etherege, *Love in a Tub* (cf. No. 44) (vol. i).

[3] Derived from Spanish *verdugado,* a farthingale; *verdugo,* rod or stick (the cane hoops or rods inserted beneath).

[4] i.e. in 1558 (Nichols).

[a] waddling] walking *Fol. Corrected in Errata (No.* 130)

[1] Plutarch, *Life of Alexander,* 62. 3–4.

[2] The name of the Pantheon, but here simply 'a round or circular object' (the earliest example in *OED).*

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[3] 'A Monkey in a costly Temple' occurs among the Tickell MSS. for volume viii of the *Spectator* (M. J. C. Hodgart, *Review of English Studies,* N.S., v [1954], 386).

[1] In *Tatler* 32 Charles Sturdy, after describing a Platonic acquaintance, says, 'If I offer at her Hand or Lip, she shrinks from the Touch like a sensative Plant, and would contract her self into meer Spirit.'

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FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

...*Concordia discors.*

Luc.

WOMEN in their Nature are much more gay and joyous than Men; whether it be that their Blood is more refined, their Fibres more delicate, and their animal Spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of Sex in the very Soul,[3] I shall not pretend to determine. As Vivacity is the Gift of Women, Gravity is that of Men. They should each of them therefore keep a Watch upon the particular Biass[4] which Nature has fixed in their Minds, that it may not *draw* too much, and lead them out of the Paths of Reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every Word and Action affects the Character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage Philosophy, Women by a thoughtless Gallantry.[5] Where these Precautions are not

observed, the Man often degenerates into a Cynick, the Woman into a Coquet; the Man grows sullen and morose, the Woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said we may conclude, Men and Women were made as Counterparts to one another, that the Pains and Anxieties of the Husband might be relieved by the Sprightliness and good Humour of the Wife. When these are rightly tempered, Care and

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Chearfulness go Hand in Hand; and the Family, like a Ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither Sail nor Ballast.

Natural Historians observe, (for whilst I am in the Country I must fetch my Allusions from thence) That only the Male Birds have Voices; That their Songs begin a little before Breeding-time, and end a little after: That whilst the Hen is covering her Eggs, the Male generally takes his Stand upon a neighbouring Bough within her Hearing; and by that Means amuses and diverts her with his Songs during the whole Time of her Sitting.

This Contract among Birds lasts no longer than till a Brood of young ones arises from it; so that in the feather'd Kind, the Cares and Fatigues of the married State, if I may so call it, he principally upon the Female. On the contrary, as in our Species the Man and Woman are joined together for Life, and the main Burden rests upon the former, Nature has given all the little Arts of soothing and Blandishment to the Female, that she may chear and animate her Companion in a constant and assiduous Application to the making a Provision for his Family, and the educating of their common Children. This however is not to be taken so strictly, as if the same Duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both Parties; but only to set forth what seems to have been the general Intention of Nature, in the different Inclinations and Endowments which are bestowed on the different Sexes.

But whatever was the Reason that Man and Woman were made with this Variety of Temper, if we observe the Conduct of the fair Sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a Person who resembles them in that light and volatile Humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counter-ballance it. It has been an old Complaint, That the Coxcomb carries it with them before the Man of Sense. When we see a Fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid Life and Laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female Favourite: Noise and Flutter are such Accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be

short, the Passion of an ordinary Woman for a Man, is nothing else but Self-love diverted upon another Object: She would have the Lover a Woman in every thing but the Sex. I do not know a finer

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Piece of Satyr on this Part of Womankind than those Lines of Mr. *Dryden,*

Our thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form
And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man.[1]

This is a Source of infinite Calamities to the Sex, as it frequently joins them to Men who in their own Thoughts are as fine Creatures as themselves; or if they chance to be good-humoured, serve only to dissipate their Fortunes, inflame their Follies, and aggravate their Indiscretions.

The same female Levity is no less fatal to them after Marriage than before; it represents to their Imaginations the faithful prudent Husband as an honest tractable and domestick[a] Animal; and turns their Thoughts upon the fine gay Gentleman that laughs, sings, and dresses so much more agreeably.

As this irregular Vivacity of Temper leads astray the Hearts of ordinary Women in the Choice of their Lovers and the Treatment of their Husbands, it operates with the same pernicious Influence towards their Children, who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime Perfections that appear captivating in the Eye of their Mother. She admires in her Son what she loved in her Gallant; and by that Means contributes all she can to perpetuate herself in a worthless Progeny.

The younger *Faustina*[2] was a lively Instance of this Sort of Women. Notwithstanding she was married to *Marcus Aurelius,* one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the *Roman* Emperors, she thought a common Gladiator much the prettier Gentleman; and had taken such Care to accomplish her Son *Commodus* according to her own Notions of a fine Man, that when he ascended the Throne of his Father, he became the most foolish and abandoned Tyrant that was

ever placed at the Head of the *Roman* Empire, signalizing himself in nothing but the fighting of Prizes, and knocking out Mens Brains. As he had no Taste of true Glory, we see him in several Medals and Statues which[a] are still extant of him, equipped like an *Hercules* with a Club and a Lion's Skin.

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I have been led into this Speculation by the Characters I have heard of a Country-Gentleman and his Lady, who do not live many Miles from Sir ROGER. The Wife is an old Coquet, that is always hankering after the Diversions of the Town; the Husband a morose Rustick, that frowns and frets at the Name of it: The Wife is over-run with Affectation, the Husband sunk into Brutality: The Lady cannot bear the Noise of the Larks and Nightingales, hates your tedious Summer-Days, and is sick at the Sight of shady Woods and purling Streams; the Husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the Fooleries of Plays and Operas, and rails from Morning to Night at essenced Fops and tawdry Courtiers. The Children[b] are educated in these different Notions of their Parents. The Sons follow the Father about his Grounds, while the Daughters read Volumes of Love-Letters and Romances to their Mother. By this Means it comes to pass, that the Girls look upon their Father as a Clown, and the Boys think their Mother no better than she should be.

How different are the Lives of *Aristus* and *Aspatia?* The innocent Vivacity of the one is tempered and composed by the chearful Gravity of the other. The Wife grows Wise by the Discourses of the Husband, and the Husband good-humour'd by the Conversations of the Wife. *Aristus* would not be so amiable were it not for his *Aspatia,* nor *Aspatia* so much to be esteemed were it not for her *Aristus.* Their Virtues are blended in their Children, and diffuse through the whole Family a perpetual Spirit of Benevolence, Complacency, and Satisfaction. C

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Lucan, *Pharsalia*, 1. 98: Jarring harmony.

[3] Cf. Steele in *Tatler* 172: 'I am sure I do not mean it an Injury to Women, when I say there is a Sort of Sex in Souls.'

[4] Cf. Shadwell, Epilogue to *The Humourists:*

A humour is the bias of the mind,
By which with violence 'tis one way inclin'd:
It makes our actions lean on one side still,
And in all changes that way bends the will.

Dryden's parody of these lines in *Mac Flecknoe* (189–92) undoubtedly helped to make them familiar.

[5] Lady Mary writes to Edward Wortley Montagu in August 1712: 'One of the "Spectators" is very just, that says, A man ought always to be on his guard against spleen and too severe a philosophy; a woman against levity and coquetry' (*Letters,* ed. W. Moy Thomas, i. 73).

[1] Dryden, *Oedipus,* 1. i ('That thoughtless Sex'). Creon is speaking of Eurydice's fondness for young Adrastus.

[a] tractable and domestick] tractable domestick *Fol.*

[2] Faustina (d. A.D. 175), the profligate wife of Marcus Aurelius. According to Danet, the cruelties and debaucheries of Commodus persuaded the people that he was not the legitimate son of Marcus Aurelius but 'that his Mother had got him by a Gladiator, whom she loved. … His vanity was brought to such an excess, that he would be called the young *Jupiter,* and the *Roman Hercules,* affecting … to dress himself in a Lions Skin, and to wear a massy Club like *Hercules.*'

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[b] The Children] *12mo;* Their Children *Fol., 8vo*

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 129 Saturday, July 28, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum
Cum rota posterior curras & in axe secundo.

Pers.

GREAT Masters in Painting never care for drawing People in the Fashion, as very well knowing that the Head-dress, or Periwig, that now prevails, and gives a Grace to their Portraitures at present, will make a very odd Figure, and perhaps look monstrous, in the Eyes of Posterity. For this Reason they often represent an illustrious Person in a *Roman* Habit, or in some other Dress that never varies. I could wish, for the sake of my Country Friends, that there was such a kind *of everlasting Drapery* to be made use of by all who live at a certain distance from the Town, and that they would agree upon such Fashions as should never be liable to Changes and Innovations. For want of this *Standing Dress,* a Man who[a] takes a Journey into the Country is as much surprized, as one who[b] walks in a Gallery of old Family-Pictures, and finds as great a Variety of Garbs and Habits in the Persons he Converses with. Did they keep to one constant Dress they would sometimes be in the Fashion, which they never are, as Matters are managed at present. If instead of running after the Mode they would continue fix'd in one certain Habit, the Mode would some time or other overtake them, as a Clock that stands still is sure to point right once in twelve Hours. In this Case therefore I would advise them, as a Gentleman did his

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Friend who was hunting about the whole Town after a rambling Fellow, If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant your self at the Corner of any one Street, I'll engage it will not be long before you see him.

I have already touched upon this Subject,[2] in a Speculation which[c] shows how cruelly the Country are led astray in following the Town; and equipped in a ridiculous Habit, when they fancy themselves in the height of the Mode. Since that Speculation, I have received

a Letter (which I there hinted at)[a] from a Gentleman who is now in the Western Circuit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'BEING a Lawyer of the *Middle Temple,* a *Cornishman*[b1] by Birth, I generally ride the Western Circuit for my Health, and as I am not interrupted with Clients, have leasure to make many Observations that escape the Notice of my Fellow-Travellers.

'One of the most fashionable Women I met with in all the Circuit was my Landlady at *Stains,* where I chanced to be on a Holiday. Her Commode[2] was not half a Foot high, and her Petticoat[3] within some Yards of a modish Circumference. In the same Place I observed a young Fellow with a tollerable Periwig, had it not been covered with a Hat that was shaped in the *Ramillie* Cock.[4] As I proceeded in my Journey I observed the Petticoat grew scantier and scantier, and about threescore Miles from *London* was so very unfashionable that a Woman might walk in it without any manner of Inconvenience.

'Not far from *Salisbury* I took Notice of a Justice of Peace's Lady who[c] was at least ten Years behind hand in her Dress, but at the same time as fine as Hands could make her. She was flounced and furbelowed from Head to Foot; every Ribbon was wrinkled, and every Part of her Garments in Curl, so that she looked like one of those Animals which in the Country we call a *Friezeland*[5] Hen.

'Not many Miles beyond this Place I was informed that one of the last Year's little Muffs had by some means or other stragled into

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those Parts, and that all the Women of Fashion were cutting their old Muffs in two, or retrenching them, according to the little Model which[d] was got among them. I cannot believe the Report they have there, that it was sent down Frankt by a Parliament-man in a little Packet; but probably by next Winter this Fashion will be at the height in the Country, when it is quite out at *London.*

'The greatest Beau at our next[6] County Sessions was dressed in a most monstrous Flaxen Periwig, that was made in King *William's*

Reign. The Wearer of it goes, it seems, in his own Hair when he is at home, and lets his Wig lie in Buckle[1] for a whole half Year, that he may put it on upon Occasion to meet the Judges in it.

'I must not here omit an Adventure which[a] happened to us in a Country Church upon the Frontiers of *Cornwall.* As we were in the midst of the Service a Lady who is the chief Woman of the Place, and had passed the Winter at *London* with her Husband, entered the Congregation in a little Head-dress and a Hoop'd-Petticoat. The People, who were wonderfully startled at such a Sight, all of them rose up. Some stared at the prodigious Bottom, and some at the little Top of this strange Dress. In the mean time the Lady of the Manor filled the *Area*[b] of the Church, and walked up to her Pew with an unspeakable Satisfaction, amidst the Whispers, Conjectures and Astonishments of the whole Congregation.

'Upon our way from hence we saw a young Fellow riding towards us full Gallop, with a Bob Wig[2] and a black Silken Bag tied to it. He stopt short at the Coach, to ask us how far the Judges were behind us. His Stay was so very short that we had only time to observe his new Silk Waistcoat, which[c] was unbuttoned in several Places to let us see that he had a clean Shirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

'From this Place, during our Progress through the most Western Parts of the Kingdom, we fancied our selves in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, the People having made very little Variations in their Dress since that time. The Smartest of the Country Squires appear still in the *Monmouth* Cock,[3] and when they go a wooing

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(whether they have any Post in the Militia or not) they generally put on a red Coat. We were indeed very much surprized, at the Place we lay at last Night, to meet with a Gentleman that had accoutered himself in a Night-Cap Wig,[4] a Coat with long Pockets

and slit Sleeves, and a pair of Shoes with high Scollop Tops; but we soon found by his Conversation that he was a Person who laughed at the Ignorance and Rusticity of the Country People, and was resolved to live and die in the Mode.

'*Sir,* If you think this Account of my Travels may be of any Advantage to the Publick, I will next Year trouble you with such Occurences as I shall meet with in other Parts of *England.* For I am informed there are greater Curiosities in the Northern Circuit than in the Western; and that a Fashion makes its Progress much slower into *Cumberland* than into *Cornwall.* I have heard in particular, that the Steenkirk[1] arrived but two Months ago at *Newcastle,* and that there are several Commodes in those Parts which are worth taking a Journey thither to see.' C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Persius, *Satires*, 5. 71–72:

Who, like the hindmost Chariot-Wheels art curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first. DRYDEN.

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[b] who] that *Fol.*

[2] No. 119 (vol. i).

[c] which] that *Fol.*

[a] *Parentheses added in 8vo and 12mo*

[b] *Middle Temple,* a *Cornishman] Middle Temple* and a *Cornish* Man *Fol.*

[1] 'Counsellors generally go on the circuits through the counties in which they are born and bred' (Nichols).

[2] No. 98 (vol. i).

[3] No. 127.

[4] A method of cocking the hat, so called from Ramillies, in the Spanish Netherlands, the scene of Marlborough's victory in May 1706.

[c] who] that *Fol.*

[5] Friesland or Vriesland, a province of the Netherlands.

[d] which] that *Fol.*

[6] 'Next' seems to be used here in the sense of 'last' (cf. German *nächst).*

[1] 'The state of the hair crisped and curled by being kept long in the same state' (Johnson). This is the earliest quotation in *OED;* the last is 1789.

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[a] which] that *Fol.*

[b] the *Area*] the whole *Area Fol. Corrected in Errata* (*No. 130*)

[2] A bob wig was a wig with the bottom locks turned up into 'bobs' or short curls, as opposed to a full-bottomed wig. The 'bag' was the small silken pouch containing the back-hair of the wig (OED).

[c] which] that *Fol.*

[3] A military 'cock' of the hat popular during the Restoration period, and *so* called from the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II. This quotation, however, is the earliest in *OED.*

[4] A close-fitting wig with a short tie and small round head resembling a night-cap. See *Tatlers* 26 and 30, and *Spectator* 319 (vol. iii).

[1] After the victory of the French over the allies (3 Aug. 1692) at Steenkerke in the Spanish Netherlands, the Steenkirk became fashionable in Paris in the following winter. It was a kind of neck-cloth, worn both by men and women, having long laced ends hanging down or twisted together, and passed through a loop or ring *(OED).* It soon became popular in England and is often referred to in the plays. In a famous scene in Cibber's *Careless Husband* (1704) Lady Easy 'takes her Steinkirk from her Neck, and lays it gently over [her husband's] Head'.

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MONDAY, JULY 30, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

...Semperque recentes

Convectare juvat pr tedas, & vivere rapto.

Virg.

AS I was Yesterday riding out in the Fields with my Friend Sir ROGER, we saw at a little Distance from us a Troop of Gypsies.[3] Upon the first Discovery of them, my Friend was in some Doubt whether he should not exert the *Justice of the Peace* upon such a Band of lawless Vagrants; but not having his Clerk with him, who is a necessary Counsellour on these Occasions, and fearing that his Poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the Thought drop: But

at the same time gave me a particular Account of the Mischiefs they do in the Country, in stealing People's Goods and spoiling their Servants. If a stray Piece of Linnen[1] hangs upon an Hedge, says Sir ROGER, they are sure to have it; if a Hog loses his Way in the Fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their Prey; our Geese cannot live in Peace for them; if a Man prosecutes them with Severity, his Hen-roost is sure to pay for it: They generally straggle into these Parts about this Time of the Year; and set the Heads of our Servant-Maids so agog for Husbands, that we do not expect to have any Business done, as it should be, whilst they are in the Country. I have an honest Dairy-Maid who[a] crosses their Hands with a Piece

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of Silver every Summer; and never fails being promised the handsomest young Fellow in the Parish for her Pains. Your Friend the Butler has been Fool enough to be seduced by them; and though he is sure to lose a Knife, a Fork, or a Spoon every Time his Fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the Pantry with an old Gypsie for above Half an Hour once in a Twelve-month. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young Jades among them: The Sluts have often very white Teeth and black Eyes.

Sir ROGER, observing that I listned with great Attention to his Account of a People who were so entirely new to me, told me, That if I would they should tell us our Fortunes: As I was very well pleased with the Knight's Proposal, we rid up and communicated our Hands to them. A *Cassandra* of the Crew, after having examined my Lines very diligently, told me, That I loved a pretty Maid in a Corner, that I was a good Woman's Man,[2] with some other Particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My Friend Sir ROGER alighted from his Horse, and exposing his Palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all Shapes, and diligently scanned every Wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them who[b] was older and more sun-burnt than the rest, told him, That he had a Widow in his Line of Life: Upon which the

Knight cryed, Go, go you are an idle Baggage; and at the same Time smiled upon me. The Gypsie finding he was not displeased in his Heart, told him, after a further Enquiry into his Hand, that his True-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to Night. My old Friend cryed pish, and bid her go on. The Gypsie told him that he was a Batchelour, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to some Body than he thought: The Knight still repeated, She was an idle Baggage, and bid her go on. Ah Master, says the Gypsie, that roguish Lear of yours makes a pretty Woman's Heart ake; you ha'n't that Simper about the Mouth for nothing—The uncouth Gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the Darkness of an Oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the Money with her that he had crossed her Hand with, and got up again on his Horse.

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As we were riding away, Sir ROGER told me, that he knew several sensible People who believ'd these Gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for Half an Hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the Height of his good Humour, meeting a common Beggar upon the Road who[a] was no Conjuror, as he went to relieve him, he found his[b] Pocket was pickt: That being a Kind of Palmistry at which this Race of Vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my Reader with historical Remarks on this idle profligate People, who[c] infest all the Countries of *Europe,* and live in the Midst of Governments in a kind of Commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into Observations of this Nature, I shall fill the remaining Part of my Paper with a Story which[d] is still fresh in *Holland,* and was printed in one of our Monthly Accounts about twenty Years ago. 'As the *Trekschuyt,* or Hackney-boat, which carries Passengers from *Leiden* to *Amsterdam* was putting off, a Boy running along the Side[e] of the Canal, desir'd to be taken in; which the Master of the Boat refused because the Lad had not quite Money enough to pay the usual Fair. An eminent Merchant being pleased with the Looks of the Boy, and secretly touched with Compassion towards him, paid the Money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards he found that he could speak readily in three or four Languages, and learned upon further Examination that he had been stolen away when he was a Child by a Gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a Gang of those Strolers

up and down several Parts *of Europe.* It happened that the Merchant, whose Heart seems to have inclined towards the Boy by a secret kind of Instinct, had himself lost a Child some Years before. The Parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the Canals with which that Country abounds; and the Mother was so afflicted at the Loss of a fine Boy, who was her only Son, that she died for Grief of it. Upon laying together all Particulars, and examining the several Moles and Marks by which the Mother used to describe the Child[a] when he was first missing, the Boy proved to be the Son of the Merchant, whose Heart had so unaccountably melted at the Sight of him. The Lad was very well pleased to find a Father, who[b] was so rich, and likely to leave him a good Estate; the Father,

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on the other Hand, was not a little delighted to see a Son return to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a Strength of Constitution, Sharpness of Understanding, and Skill in Languages.' Here the printed Story leaves off, but if I may give Credit to Reports, our Linguist having received such extraordinary Rudiments towards a good Education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a Gentleman, wearing off by little and little all the vicious Habits and Practices that he had been used to in the Course of his Peregrinations: Nay it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign Courts upon national Business with great Reputation to himself and Honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several Countries as[C] a publick Minister, in which he formerly wandered as a Gypsy.

C

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid*, 7. 748–9: 'Tis ever their joy to bear away fresh booty, and to live on plunder.

[3] According to Misson (p. 122), by laws enacted in the sixteenth century, 'all those People calling themselves *Bohemians* or *Egyptians,* are hangable as Felons at the Age of 14 Years, a Month after their Arrival in *England,* or after their first disguising themselves', but he adds that the laws are not put in execution.

P. 15, line 22: *Justice of the Peace* (italics added in *Fol*.)

[1] Cf. Gay, *Shepherd's Week*, 'Tuesday', 79–80:

Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a smock.

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[2] The woman's man is described more fully in No. 156. See also No. 536 (vol. iv).

[b] who] that *Fol.*

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[b] found his] found that his *Fol.*

[c] who] that *Fol.*

[d] which] that *Fol.*

[e] Side] Sides *Fol.*

[a] Marks by which ... Child] Marks which the Mother used to describe the Child by *Fol.*

[b] who] that *Fol.*

[c] Honour ... as] Honour to his Country, and that he has visited several Courts as *Fol. Corrected in Errata (No. 131) to* Honour to his Republick, and that he has visited several Countries, as

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 131 Tuesday, July 31, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

...Ipsæ rursum concedite Sylvæ.

Virg.

IT is usual for a Man who loves Country Sports to preserve the Game in his own Grounds, and divert himself upon those that

belong to his Neighbour.[1] My Friend Sir ROGER generally goes two or three Miles from his House, and gets into the Frontiers of his Estate, before he beats about in search of an Hare or Partridge, on purpose to spare his own Fields, where he is always sure of finding Diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the Breed about his House has time to encrease and multiply, besides that the Sport is the more agreeable where the Game is the harder to come at, and where it does[a] not lie so thick as to produce any Perplexity or Confusion in the Pursuit. For these Reasons the Country Gentleman, like the Fox, seldom preys near his own Home.

In the same manner I have made a Month's Excursion out of the Town, which is the great Field of Game for Sportsmen of my Species, to try my Fortune in the Country, where I have started several Subjects, and hunted them down with some Pleasure to my self, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of Diligence before I can spring any thing to my Mind, whereas in Town, whilst I am following one Character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in

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my Way by another, and put up such a Variety of odd Creatures in both Sexes that they foil the Scent of one another, and puzzle the Chace. My greatest Difficulty in the Country is to find Sport, and in Town to chuse it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole Month's Rest to the Cities *of London* and *Westminster,* I promise my self abundance of new Game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the Country, since I find the whole Neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my Name and Character. My Love of Solitude, Taciturnity and particular way of Life having raised a great Curiosity in all these Parts.

The Notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest,[b] and some as very melancholly. *Will. Wimble,* as my Friend the Butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extreamly silent when I am in Company, is afraid I have killed a Man. The Country People seem to suspect me for a Conjurer, and some of them hearing of the Visit which[c] I made to *Moll. White,* will needs have it that Sir ROGER

has brought down a Cunning Man[1] with him, to cure the old Woman, and free the Country from her Charms. So that the Character which I go under in part of the Neighbourhood is what they here call a *White Witch.*[2]

A Justice of Peace, who lives about five Miles off, and is not of Sir ROGER's Party, has it seems said twice or thrice at his Table, that he wishes Sir ROGER does not harbour a Jesuit[3] in his House, and that he thinks the Gentlemen of the Country would do very well to make me give some Account of my self.

On the other side, some of Sir ROGER's Friends are afraid the old Knight is imposed upon by a designing Fellow, and as they have heard he converses[a] very promiscuously when he is in Town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen, and says nothing, because he is out of Place.

Such is the Variety of Opinions which[b] are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected Person, and among others

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for a Popish Priest; among some for a Wizard, and among others for a Murderer; and all this for no other Reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and hollow and make a Noise. It is true my Friend Sir ROGER tells them *that it is my way,* and that I am only a Philosopher, but this[c] will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my Tongue for nothing.

For these and other Reasons I shall set out for *London* to Morrow, having found by Experience that the Country is not a Place for a Person of my Temper, who does not love Jollity, and what they call Good-Neighbourhood. A Man that is out of Humour when an unexpected Guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an Afternoon to every Chance-comer, that will be the Master of his own Time, and the Pursuer of his own Inclinations, makes but a very unsociable Figure in this kind of Life. I shall therefore retire into the Town, if I may make use of that Phrase, and get into the

Crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what Speculations I please upon others without being observed my self, and at the same time enjoy all the Advantages of Company with all the Privileges of Solitude. In the mean while, to finish the Month, and conclude these my Rural Speculations, I shall here insert a Letter from my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB, who has not lived a Month for these forty Years out of the Smoke *of London,* and rallies me after his way upon my Country Life.

Dear SPEC,

'I SUPPOSE this Letter will find thee picking of Daisies, or smelling to[1] a lock of Hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent Country Diversion of the like nature. I have however Orders from the Club to summon thee up to Town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our Company, after thy Conversations with *Moll. White* and *Will. Wimble.* Prithee don't send us up any more Stories of a Cock and a Bull, nor frighten the Town with Spirits and Witches. Thy Speculations begin to smell confoundedly of Woods and Meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude thou art in Love with one of Sir ROGER's Dairy Maids. Service to the Knight. Sir ANDREW is grown the Cock of

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the Club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every Mother's Son of us Common-wealths Men.

Dear SPEC,

Thine Eternally,

WILL. HONEYCOMB.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclogues,* 10. 63:

Once more ye ... sounding Woods adieu. DRYDEN.

[1] Sir Roger considered that Will Wimble 'would be a good Neighbour if he did not destroy so many Partridges' (No. 122 (vol. i)). C1. Trevelyan, i. 23–24.

[a] and where it does] *12mo;* and does *Fol., 8vo*

[b] some as very modest *added in 12mo*

[c] which] *12mo;* that *Fol., 8vo*

[1] Formerly used for fortune-teller or conjurer. 'Cunning men, wizards, and white-witches, as they call them, in every village, which, if they be sought unto, will help almost all infirmities of body and mind' (Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy,* 11. i. i). See also No. 504 (vol. iv: Wizards, Gypsies and Cunning Men).

P. 20, line 4: *White* (italics added in *Fol.*)

[2] The white witch was supposed to be 'mischievously good' (Dryden, *The Medal*, 62). In Addison's play, *The Drummer,* II. i, the 'Wizard, White-Witch, Conjurer, Cunning Man'—and Jesuit are—grouped together.

[3] See Nos. 4 and 77 (vol i).

[a] heard he converses 12*mo*; heard that he converses *Fol., 8vo*

[b] which] 12*mo;* that *Fol., 8vo*

[c] this] 12*mo;* that *Fol., 8vo*

[1] The construction *to* is byf ar the most frequent down to the nineteenth century, when it was replaced by *at (OED).*

[2] This concludes the long series of papers dealing mainly with the country and Sir Roger, written for the most part by Addison. (Of the 26 papers published during July, Addison had contributed 20.) All the August papers on the other hand (Nos. 132–58) are, with two

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exceptions (Nos. 135 and 150), by Steele. Addison spent the month of August at Bath with Ambrose Philips, returning to London early in September (Smithers, pp. 226–7).

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 132 Wednesday, August 1, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

...Qui, aut Tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.

Tull.

HAVING notified to my good Friend Sir ROGER that I should set out for *London* the next Day, his Horses were ready at the appointed Hour in the Evening; and, attended by one of his Grooms, I arrived at the County Town at Twilight, in order to be ready for the Stage-Coach the Day following. As soon as we arrived at the Inn, the Servant who waited upon me, enquired of the Chamberlain in my Hearing what Company he had for the Coach? The Fellow answered, Mrs. *Betty Arable,* the great Fortune, and the Widow her Mother, a recruiting Officer, (who took a Place because they were to go) young Squire *Quickset* her Cousin, (that her Mother wished her to be married to) *Ephraim* the Quaker her Guardian, and a Gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir ROGER DE COVERLY'S. I observed by what he said of my self, that according to his Office he dealt much in Intelligence; and doubted not but there was some Foundation for his Reports of the rest of the Company, as well as for the whimsical Account he gave of me. The next Morning at Day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural Shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first Preparation for our setting out was, that the Captain's Half-

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Pike was placed near the Coach-man, and a Drum behind the Coach.

In the mean Time the Drummer, the Captain's Equipage,[2] was very loud, that none of the Captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his Cloak-bag was fixed in the Seat of the Coach: And the Captain himself, according to a frequent, tho' invidious Behaviour of military Men, ordered his Man to look sharp,

that none but one of the Ladies should have the Place he had taken fronting to the Coach-box.

We were in some little Time fixed in our Seats, and sat with that Dislike which People not too good-natur'd, usually conceive of each other at first Sight. The Coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of Familiarity; and we had not moved above two Miles, when the Widow asked the Captain what Success he had in his Recruiting? The Officer, with a Frankness he believed very graceful, told her, 'That indeed he had but very little Luck, and had suffered much by Desertion, therefore should be glad to end his Warfare in the Service of her or her fair Daughter. In a Word, continued he, I am a Soldier, and to be plain is my Character: You see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me your self, Widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your Disposal. I am a Soldier of Fortune, ha!' This was followed by a vain Laugh of his own, and a deep Silence of all the rest of the Company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all Speed. 'Come, said he, resolve upon it, we will make a Wedding at the next Town: We will wake this pleasant Companion who is fallen asleep to be Brideman,' and (giving the Quaker a Clap on the Knee) he concluded, 'This sly Saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, Widow, shall give the Bride as Father.' The Quaker, who happened to be a Man of Smartness, answered, 'Friend, I take it in good Part that thou hast given me the Authority of a Father over this comely and virtuous Child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy Mirth, Friend, savoureth of Folly: Thou art a Person of a light Mind; thy Drum is a Type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy Fullness, but thy Emptiness, that thou hast spoken this Day. Friend, Friend, we have hired this Coach in Partnership with thee, to carry us to the great City; we cannot go any other Way. This worthy Mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy Follies; we cannot help

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it Friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee: But if thou wert a Man of Understanding, thou wouldst not take Advantage of thy couragious Countenance to abash us Children of Peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a Soldier; give Quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our Friend, who feigned himself asleep? he sayeth nothing; but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the Hearing of this virtuous young Virgin, consider it is an Outrage against a distressed Person

that cannot get from thee: To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped[1] up with thee in this publick Vehicle, is in some Degree assaulting on the high Road.'

Here *Ephraim* paused, and the Captain with an happy and uncommon Impudence (which can be convicted and support it self at the same time) crys, 'Faith Friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoaky[2] old Fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing Part of the Journey. I was a going to give my self Airs, but Ladies I beg Pardon.'

The Captain was so little out of Humour, and our Company was so far from being sowered by this little Ruffle, that *Ephraim* and he took a particular Delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different Provinces in the Conduct of the Company. Our Reckonings, Apartments, and Accommodation, fell under *Ephraim;* and the Captain looked to all Disputes on the Road, as the good Behaviour of our Coach-man, and the Right we had of taking Place as going to *London* of all Vehicles coming from thence. The Occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happen'd which could entertain by the Relation of them: But when I consider'd the Company we were in, I took it for no small good Fortune that the whole Journey was not spent in Impertinences which to one Part of us might be an Entertainment, to the other a Suffering. What therefore *Ephraim* said when we were almost arrived at *London,* had to me an Air not only of good Understanding, but good Breeding. Upon the young Lady's expressing her Satisfaction in the Journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, *Ephraim* delivered[a] himself as follows; 'There is no ordinary Part of

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humane Life which expresseth so much a good Mind, and a right inward Man, as his Behaviour upon meeting with Strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable Companions to him: Such a Man when he falleth in the Way with Persons of Simplicity and Innocence, however knowing he may be in the Ways of Men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his Superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good Friend, continued he, turning to the Officer, thee and I are

to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: But be advised by a plain Man; Modes and Apparels are but Trifles to the real Man, therefore do not think such a Man as thy self terrible for thy Garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with Affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoyce to see my peaceable Demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy Strength and Ability to protect me in it.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Cicero, *De Oratore*, 2. 4. 17 (altered):

That man may be called impertinent, who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

[2] i.e. retinue, following. (The last quotation in *OED* in this sense is dated 1731.) The captain's equipage consists only of one orderly.

[1] i.e. confined. This quotation and the one in No. 155 are the last in *OED.*

[2] Here used in the obsolete sense of 'shrewd, sharp, suspicious' (the last quotation in *OED* is 1784). Cf. also No. 320 (vol. iii).

[a] delivered] declared *Fol.*

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 133 Thursday, August 2, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Quis Desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam Chari capitis?

Hor.

THERE is a sort of Delight which is alternately mixed with Terror and Sorrow in the Contemplation of Death. The Soul has its Curiosity more than ordinarily awaken'd, when it turns its Thoughts upon the Conduct of such who have behaved themselves with an Equal, a Resigned, a Chearful, a Generous or Heroick Temper in that Extremity. We are affected with these respective manners of Behaviour as we secretly believe the Part of the Dying Person imitable by our selves, or such as we imagine our selves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted Minds march before us like Princes, and are to the Ordinary Race of Mankind, rather Subjects for their Admiration than Example. However, there are no Ideas strike more forcibly upon our Imaginations than those which are raised from Reflections upon the Exits of great and excellent Men. Innocent Men who have suffered as Criminals, tho' they were Benefactors to Humane Society, seem to be Persons of the highest Distinction, among the vastly greater number of Humane Race, the Dead. When the Iniquity of the Times brought *Socrates*[2] to his

Execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unsupported by any thing but the Testimony of his own Conscience, and Conjectures of Hereafter, receive the Poison with an Air of Mirth and

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good Humour, and as if going on an agreeable Journey bespeak some Deity to make it fortunate.

When *Phocion's* good Actions had met with the like Reward from his Country, and he was led to Death with many others of his Friends, they bewailing their Fate, he walking composedly towards the place of Execution, how gracefully does he support his Illustrious Character to the very last Instant. One of the Rabble spitting at him as he passed, with his usual Authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this Fellow how to behave himself. When a Poor-spirited Creature that dyed at the same time for his Crimes bemoaned himself unmanfully, he rebuked him with this Question, Is it no Consolation to such a Man as thou art to dye with *Phocion?* At the instant when he was to Dye they asked what Commands he had for his Son, he answer'd, To forget this Injury of the *Athenians. Niocles,* his Friend, under the same Sentence desired he might Drink the Potion before him, *Phocion* said because he never had denyed him any thing he would not even this, the most difficult Request he had ever made.[1]

These Instances were very noble and great, and the Reflections of those Sublime Spirits had made Death to them what it is really intended to be by the Author of Nature, a Relief from a various Being ever subject to Sorrows and Difficulties.

Epaminondas, the *Theban* General, having receiv'd in fight a Mortal Stab with a Sword, which was left in his Body, lay in that posture 'till he had Intelligence that his Troops had obtained[a] the Victory, and then permitted it to be drawn out, at[b] which instant he ex-press'd himself in this manner, *This is not the end of my Life, my Fellow Soldiers; it is now your* Epaminondas *is born, who dies in so much Glory.*[2]

It were an endless Labour to collect the Accounts with which all Ages have filled the World of Noble and Heroick Minds that have resigned this Being, as if the termination of Life were but an ordinary Occurrence of it.

This common-place way of Thinking I fell into from an awkward endeavour to throw off a real and fresh Affliction, by turning over

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Books in a melancholy Mood; but it is not easy to remove Griefs which touch the Heart, by applying Remedies which only entertain the Imagination. As therefore this Paper is to consist of any thing which concerns Humane Life, I cannot help letting the present Subject regard what has been the last Object of my Eyes, tho' an Entertainment of Sorrow.

I went this Evening to visit a Friend,[1] with a design to rally him, upon a Story I had heard of his intending to steal a Marriage without the Privity of us his intimate Friends and Acquaintance. I came into his Apartment with that Intimacy which I have done for very many Years, and walked directly into his Bed-chamber, where I found my Friend in the Agonies of Death. What could I do? The innocent Mirth in my Thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious Wickedness: I in vain called upon him; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least Knowledge of my Sorrow, or any Pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my Soliloquy, as I stood by his Mother Dumb, with the weight of Grief for a Son who was her Honour, and her Comfort, and never till that Hour since his Birth had been an Occasion of a Moment's Sorrow to her.

'HOW surprising is this Change from the Possession of vigorous Life and Strength, to be reduced in a few Hours to this fatal Extremity! Those Lips which look so pale and livid within these few Days, gave Delight to all who heard their Utterance: It was the Business, the Purpose of his Being, next to Obeying him to whom he is going,[a] to please and instruct, and that for no other end but to please and instruct. Kindness was the motive of his Actions, and with all the Capacity requisite for making a Figure in a contentious World, Moderation, Good-Nature, Affability, Temperance and Chastity were the Arts of his Excellent Life. There as he lies in helpless Agony, no Wise Man who knew him so well as I, but would resign all the World can bestow to be so near the end of such a Life. Why does my Heart so little obey my Reason as to lament thee thou

excellent Man.—Heav'n receive him, or restore him.—Thy beloved Mother, thy obliged Friends, thy helpless Servants stand around thee without Distinction. How much wouldst thou, hadst thou thy Sences, say to each of us.—

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'But now that good Heart bursts, and he is at rest—with that Breath Expired a Soul who never indulged a Passion unfit for the Place he is gone to: Where are now thy Plans of Justice, of Truth, of Honour? of what use the Volumes thou hast collated, the Arguments thou hast invented, the Examples thou hast followed. Poor were the Expectations of the studious, the Modest and the Good, if the Reward of their Labours were only to be Expected from Man. No, my Friend, thy intended Pleadings, thy intended Good Offices to thy Friends, thy intended Services to thy Country, are already performed (as to thy Concern in them) in his sight before whom the past, present and future appear at one view. While others with thy Talents were tormented with Ambition, with vain Glory, with Envy, with Emulation, how well didst thou turn thy Mind to its own Improvement in things out of the Power of Fortune, in Probity, in Integrity, in the Practice and Study of Justice, how silent thy Passage, how private thy Journey, how Glorious thy End. *Many have I known more Famous, some more knowing, not one so Innocent?* R[1]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, I. 24. 1–2:

And who can grieve too much? what time shall end
Our mourning for so dear a Friend? CREECH.

Also used as motto for No. 520 (vol. iv).

[2] Plato, *Phaedo* 117C.

[1] The anecdotes in this paragraph are from Plutarch's life of Phocion, 758D; also *Moralia* 189AB. Niocles is an error for Nicocles.

[a] Troops had obtained] Troops obtained *Fol.*

[b] drawn out, at] drawn, at *Fol.*

[2] Cornelius Nepos, *De viris illustribus*, 15. 9: 'Vixi; invictus enim morior.'

[1] Stephen Clay, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and the Inner Temple, a friend and legal adviser to Steele, especially in the years 1708–9, in the Barbados litigation (*Correspondence*, ed. Blanchard, pp. 232 ff.). Two sets of verses by Clay are printed by Nichols in his edition of the *Epistolary Correspondence of Steele* (1809), i. 222. He was also author of *An Epistle from the Elector of Bavaria to the French King; after the Battel of Ramillies,* published by Tonson in 1706.

[a] him to whom he is going,] him, (to whom he is going) *Fol.*

[1] Thomas Allen sent this number with a letter to Hearne on the day of its publication (Hearne, *Remarks and Collections,* ed. C. E. Doble, iii. 200).

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Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

... *Opiferque per Orbem*

Dicor ...

Ovid.

DURING my Absence in the Country several Packets have been left for me, which were not forwarded to me, because I was expected every Day in Town. The Author of the following Letter dated from *Tower-hill,* having some times been entertain'd with some Learned Gentlemen in Plush Doublets,[3] who have Vended

their Wares from a Stage in that Place, has pleasantly enough addressed to Me,[a] as no less a Sage in Morality, than those are in Physick. To comply with his kind Inclination to make my Cures famous, I shall give you his Testimonial of my great Abilities at large in his own Words.

SIR,

'YOUR saying t'other Day[1] there is something wonderful in the Narrowness of those Minds which can be pleas'd, and be barren of Bounty to those who please them,[b] makes me in pain that I am not a Man of Power: If I were you should soon see how much I approve your Speculations. In the mean time I beg leave to supply

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that Inability with the empty Tribute of an honest Mind, by telling you plainly I love and thank you for your daily Refreshments. I constantly peruse your Paper as I smoke my Morning's Pipe, (tho' I can't forbear reading the Motto before I fill and light) and really it gives a grateful Relish to every Whif, each Paragraph is freight either with useful or delightful Notions, and I never fail of being highly diverted or improv'd. The Variety of your Subjects surprizes me as much as a Box of Pictures did formerly, in which there was only one Face, that by pulling some Pieces of Isinglass over it, was chang'd into a grave Senator or a *Merry Andrew,*[2] a Patch'd Lady or a Nun, a Beau or a Black-a-moor, a Prude or a Coquet, a Country 'Squire or a Conjurer, with many other different Representations very entertaining (as you are) tho' still the same at the Bottom. This was a childish Amusement when I was carried away with outward Appearance, but you make a deeper Impression, and affect the secret Springs of the Mind; you charm the Fancy, sooth the Passions, and insensibly lead the Reader to that Sweetness of Temper that you so well describe; you rouse Generosity with that Spirit, and inculcate Humanity with that Ease, that he must be miserably Stupid that is not affected by you. I can't say indeed that you have put Impertinence to Silence, or Vanity out of Countenance; but methinks you have bid as fair for it, as any Man that ever appear'd

upon a Publick Stage; and offer an infallible Cure of Vice and Folly for the Price of One Penny. And since it is usual for those who[a] receive Benefit by such famous Operators, to publish an Advertisement, that others may reap the same Advantage, I think my self obliged to declare to all the World, that having for a long time been splenatick, ill-natur'd, froward, suspicious and unsociable, by the Application of your Medicines, taken only with half an Ounce of right *Virginia* Tobacco for six successive Mornings, I am become open, obliging, officious,[1] frank and hospitable.

I am,
Your humble Servant,
and great Admirer,
George Trusty.'

Tower-hill, July

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5, 1711.

This careful Father and humble Petitioner hereafter mentioned, who are under Difficulties about the just Management of Fans, will soon receive proper Advertisements relating to the Professors in that behalf, with their Places of Aboad and Methods of Teaching.

SIR, July the 5th, 1711.

'IN your Spectator of *June* the 7th[2] you Transcribe a Letter sent to you from a new sort of Muster-master,[3] who teaches Ladies the whole Exercise of the Fan; I have a Daughter just come to Town, who tho' she has always held a Fan in her Hand at proper times, yet she knows no more how to use it according to true Discipline, than an awkward School-boy does to make use of his new Sword: I have sent for her on purpose to learn the Exercise, she being already very well accomplished in all other Arts, which are necessary for a young Lady to understand; my Request is, that you will speak to your Correspondent on my behalf, and in your next Paper let me know what he expects, either by the Month, or the Quarter, for teaching; and where he keeps his place of Rendezvous; I have a Son too, whom I wou'd fain have taught to Gallant Fans, and should be glad to know what the Gentleman will have for teaching them both,

I finding Fans for Practice at my own Expence. This Information will in the highest manner oblige,

SIR,
Your Most Humble Servant,
William Wiseacre.

'As soon as my Son is perfect in this Art (which I hope will be in a Year's time, for the Boy is pretty apt,) I design he shall learn to ride the great Horse,[1] (altho' he is not yet above twenty Years old) if his Mother, whose Darling he is, will venture him.'

To the SPECTATOR.
The Humble Petition of Benjamin Easie, *Gent.*

Sheweth,

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'THAT it was your Petitioner's Misfortune to walk to *Hackney* Church[2] last *Sunday,* where to his great Amazement he met with a Soldier of your own training; she furls a Fan, recovers a Fan, and goes through the whole Exercise of it to Admiration. This well-managed Officer of yours has, to my Knowledge, been the Ruin of above five young Gentlemen besides[a] my self, and still goes on laying waste wheresoever she comes, whereby the whole Village is in great danger. Our humble Request is therefore that this bold *Amazon* be ordered immediately to lay down her Arms, or that you would issue forth an Order that we who have been thus Injured may meet at the Place of General Rendezvous, and there be taught to manage our Snuff-Boxes[3] in such manner as we may be an equal Match for her:

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.'

R

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, I. 521–2: And I am called Help-bringer throughout the world.

[3] i.e. vendors of quack medicines. *Tatler* 4 discusses the men 'who make Harangues in Plush Doublets, and extol their own Abilities and Generous Inclinations, tear their Lungs in vending a Drug, and show no Act of Bounty, except it be, that they lower a Demand of a Crown, to Six, nay, to One Penny'.

[a] addressed to Me,] addressed Me, *Fol.*

[1] No. 107 (vol. i).

[b] there … please them, *enclosed in parentheses in Folio*

[2] No. 28 (vol. i).

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[1] See No. 108 (vol. i).

[2] The date of the *Spectator* referred to here (No. 102 (vol. i)) is 27 June. The texts all read 7 June.

[3] An officer responsible for the accuracy of the muster-roll in an army. Here used incorrectly for drill-sergeant *(OED).*

[1] According to Richard Berenger, *History and Art of Horsemanship* (1771), i. 170 'Those persons who professed the science of arms were obliged to learn the art of managing their horses, in conformity to certain rules and principles; and hence came the expression of learning to "ride the great Horse"' (quoted in *OED).* The term refers to the war-horse or charger used in battle and tournament.

[2] The Church of St. John at Hackney, formerly a fashionable centre.

[a] besides] beside *Fol.*

[3] Cf. No. 138.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Est brevitate opus, ut currat Sententia ...

Hor.

I HAVE somewhere read of an eminent Person[2] who us'd in his private Offices of Devotion, to give Thanks to Heaven that he was Born a *Frenchman:* For my own part I look upon it as a peculiar Blessing that I was Born an *Englishman.* Among many other Reasons, I think my self very happy in my Country, as the *Language* of it is wonderfully adapted to a Man who[a] is sparing of his Words, and an Enemy to Loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good Fortune in this Particular, I shall communicate to the Publick my Speculations upon the *English* Tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious Readers.

The *English* delight in Silence[3] more than any other *European* Nation, if the Remarks which are made on us by Foreigners are true. Our Discourse is not kept up in Conversation, but falls into more Pauses and Intervals than in our Neighbouring Countries; as it is observ'd, that the matter of our Writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower Compass than is usual in the Works of Foreign Authors: For, to favour our Natural Taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our Thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a Birth to our Conceptions as possible.

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This Humour shows it self in several Remarks that we may make upon the *English* Language. As first of all by its abounding in Monosyllables,[4] which gives us an Opportunity of delivering our Thoughts

in few Sounds. This indeed takes off from the Elegance of our Tongue, but at the same time expresses our Ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first Design of Speech better than the multitude of Syllables, which[a] makes the Words of other Languages more Tunable and Sonorous. The Sounds of our *English* Words are commonly like those of String Musick, short and transient, which[b] rise and perish upon a single touch; those of other Languages are like the Notes of Wind Instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthen'd out into variety of Modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the Words are not Monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our Power, by our Rapidity of Pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long Words which are deriv'd from the *Latin,* where we contract the length of the Syllables that gives them a grave and solemn Air in their own Language, to make them more proper for Dispatch, and more conformable to the Genius of our Tongue. This we may find in a multitude of Words, as *Liberty, Conspiracy, Theatre, Orator,* &c.

The same natural Aversion to Loquacity has of late Years made a very considerable Alteration in our Language, by closing in one Syllable the Termination of our Præterperfect Tense, as in the Words *drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd,* for *drowned, walked, arrived,* which has

very much disfigured the Tongue, and turn'd a tenth part of our smoothest Words into so many Clusters of Consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of Vowels in our Language has been the general Complaint of our politest Authors, who nevertheless are the Men that have made these Retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former Scarcity.

This Reflection on the Words that end in *ed,* I have heard in Conversation from one of the greatest Genius's this Age has pro-

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duced. I think we may add to the foregoing Observation, the Change which[a] has happen'd in our Language, by the Abbreviation of several Words that are terminated in *eth,* by substituting an *s* in the room of the last Syllable, as in *drowns, walks, arrives,* and innumerable other Words, which in the Pronunciation of our Forefathers were *drowneth, walketh, arriveth.* This has wonderfully multiplied a Letter which was before too frequent in the *English* Tongue, and added to that *hissing* in our Language, which is taken so much notice of by Foreigners; but at the same time humours our Taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous Syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single Letter on many occasions does the Office of a whole Word, and represents the *His* and *Her* of our Forefathers. There is no doubt but the Ear of a Foreigner, which is the best Judge in this Case, would very much disapprove of such Innovations, which indeed we do our selves in some measure, by retaining the old Termination in Writing, and in all the Solemn Offices of our Religion.

As in the Instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular Words to the Detriment of our Tongue, so on other Occasions we have drawn two Words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our Language, and clogged it with Consonants, as *mayn't, can't, sha'n't, wo'n't,* and the like, for *may not, can not, shall not, will not,* &c.

It is perhaps this Humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our Words, that in familiar Writings and Conversations they often[b] lose all but their first Syllables, as in *Mob. rep. pos. incog.*[1] and the like; and as all ridiculous Words make their first Entry into a Language by familiar Phrases, I dare not answer for these[c] that they will not in time be

looked upon as a part of our Tongue. We see some of our Poets have[a] been so indiscreet as to imitate *Hudibras's* Doggrel Expressions[1] in their serious Compositions, by throwing out the signs of our Substantives, which are essential to the *English* Language. Nay this Humour of shortning our Language had once run so far that some of our celebrated Authors, among whom we may reckon Sir *Roger*

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L'Estrange[2] in particular, began to prune their Words of all superfluous Letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the Spelling to the Pronunciation, which would have confounded[b] all our Etymologies, and have quite destroyed our Tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our Proper Names, when familiarized in *English,* generally dwindle to Monosyllables, whereas in other Modern Languages they receive a softer Turn on this occasion, by the Addition of a new Syllable. *Nick* in *Italian* is *Nicolini, Jack* in *French Janot,* and so of the rest.

There is another Particular in our Language which is a great Instance of our Frugality in[c] Words, and that is the suppressing of several Particles, which must be produced in other Tongues to make a Sentence intelligible: This often perplexes the best Writers, when they find the Relatives, *Who, which* or *that,*[d] at their Mercy whether they[e] may have Admission or not, and will never be decided till we have something like an Academy,[3] that by the best Authorities and Rules drawn from the Analogy of Languages shall settle all Controversies between Grammar and Idiom.

I have only considered our Language as it shows the Genius and natural Temper of the *English,* which is modest, thoughtful and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the People, though it has spoiled the Tongue. We might perhaps carry the same Thought into other Languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar

to them from the Genius of the People who[a] speak them. It is certain the light talkative Humour of the *French* has not a little infected their Tongue, which[b] might be shown by many Instances; as the Genius of the *Italians,* which is so much addicted to Musick and Ceremony, has moulded all their Words and Phrases to those particular Uses. The Stateliness and Gravity of the *Spaniards* shews it self to Perfection in the Solemnity of their Language; and the blunt honest Humour of the *Germans* sounds better in the Roughness of the *High Dutch,* than it would in a Politer Tongue. C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Satires*, I. 10. 9: You need terseness, that the thought may run on.

[2] I have not identified this.

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[3] Misson (p. 312) thought it might be the general use of tobacco which makes most Englishmen 'so taciturn, so thoughtful, and so melancholy'. Cf. Miege, p. 220:

The *English* are generally averse to rambling and frothy Discourses, to affected Eloquence, and mimical Gesticulations, so much used beyond Sea. They love to hear one keep close to the Subject, argue with Solidity, and express himself in a nervous Style. Without raising and falling their Voices from one Extream to another, they endeavour not so much to move the Hearer's Affections, as to convince his Reason. In short, as Men of Sense, they stand more upon the Strength of Arguments, than upon the gaudy Part and Pomp of Rhetorick.

[4] Swift, in a letter to the *Tatler* (No. 230), had deplored 'the continual Corruption of our *English* Tongue' and offered a sample letter showing the fashionable 'refinements' which had come in. Among other things he commented on the Abbreviations and Elisions, by which Consonants of most obdurate Sound are joined together, without one softening Vowel to intervene; and all this only to make one Syllable of two, directly contrary to the Example of the *Greeks* and *Romans;* altogether of the *Gothick* Strain, and a natural Tendency towards relapsing into Barbarity, which delights in Monosyllables, and uniting of Mute Consonants; as [is] observable in all the *Northern* Languages. And this is still more visible in the next Refinement, which consists in pronouncing the first Syllable in a Word that has many, and dismissing the rest; such as *Phizz, Hipps, Mobb, Poz. Rep.* and many more; when we are already overloaded with Monosyllables, which are the Disgrace of our Language.

He returns to the subject in his letter to the Lord Treasurer, *A Proposal for Correcting, Improving and Ascertaining the English Tongue,* published on 12 May 1712 *(Post Boy),* in which he proposes the establishment of an Academy to correct and fix the English language. Here he repeats many of the points from the *Tatler* letter and those made in this essay. Near the end he writes:

I would willingly avoid Repetition, having about a Year ago, communicated to the Publick, much of what I had to offer upon this Subject, by the Hands of an ingenious Gentleman, who for a long Time did thrice a Week divert or instruct the Kingdom by his Papers; and is supposed to pursue the same Design at present, under the Title of *Spectator.* This Author,

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who hath tried the Force and Compass of our Language with so much Success, agrees entirely with me in most of my Sentiments relating to it … (pp. 36–37).

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[b] which] that *Fol.*

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[b] often] sometimes *Fol.*

[1] Of the abbreviated words mentioned here, *pos.* occurs in a letter in No. 204 and *incog.* is used by Steele in No. 248.

[c] these] them *Fol.*

[a] Poets have] Poets that have *Fol.*

[1] In No. 112 is advertised:

Just Publish'd, Hudibras in Three Parts … To this Edition is added Annotations to the Third Part, with a compleat Index to the whole, never before Printed, Illustrated with 18 Historical Copper Cutts … Printed for G. Sawbridge at the 3 Golden Flower-de-Luces in Little-Britain.

[2] Sir Roger L'Estrange (1616–1704), the prolific translator, journalist, and pamphleteer, chiefly against the Whigs and dissenters. It does not appear that his style was particularly marked by the traits attributed to him here, though Macaulay (*History of England*, chap. iii) calls his diction coarse and 'disfigured by a mean and flippant jargon' (Everyman edition, i. 302).

[2] See No. 233.

[b] confounded] lost *Fol.*

[c] in] *12mo;* of *Fol., 8vo*

[d] *Who, which* or *that,*] *See textual notes*

[e] they] it *Fol.*

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[3] For contemporary opinion on this point see Hermann M. Flasdieck, *Der Gedanke einer englischen Sprachakademie* (Jena, 1928), chap. iii.

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[b] which] as *Fol.*

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 136 Monday, August 6, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

MONDAY, AUGUST 6, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... *Parthis mendacior* ...

Hor.

ACCORDING to the Request of this strange Fellow, I shall Print the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I SHALL without any manner of Preface or Apology acquaint you, that I am, and ever have been from my Youth upward, one of the greatest Liars this Island has produced. I have read all the Moralists upon the Subject, but could never find any effect their Discourses had upon me, but to add to my Misfortune by new Thoughts and Ideas, and making me more ready in my Language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming Truths with my Improbabilities. With this strong Passion towards Falshood in this kind, there does not live an honester Man, or a sincerer Friend; but my Imagination runs away with me, and whatever is started I have such a Scene of Adventures appears in an instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, tho' to my immediate Confusion I cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the first Man I meet.

'Upon Occasion of the mention of the Battel of *Pultowa,*[2] I could

not forbear giving an Account of a Kinsman of mine, a young Merchant who was bred at *Mosco,* that had too much Metal to

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attend Books of Entries and Accounts, when there was so active a Scene in the Country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a Volunteer: This warm Youth, born at the instant the thing was spoke of, was the Man who unhorsed the *Swedish* General, he was the Occasion that the *Muscovites* kept their Fire in so Soldier-like a manner, and brought up those Troops which were cover'd from the Enemy at the beginning of the Day; besides this, he had at last the good Fortune to be the Man who took Count *Piper.*[1] With all this Fire I knew my Cousin to be the Civilest Creature in the World. He never made any impertinent show of his Valour, and then he had an excellent Genius for the World in every other kind. I had Letters from him (here I felt in my Pockets) that exactly spoke the Czar's Character, which I knew perfectly[a] well; and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his Imperial Majesty twice or thrice a Week all the while he lodged at *Deptford.*[2] What is worse than all this, it is impossible to speak to me, but you give me some occasion of coming out with one Lie or other, that has neither Wit, Humour, prospect of Interest, or any other Motive that I can think of in Nature. The other Day, when one was commending an Eminent and Learned Divine, what occasion in the World had I to say, Me-thinks he would look more Venerable if he were not so fair a Man? I remember the Company smil'd. I have seen the Gentleman since, and he is Coal Black. I have Intimations every Day in my Life that no Body believes me, yet I am never the better. I was saying some-thing the other Day to an old Friend at *Will's* Coffee-house, and he made me no manner of Answer; but told me, that an Acquaint-ance of *Tully* the Orator having two or three times together said to him, without receiving any Answer, That upon his Honour he was but that very Month forty Years of Age; *Tully* answer'd, Surely you think me the most incredulous Man in the World, if I don't believe what you have told me every Day this ten Years.[3] The Mis-

chief of it is, I find my self wonderfully inclin'd to have been present at every Occurrence that is spoken of before me; this has led me into many Inconveniencies, but indeed they have been the fewer, because I am no ill-natur'd Man, and never speak things to any Man's Disadvantage. I never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in the Consequence, for I have often made a Man say such and such a lively Expression, who was born a mere Elder Brother. When

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one has said in my hearing, Such a one is no wiser than he should be, I immediately have reply'd, Now 'faith I can't see that, he said a very good thing to my Lord such a one upon such an occasion, and the like. Such an honest Dolt as this has been watch'd in every Expression he utter'd, upon my Recommendation of him, and consequently been subject to the more Ridicule. I once endeavour'd to Cure my self of this impertinent Quality, and resolv'd to hold my Tongue for seven Days together; I did so, but then I had so many Winks and unnecessary Distortions of my Face upon what any body else said, that I found I only forbore the Expression, and that I still lied in my Heart to every Man I met with. You are to know one thing (which I believe you'll say is a Pity, considering the use I should have made of it) I never Travell'd in my Life; but I do not know whether I could have spoken of any Foreign Country with more familiarity than I do at present, in Company who are Strangers to me. I have cursed the Inns in *Germany;* commended the Brothels at *Venice;* the Freedom of Conversation in *France;* and tho' I never was out of this dear Town, and fifty Miles about it, have been three Nights together dogged by Bravo's for an Intreague with a Cardinal's Mistress at *Rome.*

'It were endless to give you Particulars of this kind, but I can assure you, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, there are about Twenty or Thirty of us in this Town, I mean by this Town the Cities of *London* and *Westminster,* I say there are in Town a sufficient Number of us to make a Society among our selves; and since we cannot be believed any longer, I beg of you to print this my Letter, that we may meet together, and be under such Regulation as there may be no Occasion for Belief or Confidence among us. If you think fit we might be

called *The Historians,* for *Liar* is become a very harsh Word. And that a Member of the Society may not hereafter be ill received by the rest of the World, I desire you would explain a little this sort of Men, and not let us *Historians* be ranked, as we are in the Imaginations of ordinary People, among common Liars, Make-bates,[1] Impostors and Incendiaries. For your Instruction herein, you are to know that an *Historian,* in Conversation, is only a Person of so pregnant a Fancy that he cannot be contented with ordinary Occurrences. I know a Man of Quality of our Order, who is of the wrong side of Forty three, and has been of that Age, according to *Tully's* Jest, for

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some Years since, whose Vein is upon the Romantick. Give him the least Occasion, and he will tell you something so very particular that happened in such a Year and in such Company, where by the by was present such a one, who was afterwards made such a thing. Out of all these Circumstances, in the best Language in the World, he will join together with such probable Incidents an Account that shows a Person of the deepest Penetration, the honestest Mind, and withal something so Humble when he speaks of himself that you would Admire. Dear Sir, why should this be Lying? There is nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest Aspect; something so very venerable and great! Another of these Historians is a Young Man whom we would take in, tho' he extreamly wants Parts, as People send Children (before they can learn any thing)[a] to School, to keep them out of Harm's way. He tells Things which have nothing at all in them, and can neither please nor[b] displease, but merely take up your Time to no manner of Purpose, no manner of Delight; but he is Good-natured, and does it because he loves to be saying something to you, and entertain you.

'I could name you a Soldier that has done very great things without Slaughter; he is prodigiously dull and slow of Head, but what he can say is for ever false, so that we must have him.

'Give me leave to tell you of one more who is a Lover, he is the most afflicted Creature in the World least what happened between him and a Great Beauty should ever be known. Yet again, he comforts himself. *Hang the Jade her Woman. If Many can keep the Slut*[c]

trusty I will do it, tho' *I mortgage every Acre;* Anthony *and* Cleopatra *for that: All for Love,*[1] *and the World well lost—*

'Then, Sir, there is my little Merchant, honest *Indigo of* the *Change,* there's my Man for Loss and Gain, there's Tare and Tret,[2] there's lying all round the Globe; he has such a prodigious Intelligence he knows all the *French* are doing, and what we intend or ought to intend, and has it from such hands. But alas whither am I running! While I complain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a Lie, and there is not one such Person of Quality, Lover, Soldier or Merchant as I have now described in the whole World

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that I know of. But I will catch my self once in my Life, and in spite of Nature speak one Truth, to wit, that I am

Your Humble Servant,[3] &c.'

T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Epistles*, 2. 1. 112: More than a Parthian false.

[2] After his defeat by Peter I of Russia in the battle of Poltava (8 July 1709) Charles XII of Sweden crossed the Boristhenes with some 300 men and retired to Bender, where he sought refuge among the Turks (cf. No. 43 (vol. i)). *Tatler* 55 gives a report of the battle.

[1] Charles, Count Piper, the Prime Minister of Charles XII. He was taken prisoner at Poltava (cf. *Tatler* 49) and removed to the fortress of Schlusselburg, where he died in 1716. The *Daily Courant* of 5 Dec. 1710 reported that 'the King of Sweden continues still at Bender, with his Train.... That Prince's Misfortunes are imputed to Count Piper, whose Place of chief Minister is said will be supply'd by Count Horn.'

[a] perfectly] exactly *Fol.*

[2] Peter I had lodged here in the spring of 1698.

[3] Thomas Bayly, *Witty Apophthegms* (1658), p. 102, quotes from 'the Apophthegmes of the Lord Bacon':

Cicero was at dinner, where there was an ancient Lady that spake of her years, and said she was but forty years old, one that sate by *Cicero* rounded him in the ear, and said, she talks of forty years, and she is far more out of question: *Cicero* answered him again, *I must believe her, for I have heard her say so any time these ten years.*

Cf. Quintilian, 6. 3. 73: 'Cicero, when Fabia the wife of Dolabella asserted that her **age was thirty, remarked, "That is true, for I have heard it for the last twenty years."** '

[1] Breeders of strife or quarrels. In *Examiner* 15 Swift compares outrageous party-writers to 'a couple of Make-bates, who inflame small Quarrels by a thousand Stories, and by keeping Friends at Distance, hinder them from coming to a good Understand ing ...' (*Prose Works*, ed. Davis, iii. 15).

[a] *Parentheses added in 8vo and 12mo*

[b] nor] or *Fol.*

[c] *keep the Slut*] *12mo; keep Slut Fol., 8vo*

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[1] Dryden's play (cf. No. 92 (vol. i)).

[2] 'The first is the weight of Box, Straw, Cloths, &*c.* wherein Goods are packed.

The other is a consideration allowed in the weight for waste, in emptying and re-selling the Goods' (Cowell's *Law Dictionary*, 1708).

[3] Steele had drawn a similar character in young Bookwit of *The Lying Lover* (1704), based on Corneille's *Le Menteur.* Some of the details in this essay recall the character of Arrias in La Bruyère's *Characters*, 'Of Society and Conversation' (3rd ed., 1702, pp. 85–86): *Arrias* has read and seen every thing, at least he wou'd have it thought so, he gives himself out for a Man of Universal Knowledge, and had rather Lye than be Silent, or appear Ignorant on any occasion. A Person talks at a certain Table of a Great Man in a Northern Court, he breaks in upon him, and prevents him telling what he knows; he Discourses of that distant Country as if he was born there.. .. Some Body presumes to Contradict him, and demonstrates plainly that what he affirms is not True. *Arrias* does not trouble himself about it; on the contrary, he grows Warm, and is angry with him that interrupted him. He says, I aver nothing but what I know to be true; I had it from *Sethon* the *French* Ambassador at that Court, who return'd thence some days since, and is my particular Acquaintance. After this he continues his Story with greater Confidence than he began it; till one of the Company assures him that the very *Sethon* he mention'd was the Man who spoke to him, and who was but just then arriv'd from his Embassie.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 137 Tuesday, August 7, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1711[4]

[STEELE]

At hæ etiam Servis semper libera fuerunt timerent,
gauderent, dolerent suo potius quam alterius arbitrio.

Tuli. *Epist.*

IT is no small Concern to me, that I find so many Complaints[5] from that part of Mankind whose Portion it is to live in Servitude,

that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their Condition will admit of. There are, as these unhappy Correspondents inform me, Masters who are offended at a chearful Countenance, and think a Servant has broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost Awe in their Presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied his Master asks him what makes him so pert this Morning; if a little sowre, Hark ye, Sirrah, are not you paid your Wages? The poor Creatures live in the most extreme Misery together: The Master knows not how to preserve Respect, nor the Servant how to give it. It seems this Person is of so sullen a Nature, that he knows but little Satisfaction in the midst of a plentiful Fortune, and secretly frets to see any Appearance of Content in one that lives upon the hundredth part of his Income, who is unhappy in the Possession of the whole. Uneasie Persons, who cannot possess their own Minds, vent their Spleen upon all who depend upon them; which, I think, is expressed in a lively manner in the following Letters.

SIR, August 2, 1711.

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'I HAVE read your *Spectator* of the 3d of the last Month, and wish I had the Happiness of being preferred to serve so good a Master as Sir ROGER. The Character of my Master is the very Reverse of that good and gentle Knight's. All his Directions are given, and his Mind revealed, by way of Contraries. As when any thing is to be remembred, with a peculiar cast of Face he cries, *Be sure to forget now.* If I am to make haste back, *Don't come these two Hours; be sure to call by the Way upon some of your Companions.* Then another excellent way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do, which he knows must necessarily take up half a Day, he calls ten times in a quarter of an Hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his manner, and the same Perverseness runs through all his Actions, according as the Circumstances vary. Besides all this, he is so Suspicious, that he submits himself to the Drudgery of a Spy. He is as unhappy himself as he makes his Servants: He is constantly watching us, and we differ no more in Pleasure and Liberty than as a Goaler and a Prisoner. He lays Traps for Faults, and no sooner makes a Discovery,

but falls into such Language, as I am more ashamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, Sir, is a short Sketch of a Master I have served upwards of nine Years, and tho' I have never wronged him, I confess my Despair of pleasing him has very much abated my Endeavour to do it. If you will give me leave to steal a Sentence out of my Master's *Clarendon,* I shall tell you my Case in a Word, *Being used worse than I deserved, I cared less to deserve well than I had done.*[1]

I am, SIR,
Your Humble Servant,
RALPH VALET.'

Dear Mr. SPECTER,

'I AM the next thing to a Lady's Woman, and am under both my Lady and her Woman. I am so used by them both that I should be very glad to see them in the SPECTER. My Lady her self is of no Mind in the world, and for that Reason her Woman is of twenty Minds in a Moment. My Lady is one that never knows what to do with her self, she pulls on and putts off every thing she wears twenty times before she resolves upon it for that Day. I stand at one end of

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the Room and reach things to her Woman. When my Lady asks for a thing, I hear and have half brought it, when the Woman meets me in the middle of the Room to receive it, and at that Instant she says No she will not have it. Then I go back, and her Woman comes up to her, and by this time she will have that, and two or three things more in an Instant: The Woman and I run to each other, I am loaded and delivering the things to her when my Lady says she wants none of all these things, and we are the dullest Creatures in the World, and she the unhappiest Woman living, for she shan't be dress'd in any time. Thus we stand not knowing what to do, when our good Lady with all the Patience in the World tells us as plain as she can speak, that[a] she will have Temper because we have no manner of Understanding, and begins again to dress, and see if we can find out of our selves what we are to do. When she is Dressed she goes to Dinner, and after she has disliked every thing there she calls for the Coach,

then commands it in again, and then she will not go out at all, and then will go too, and orders the Chariot.[1] Now good Mr. SPECTER, I desire you would, in the Behalf of all who serve froward Ladies, give out in your Paper, that nothing can be done without allowing Time for it, and that one cannot be back again with what one was sent for if one is called back before one can go a Step for that they want. And if you please let them know that all Mistresses are as like as all Servants.

I am
Your Loving Friend

PATIENCE GIDDY.'

These are great Calamities, but I met the other Day in the five Fields[2] towards *Chelsea,* a pleasanter Tyrant than either of the above represented. A fat Fellow was puffing on in his open Wastcoat; a Boy of fourteen in a Livery carrying after him his Cloak, upper Coat, Hat, Wig and Sword. The poor Lad was ready to sink with the weight and could not keep up with his Master, who turned back every half Furlong, and wondered what made the lazy Young Dog lag behind.

There is something very unaccountable that People cannot put

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themselves in the Condition of the Persons below them, when they consider the Commands they give. But there is nothing more common than to see a Fellow (who, if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any Man living) lament that he is troubled with the most worthless Dogs in Nature.

It would, perhaps, be running too far out of common Life to urge, that he who is not Master of himself, and his own Passions, cannot be a proper Master of another. Æquanimity in a Man's own Words and Actions, will easily diffuse it self through his whole Family: *Pamphilio* has the happiest Houshold of any Man I know, and that proceeds from the Human Regard he has to them in their private Persons, as well as in respect that they are his Servants. If there be any Occasion, wherein they may in themselves be supposed to be unfit to attend their Master's Concerns, by reason of an Attention to their own, he is so good as to place himself in their Condition.

I thought it very becoming in him, when at Dinner the other Day he made an Apology for want of more Attendants. He said, *One of my Footmen is gone to the Wedding of his Sister, and the other I don't expect to Wait, because bis Father died but two Days ago.* T

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NOTES

[4] *Motto.* Cicero, *Epistulae ad Familiares*, II. 28. 3:

But these things were always free to servants—to fear, to rejoice, to grieve, &c. when they themselves think fit, and not another.

[5] See Nos. 88,96, and 107 (vol. i) for earlier discussions of the relationship between master and servant.

[1] Speaking of Lord Weston, then Lord High Treasurer, who felt himself the object of envy and hatred, Clarendon (book i, para. 9) writes: 'Insomuch as, out of indignation to find himself worse used than he deserved, he cared less to deserve well, than he had done' (Oxford, 1816, i. 33).

[a] speak, that] speak, she says that *Fol.*

[1] The term used in the eighteenth century for a light four-wheeled carriage with only back seats and differing from the post-chaise in having a coach-box *(OED).*

[2] A part of the open country between London and Chelsea, the fields through which the King's Road ran (covered now by Eaton Square, Belgrave Square, and neighbouring streets). *Tatler* 34 mentions 'the five Fields where the Robbers **lie** in wait'.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 138 Wednesday, August 8, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Utitur in re non Dubia testibus non necessariis.

Tull.

ONE meets now and then with Persons who are extreamly learned and knotty in Expounding clear Cases. *Tully* tells us of an Author that spent some Pages to prove that Generals could not perform the Great Enterprizes which have made them so Illustrious if they had not had Men. He asserted also, it seems, that a Minister at home, no more than a Commander abroad, could do any thing without other Men were his Instruments and Assistants. On this Occasion he produces the Example of *Themistocles, Pericles, Cyrus,* and *Alexander* himself, whom he denies to have been capable of effecting what they did, except they had been followed by others.[2] It is pleasant enough to see such Persons contend without Opponents, and triumph without Victory.

The Author above-mention'd by the Orator, is placed for ever in a very ridiculous Light, and we meet every Day in Conversation such as deserve the same kind of Renown for troubling those with whom they Converse with the like Certainties. The Persons that I have always thought to deserve the highest Admiration in this kind are your ordinary Story-tellers, who are most religiously careful of keeping to the Truth in every particular Circumstance of a Narration, whether it concern the main end, or not. A Gentleman whom I had the Honour to be in Company with the other Day, upon some Occasion that he was pleas'd to take, said, He remember'd a very pretty Repartee made by a very Witty Man in King *Charles's* time

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upon the like Occasion. I remember (said he, upon entring into the Tale) much about the time of *Oates's* Plot,[3] that a Cousin-German

of mine and I were at the *Bear* in *Holborn:* No, I am out, it was at the *Cross Keys,* but *Jack Thomson* was there, for he was very great with the Gentleman who made the Answer. But I am sure it was spoken some where thereabouts, for we drank a Bottle in that Neighbourhood every Evening: But no matter for all that, the thing is the same; but—

He was going on to settle the Geography of the Jest when I left the Room, wondering at this odd turn of Head which can play away its Words, with uttering nothing to the purpose, still observing its own Impertinencies, and yet proceeding in them. I do not question but he inform'd the rest of his Audience, who had more Patience than I, of the Birth and Parentage, as well as the Collateral Alliances of his Family who made the Repartee, and of him who provoked him to it.

It is no small Misfortune to any who have a just value for their Time, when this Quality of being so very Circumstantial, and careful to be exact, happens to show it self in a Man whose Quality obliges them to attend his Proofs, that it is now Day, and the like. But this is augmented when the same Genius gets into Authority, as it often does. Nay, I have known it more than once ascend the very Pulpit. One of this sort taking it in his Head to be a great Admirer of Dr. *Tillotson*[1] and Dr. *Beveridge,*[2] never fail'd of proving out of these great Authors things which no Men living would have denied him upon his own single[a] Authority. One Day resolving to come to the point in hand, he said, According to that excellent Divine, I will enter upon the Matter, or in his Words in his fifteenth Sermon of the Folio Edition, Page 160,

I *shall briefly explain the Words, and then consider the Matter contained in them.*

This honest Gentleman needed not, one would think, strain his Modesty so far as to alter his design *of Entring into the Matter,* to that of *Briefly explaining.* But so it was, that he would not even be contented with that Authority, but added also the other Divine to

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strengthen his Method, and told us, With the Pious and Learned Dr. *Beveridge,* Page 4th of his 9th Volume, *I shall endeavour to make it as plain as I can from the Words which I have now read, wherein for that*

Purpose we shall consider—This Wiseacre was reckoned by the Parish, who did not understand him, a most Excellent Preacher, but that he read too much, and was so Humble that he did not trust enough to his own Parts.

Next to these ingenious Gentlemen, who argue for what no body can deny them, are to be ranked a sort of People who do not indeed attempt to prove insignificant things, but are ever labouring to raise Arguments with you about Matters you will give up to them without the least Controversy. One of these People told a Gentleman who said he saw Mr. such a one go this Morning at nine a Clock towards the *Gravel-Pits,*[1] Sir, I must beg your Pardon for that, for tho' I am very loath to have any Dispute with you, yet I must take the Liberty to tell you it was nine when I saw him at St. *James's.* When Men of this Genius are pretty far gone in Learning they will put you to prove that Snow is White, and when you are upon that Topick can say that there is really no such thing as Colour in Nature; in a Word, they can turn what little Knowledge they have into a ready Capacity of raising Doubts; into a Capacity of being always frivolous and, always unanswerable. It was of two Disputants of this impertinent and laborious kind that the Cynick said, *One of these Fellows is Milking a Ram, and the other holds the Pail.*[2]

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Exercise of the Snuff-Box,[3] *according to the most fashionable Airs and Motions, in opposition to the Exercise of the Fan, will be Taught with the best plain or perfum'd Snuff, at* Charles Lillie's,[4] *Perfumer, at the Corner of* Beauford-Buildings *in the* Strand, *and Attendance given for the benefit of the young Merchants about the Exchange for two Hours every Day at Noon, except* Saturdays, *at a Toy-Shop near* Garraway'; *Coffee-house.*[5] *There will be likewise Taught* The Ceremony of the Snuff-Box, *or Rules*

for offering Snuff to a Stranger, a Friend, or a Mistress, according to the

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Degrees of Familiarity or Distance; with an Explanation of the Careless, the Scornful, the Politick, and the Surly Pinch, and the Gestures proper to each of them.

N. B. *The Undertaker does not question but in a short time to have form'd a Body of Regular Snuff-Boxes ready to meet and make Head against all the*[a] *Regiment of Fans which have been lately Disciplin'd, and are now in Motion.*

T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Cicero, *De Officiis*, 2. 5. 16: He uses unnecessary witnesses in a cause which is not doubtful.

[2] *De Officiis*, 2. 5. 16.

[3] Cf. No. 57 (vol. i).

[1] Cf. No. 103 (vol. i).

[2] William Beveridge (1637–1708), Bishop of St. Asaph.

[a] his own single *12mo;* his single *Fol., 8vo*

[1] The Gravel-Pits were at Kensington. Cf. Garth, *The Dispensary*, iii:

The sick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the gravel-pits for Kentish air!

P. 46, note 2: A proverb (Tilley, R27).

[2] I have not identified this.

[3] This seems to be the answer to the petition of Benjamin Easie (No. 134).

[4] 'This Advertisement is said to have brought Lillie into such notice, that he soon raised a fortune from his trade' (Percy).

[5] Garraway's Coffee-house was in Exchange Alley, Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange. Defoe (*Journey through England*, i. 174) says that it was frequented by 'the people of quality, who have business in the City, and the more considerable and wealthy citizens'. Sir Richard Blackmore often used Garraway's as an informal office where he examined and prescribed for patients (Albert Rosenberg, *Sir Richard Blackmore*, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1953, p. 15).

[a] *against all the*] *against the Fol.*

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 139 Thursday, August 9, 1711 (1711)

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Vera Gloria radices agit atque etiam propagatur. Ficta omnia celeriter, tanquam flosculi, decidunt, nec simulatum potest quidquam esse diuturnum.

Tull.

OF all the Affections which attend Human Life, the Love of Glory is the most Ardent. According as this is Cultivated in Princes, it produces the greatest Good or the greatest Evil. Where Sovereigns have it by Impressions received from Education only, it creates an Ambitious rather than a Noble Mind; where it is the natural Bent of the Prince's Inclination, it prompts him to the Pursuit of Things truly Glorious. The two greatest Men now in *Europe,* (according to the common acceptation of the Word *Great)* are *Lewis* King *of France,* and *Peter* Emperor *of Russia.*[2] As it is certain that all Fame does not arise from the Practice of Virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleasing Amusement to examine the Glory of these Potentates, and distinguish that which is empty, perishing and frivolous, from

what is solid, lasting and important. *Lewis of France* had his Infancy attended by Crafty and Worldly Men, who made Extent of Territory the most glorious Instances of Power, and mistook the spreading of Fame for the Acquisition of Honour. The young Monarch's Heart was by such Conversation easily deluded into a fondness for Vainglory, and upon these unjust Principles to form or fall in with suitable Projects of Invasion, Rapine, Murder, and all the Guilts that attend War when it is unjust. At the same time this Tyranny was

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laid, Sciences and Arts were encouraged in the most generous Manner, as if Men of higher Faculties were to be bribed to permit the Massacre of the rest of the World. Every Superstructure which the Court of *France* built upon their first Designs, which were in themselves Vicious, was suitable to its false Foundation. The Ostentation of Riches, the Vanity of Equipage, Shame of Poverty, and Ignorance of Modesty, were the common Arts of Life. The Generous Love of one Woman was changed into Gallantry for all the Sex, and Friendships among Men turned into Commerces of Interest, or mere Professions. *While these were the Rules of Life, Perjuries in the Prince, and a general Corruption of Manners in the Subject, were the Snares in which* France *has Entangled all her Neighbours.* With such false Colours have the Eyes of *Lewis* been Enchanted from the Debauchery of his early Youth, to the Superstition of his present old Age.[1] Hence it is, that he has the Patience to have Statues erected to his Prowess, his Valour, his Fortitude; and in the Softnesses and Luxury of a Court, to be applauded for Magnanimity and Enterprize in Military Atchievements.

Peter Alexovitz of Russia,[2] when he came to the Years of Manhood, though he found himself Emperor of a vast and numerous People, Master of an endless Territory, absolute Commander of the Lives and Fortunes of his Subjects, in the midst of this unbounded Power and Greatness turned his Thoughts upon Himself and People with Sorrow. Sordid Ignorance and a Brute Manner of Life this Generous Prince beheld, and Contemned from the Light of his own *Genius.* His Judgment suggested this to him, and his Courage prompted

him to amend it. In order to this he did not send to the Nation from whence the rest of the World has borrowed its Politeness, but himself left his Diadem to learn the true Way to Glory and Honour, an Application to useful Arts, wherein to employ the Laborious, the Simple, the Honest part of his People. Mechanick Employments and Operations were very justly the first Objects of his Favour and Observation. With this glorious Intention he travelled into Foreign Nations in an obscure Manner, above receiving little Honours where he sojourned, but prying into what was of more Consequence, their Arts of Peace and of War. By this means has this great Prince laid the Foundation of a great and lasting Fame, by personal Labour,

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personal Knowledge, personal Valour. It would be Injury to any of Antiquity to Name them with him. Who, but himself, ever left a Throne to learn to sit in it with more Grace? Who ever thought himself mean in Absolute Power, 'till he had learned to use it?

If we consider this wonderful Person, it is Perplexity to know where to begin his Encomium. Others may in a Metaphorical or Philosophick Sense be said to command themselves, but this Emperor is also litterally under his own Command. How Generous and how Good was his entring his own Name as a Private Man in the Army he raised, that none in it might expect to out-run the Steps with which he himself advanced?[1] By such Measures this god-like Prince learned to Conquer, learned to use his Conquests. How Terrible has he appeared in Battel, how gentle in Victory? Shall then the base Arts of the *Frenchman* be held Polite, and the honest Labours of the *Russian,* Barbarous? No: Barbarity is the Ignorance of true Honour, or placing any thing instead of it. The unjust Prince is Ignoble and Barbarous, the Good Prince only Renowned and Glorious.

Tho' Men may impose upon themselves what they please by their corrupt Imaginations, Truth will ever keep its Station: and as Glory is nothing else but the Shadow of Virtue,[2] it will certainly disappear at the Departure of Virtue. But how carefully ought the true Notions of it to be preserved, and how industrious should we be to encourage any Impulses towards it? The *Westminster* School-

boy that said the other Day he could not sleep or play for the Colours in the Hall,[1] ought to be free from receiving a Blow for ever.

But let us consider what is truly Glorious, according to the Author I have to Day quoted in the Front of my Paper.

The Perfection of Glory, says *Tully,* consists in these three Particulars: *That the People love us; that they have Confidence in us; that being affected with a certain Admiration towards us, they think we deserve Honour.*[2] This was spoken of Greatness in a Commonwealth: But if one were to form a Notion of Consummate Glory under our Constitution, one must add to the above-mentioned Felicities, a certain necessary Inexistence, and Disrelish of all the rest without the Prince's Favour.

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He should, methinks, have Riches, Power, Honour, Command, Glory; but Riches, Power, Honour, Command and Glory should have no Charms, but as accompanied with the Affection of his Prince.[3] He should, methinks, be Popular because a Favourite, and a Favourite because Popular. Were it not to make the Character too imaginary, I would give him Sovereignty over some Foreign Territory,[4] and make him esteem that an empty Addition without the kind Regards of his own Prince. One may merely have an *Idea* of a Man thus composed and circumstantiated, and if he were so made for Power without an Incapacity[5] of giving Jealousy, he would be also Glorious without Possibility of receiving Disgrace. This Humility and this Importance must make his Glory immortal.

These Thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the usual Length of this Paper, but if I could suppose such Rapsodies could out-live the common Fate of ordinary things, I would say these Sketches and faint Images of Glory were drawn in *August* 1711, when *John* Duke of *Marlborough* made that memorable March wherein he took the *French* Lines without Blood-shed.[6]

T[7]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Cicero, *De Officiis*, 2. 12. 43:

True glory takes root and propagates; all feigned things, like flowers, die quickly, nor can any thing feigned be of long duration.

[2] Peter the Great had been mentioned briefly in No. 136. See Defoe's *Impartial History of the Life and Actions of Peter Alexowitz, the present Czar of Muscovy* (1723). Defoe says of the visit (p. 80):

His stay in *England* was about three Months, during which time he improved himself so much in all the Parts of those Sciences, which he applyed himself to look into, that a learned Person who convers'd with him freely, said publickly, That an ordinary Proficient would not obtain so much in three Year.

[1] Louis XIV was born on 5 Sept. 1638; at this time he was in his 73rd year, and since 1685 had been under the domination of Madame de Maintenon.

[2] Peter was born in 1672; he visited England from January to April 1698, where he lived at Sayes Court, the house of John Evelyn, at Deptford. According to Bishop Burnet, 'He is mechanically turned, and seems designed by Nature rather to be a Ship Carpenter, than a great Prince: this was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here: He wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the Models of Ships ...' (*History*, ed. 1753, iii. 306–7).

[1] In the autumn of 1694 Peter engaged in military manœuvres in Moscow. 'In the Russian army appeared what was also a new thing to the Muscovites—the Tsar as Peter Alexéief marching with two of his comrades as bombardiers, in front of the Preobrazhénsky regiment' (Eugene Schuyler, *Peter the Great*, N.Y., 1884, i. 239).

[2] Seneca, *Epistulae Morales*, 79. 13: 'Gloria umbra virtutis est.' Cf. Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations*, 1. 45. 109, and Cowley, 'Of Obscurity', *Essays,* ed. Waller, p. 399.

[1] The French colours and standards taken at Blenheim had been placed in Westminster Hall. For a description see Charles Dalton, *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*, xlii (1898), 1080–5.

[2] *Philippics*, 1. 12. 29–30; cf. also 1. 14. 33.

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[3] Marlborough was removed from his offices by the Queen on 31 Dec. of this year. No contemporary reader could miss the significance of Steele's tribute here, written in the face of the Tory plan to blacken the reputation of the Duke of Marlborough, a plan which was carried on all through the year 1711. See Trevelyan, iii. 198–201.

[4] After the battle of Blenheim Marlborough had at last consented to accept from the Emperor Leopold the little Principality of Mindelheim, south of the Danube. See Trevelyan, i. 400.

[5] This is the reading of all the texts, though the sense would require 'without a capacity' or 'with an incapacity'.

[6] 'That memorable march' refers to the skilful manœuvre whereby Marlborough (5 Aug. N.s.) succeeded in passing Villars's *Ne Plus Ultra* lines without the loss of a single man, an operation proclaimed at the time and since held to be, in the words of Marlborough's distinguished descendant, 'an unsurpassed masterpiece of the military art' (Winston Churchill, *Marlborough: His Life and Times*, N.Y., 1938, vi. 439). But, although the Whigs were naturally enthusiastic over the triumph *(Medley* 45, published three days before this number of the *Spectator,* closes with a glowing tribute to this exploit of Marlborough), the Tories were already secretly making peace terms with the enemy and failed to give their general the support he deserved. 'The thanks he received, on his return home that winter, was to be arraigned in Parliament as a swindler, attacked in the Press as an incompetent and even a cowardly soldier, and driven back, an exile in disgrace, from the island he had saved to the continent he had set free' (Trevelyan, iii. 134).

[7] Steele's tribute in this number is acknowledged by 'Philo Strategos' in a pamphlet entitled *Churchill's Annals* (1714), dedicated to 'The Englishman', i.e. Steele: 'one of the duke's grateful countrymen, a person whose judgment is of more weight than all the united opinions of his Grace's enemies, I mean the ingenious author of the *Spectator*' (quoted in Aitken, *Life of Steele*, ii. 278 n.). In No. 179 (25 Sept. 1711) is advertised ('This Day is Publish'd'):

The Charge of God to Joshua. In a Sermon Preached before his Grace the Duke of Marlborough at Avennes le Sec, September 9, 1711. Being the Day of Thanks-giving for passing the Lines, and taking Bouchain. By Francis Hare, D.D. and Chaplain-General of her Majesty's Forces in the Low Countries. Price 3d. Printed for J. Baker at the Black Boy in Pater-noster-row.

Defoe alludes to this number of the *Spectator* in the *Review* of 23 Aug.: 'I applaud the Opinion of the Author of the *Spectator,* in the Affair of the Czar *of Muscovy,* as to his leaving his Empire to store his Mind with useful Knowledge, &c.' A letter signed R. W. (Lillie, ii. 5–6) criticizes this paper for its party spirit and its 'wrong notions' of Louis XIV and Peter the

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Great, 'blaming the one, and commending the other, far more than either deserves: but panegyrick and party-topicks almost inevitably lead to partiality.

Avoid therefore for the future, such subjects as only can cause any dislike to those excellent instructions that daily flow from your pen; and be farther assured, that this friendly caution no ways proceeds from the spleen of a tory or high-flier, but from the real sentiments of one that knows you enough to value you more than he can express.'

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 140, Friday, August 10, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... *Animum curis nunc huc nunc dividit illuc.*

Vir.

WHEN I acquaint my Reader that I have many other Letters not yet acknowledged, I believe he will own, what I have a mind he should believe, that I have no small Charge upon me, but am a Person of some Consequence in this World. I shall therefore employ the present Hour only in reading Petitions, in the Order as follows.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE lost so much Time already, that I desire, upon the Receipt hereof, you would sit down immediately and give me your Answer. I would know of you whether a Pretender of mine really loves me. As well as I can I will describe his Manners. When he sees me he is always talking of Constancy, but vouchsafes to visit me but once a Fortnight, and then is always in haste to be gone. When I am sick, I hear, he says he is mightily concerned, but neither comes nor sends, because, as he tells his Acquaintance with a Sigh, he does not care to let me know all the Power I have over him, and how impossible it is for him to live without me. When he leaves the Town he writes once in six Weeks, desires to hear from me, complains of the Torment of Absence, speaks of Flames,

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Tortures, Languishings and Extasies. He has the Cant of an impatient Lover, but keeps the Pace of a Lukewarm one. You know I must not go faster than he does, and to move at this rate is as tedious as counting a great Clock. But you are to know he is rich, and my Mother says, As he is slow he is sure; He will love me long, if he love me little:[1] But I appeal to you whether he loves at all

Your Neglected
Humble Servant,
Lydia Novell.

'*All these Fellows who have Many are extreamly sawcy and cold, Pray Sir, tell them of it.*'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE been delighted with nothing more through the whole Course of your Writings than the substantial Account you lately gave of Wit,[2] and I could wish you would take some other Opportunity to express further the Corrupt Taste the Age is run into; which I am chiefly apt to attribute to the Prevalency of a few popular Authors, whose Merit in some respects has given a Sanction to their Faults in others. Thus the Imitators *of Milton* seem to place all the Excellency of that sort of Writing either in the uncouth or antique Words, or something else which was highly vitious, tho' pardonable, in that Great Man.[3] The Admirers of what we call Point,

or Turn, look upon it as the peculiar Happiness to which *Cowley, Ovid* and others owe their Reputation, and therefore endeavour to imitate them only in such Instances; what is Just, Proper and Natural does not seem to be the Question with them, but by what Means a quaint Antithesis may be brought about, how one Word may be made to look two ways, and what will be the Consequence of a forced Allusion. Now tho' such Authors appear to me to resemble those who make themselves fine, instead of being well dressed or graceful; yet the Mischief is that these Beauties in them, which I call Blemishes, are thought to proceed from Luxuriance of Fancy, and overflowing of good Sense: In one Word, they have the Character of being too Witty; but if you would acquaint the World they are not Witty at all, you would, among many others,

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oblige,

SIR,
Your Most Benevolent Reader,
R. D.'

SIR,

'I AM a young Woman, and reckoned Pretty, therefore you'll pardon me that I trouble you to decide a Wager between me and a Cousin of mine, who is always contradicting one because he understands *Latin.* Pray, Sir, is Dimpple spelt with a single or a double P?

I am, SIR,
Your very Humble Servant,
Betty Saunter.

'*Pray Sir direct thus,* To the kind Querist, *and leave it at Mr.* Lillie's, *for I don't care to be known in the thing at all.* I am, Sir, again Your Humble Servant.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I MUST needs tell you there are several of your Papers I do not much like. You are often so Nice there is no enduring you, and so Learned there is no understanding you. What have you to do with our Petticoats?

Your Humble Servant,
Parthenope.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'LAST Night as I was walking in the Park I met a Couple of Friends; Prithee *Jack,* says one of them, let us go drink a

Glass of Wine, for I am fit for nothing else. This put me upon reflecting on the many Miscarriages which happen in Conversations over Wine, when Men go to the Bottle to remove such Humours as it only stirs up and awakens. This I could not attribute more to any thing than to the Humour of putting Company upon

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others which Men do not like themselves. Pray, Sir, declare in your Papers, that he who is a troublesom Companion to himself will not be an agreeable one to others. Let People reason themselves into good Humour, before they impose themselves upon their Friends. Pray, Sir, be as Eloquent as you can upon this Subject, and do Human Life so much good, as to argue powerfully, that it is not every one that can swallow who is fit to drink a Glass of Wine.

Your most humble Servant.'

SIR,

'I THIS Morning cast my Eye upon your Paper concerning the Expence of Time.[1] You are very obliging to the Women, especially those who are not young and past Gallantry, by touching so gently upon Gaming: Therefore I hope you do not think it wrong to employ a little leisure time in that Diversion; but I should be glad to hear you say something upon the Behaviour of some of the Female Gamesters.

'I have observed Ladies who in all other respects are Gentle, Good-humoured, and the very Pinks of good Breeding, who as soon as the Ombre Table[2] is called for, and set down to their Business, are immediately Transmigrated into the veriest Wasps in Nature.

'You must know I keep my Temper and win their Mony, but am out of Countenance to take it, it makes them so very uneasie. Be pleased, dear Sir, to instruct them to lose with a better Grace, and you will oblige

Yours,

Rachel Basto.'[3]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Kindness to *Eleonora,*[4] in one of your Papers, has given me Encouragement to do my self the Honour of Writing to you. The great Regard you have so often expressed for the Instruction and Improvement of our Sex, will, I hope, in your own Opinion sufficiently excuse me from making any Apology for the Imperti-

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nence of this Letter. The great desire I have to Embellish my Mind with some of those Graces which you say are so becoming, and which you assert Reading helps us to, has made me uneasie 'till I am put in a Capacity of attaining them: This, Sir, I shall never think my self in, 'till you shall be pleased to recommend some Author or Authors to my Perusal.

'I thought indeed, when I first cast my Eye on *Eleonora's* Letter, that I should have had no occasion for requesting it of you; but, to my very great Concern, I found, on the Perusal of that *Spectator,* I was entirely disappointed, and am as much at a loss how to make use of my Time for that end as ever. Pray, Sir, oblige me at least with one Scene, as you were pleased to entertain *Eleonora* with your Prologue. I write to you not only my own Sentiments, but also those of several others of my Acquaintance, who are as little pleased with the ordinary manner of spending ones Time as my self: And if a fervent Desire after Knowledge, and a great Sense of our present Ignorance may be thought a good presage and earnest of Improvement, you may look upon your Time you shall bestow in answering this Request not thrown away to no purpose. And I can't but add, that unless you have a particular and more than ordinary Regard for *Eleonora,* I have a better Title to your Favour than she, since I do not content my self with a Tea-Table reading of your Papers, but it is my Entertainment very often when alone in my Closet. To shew you I am capable of Improvement and hate Flattery, I acknowledge I do not like some of your Papers; but even there I am readier to call in question my own shallow Understanding than Mr. SPECTATOR's profound Judgment.

I am, Sir, your already (and in hopes
of being more your) obliged Servant,
PARTHENIA.'[1]

This last Letter is written with so urgent and serious an Air, that I cannot but think it incumbent upon me to comply with her Commands, which I shall do very suddenly.[2] T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid*, 4. 285 ('Animum nunc huc celerem nunc dividit illuc'):

This way, and that, he turns his anxious Mind, DRYDEN.

[1] A proverb dating from the sixteenth century (Apperson, Tilley L 559).

[2] Nos. 58–63 (vol. i).

[3] 'So Philips in his *Cyder* is careful to mis-spell the words *or chat, sovran,* after Milton, &c.' (Percy). See R. D. Havens, *The Influence of Milton in the Eighteenth Century* (Cambridge, Mass., 1922).

[1] No. 93 (vol. i).

[2] No. 105 (vol. i).

[3] The name for the ace of clubs in the games of ombre and quadrille.

[4] Cf. No. 92 (vol. i).

[1] According to Nichols, Parthenia and Leonora were sisters, the Misses Shephard; and Leonora afterwards became Mrs. Perry. 'These ladies were collateral descendants of Sir Fleetwood Shephard of facetious memory.' The same attribution appears in a contribution signed J. D. in the *Gentleman's Magazine,* April 1780, p. 175, with the spellings Sheppard and Shepheard. See further No. 163.

[2] 'Pity this promise was never fulfilled' (Percy). Nichols, followed by other editors, suggests that Steele's publication of *The Ladies Library* in 1714 fulfilled this promise.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 141 Saturday, August 11, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... Migravit ab Aure voluptas
Omnis ...

Hor.

IN the present Emptiness of the Town I have several Applications from the lower Part of the Players, to admit Suffering to pass for Acting. They in very obliging Terms desire me to let a Fall on the Ground, a Stumble, or a good Slap on the Back be reckoned a Jest. These Gambols I shall tollerate for a Season, because I hope the Evil cannot continue longer than 'till the People of Condition and Taste return to Town. The Method, some time ago, was to entertain that Part of the Audience who have no Faculty above Eyesight, with Rope-Dancers and Tumblers,[2] which was a way discreet enough, because it prevented Confusion, and distinguished such as could show all the Postures which the Body is capable of, from those who were to represent all the Passions to which the Mind is subject. But tho' this was prudently settled, Corporeal and Intellectual Actors ought to be kept at a still wider Distance than to appear on the same Stage at all: For which Reason I must propose some Methods for the Improvement of the Bear-Garden, by dismissing all Bodily Actors to that Quarter.[3]

In Cases of greater moment, where Men appear in Publick, the Consequence and Importance of the thing can bear them out. And tho' a Pleader or Preacher is Hoarse or Awkward, the weight of their

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Matter commands Respect and Attention; but in Theatrical Speaking, if the Performer is not exactly proper and graceful, he is utterly ridiculous. In Cases where there is little else expected, but the Pleasure of the Ears and Eyes, the least diminution of that Pleasure is the highest Offence. In Acting, barely to perform the Part is not commendable, but to be the least out[4] is contemptible. To avoid these Difficulties and Delicacies, I am informed, that while I was

out of Town the Actors have flown in the Air, and play'd such Pranks, and run[a] such Hazards, that none but the Servants of the Fire-Office,[1] Tilers and Masons could have been able to perform the like. The Author of the following Letter, it seems, has been of the Audience at one of these Entertainments, and has accordingly complained to me upon it; but I think he has been to the utmost degree Severe against what is exceptionable in the Play he mentions, without dwelling so much as he might have done on the Author's most excellent Talent of Humour. The pleasant Pictures he has drawn of Life should have been more kindly mentioned, at the same time that he banishes his Witches, who[b] are too dull Devils to be attacked with so much Warmth.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'UPON a Report that *Moll White*[2] had follow'd you to Town, and was to act a Part in the *Lancashire Witches,*[3] I went last Week to see that Play. It was my Fortune to sit next to a Country Justice of the Peace, a Neighbour (as he said) of Sir ROGER'S, who pretended to shew her to us in one of the Dances. There was Witchcraft enough in the Entertainment almost to incline me to believe him; *Ben. Johnson* was almost lam'd; young *Bullock*[4] narrowly sav'd his Neck; the Audience was astonish'd, and an old Acquaintance of mine, a Person of Worth, whom I wou'd have bow'd to in the Pit, at two Yards distance did not know me.

'If you were what the Country People reported you, a white Witch,[5] I cou'd have wish'd you had been there to have exorcis'd

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that Rabble of Broomsticks, with which we were haunted for above three Hours. I cou'd have allow'd them to set *Clod* in the Tree, to have scar'd the Sportsmen, plagu'd the Justice, and employ'd honest *Teague* with his Holy Water. This was the proper Use of them in Comedy, if the Author had stopp'd here; but I cannot conceive what Relation the Sacrifice of the Black Lamb, and the Ceremonies of their Worship to the Devil, have to the Business of Mirth and Humour.

'The Gentleman who writ this Play, and has drawn some Characters in it very justly, appears to have been mis-led in his Witchcraft by an unwary following the inimitable *Shakespear.* The Incantations in *Mackbeth*[1] have a Solemnity admirably adapted to the Occasion of that Tragedy, and fill the Mind with a suitable Horror; besides, that the Witches are a part of the Story it self, as we find it very particularly related in *Hector Boetius,* from whom he seems to have taken it.[2] This therefore is a proper Machine where the Business is dark, horrid and bloody; but is extreamly foreign from the Affair of Comedy. Subjects of this kind, which are in themselves disagreeable, can at no time become entertaining, but by passing thro' an Imagination like *Shakespear's* to form them; for which Reason Mr. *Dryden* wou'd not allow even *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*[3] capable of imitating him.

But Shakespear's *Magick cou'd not copy'd be,*
Within that Circle none durst Walk but He.[4]

'I shou'd not however have troubled you with these Remarks, if there were not something else in this Comedy, which wants to be exorcis'd more than the Witches. I mean the Freedom of some Passages, which I should have overlook'd, if I had not observed that those Jests can raise the loudest Mirth, tho' they are painful to right Sense, and an Outrage upon Modesty.

'We must attribute such Liberties to the Taste of that Age, but

indeed by such Representations a Poet sacrifices the best Part of his Audience to the worst, and, as one wou'd think, neglects the Boxes, to write to the Orange Wenches.

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'I must not conclude till I have taken notice of the Moral with which this Comedy ends. The two young Ladies having given a notable Example of outwitting those who had a Right in the Disposal of them, and marrying without Consent of Parents, one of the injur'd Parties, who is easily reconcil'd, winds up all with this Remark,

… *Design whate'er we will,*
There is a Fate which over-rules us still.[1]

'We are to suppose that the Gallants are Men of Merit, but if they had been Rakes the Excuse might have serv'd as well. *Hans Carvel's* Wife[2] was of the same Principle, but has express'd it with a Delicacy which shows she is not serious in her Excuse, but in a sort of Humorous Philosophy turns off the Thought of her Guilt, and says,

That if weak Women go astray
Their Stars are more in fault than they.

This no doubt is a full Reparation, and dismisses the Audience with very edifying Impressions.

'These things fall under a Province you have partly pursu'd already, and therefore demand your Animadversion, for the regulating so Noble an Entertainment as that of the Stage. It were to be wished that all who write for it hereafter wou'd raise their Genius, by the Ambition of pleasing People of the best Understanding, and leave others who shew nothing of the Human Species, but Risibility, to seek their Diversion at the Bear-Garden, or some other Privileg'd Place, where Reason and good Manners have no Right to disturb them.

August 8, 1711. *I am,* &c.'[3]

T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Epistles*, 2. I. 187–8: All the pleasure has passed from the ear [to the vain delight of the eye].

[2] These were popular features of Bartholomew Fair and May Fair (see No. 28 (vol. i)).

[3] One of the letters in Lillie (i. 247–52) refers to this essay ('you talk of sending the body popular of players to the Bear-garden') and offers a new method of recruiting the company—from the controversialists in religion. For the Bear-Garden see No. 436 (vol. iv).

[4] At fault, at a loss from failure of memory or self-possession. Now obsolete.

[a] run *12mo*] ran *Fol., 8vo*

[1] Hatton (p. 787) records three in operation in 1708: the Phoenix Office, at the Rainbow Coffee-house in Fleet Street; the Friendly Society Office, in Palsgrave Court, without Temple Bar; and the Amicable Contributors, with an office in St. Martin's Lane. At this time perhaps the best known was the Sun Fire Office, next the Amsterdam Coffee-house, behind the Royal Exchange.

[b] who *12mo]* which *Fol., 8vo*

[2] No. 117 (vol. i).

[3] *The Lancashire Witches, and Tegue o Divelly the Irish Priest,* the comedy by Shadwell produced in 1681, is described by Downes (p. 38) as 'a kind of Opera, having several *Machines* of Flyings for the Witches, and other Diverting Contrivances in't'. It had been given at Drury Lane, 'with all the Risings and Flyings that were Originally in the Play', on 11 and 20 Mar., and 14 Apr., 1710; and had shortly before the date of this letter (on 3 and 7 Aug. 1711) been revived there: 'The Principal Parts to be perform'd by Mr. Mills, Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Bullock Sen., Mr. Norris, Mr. Pack, Mr. Bullock Jun., Mr. Elrington, Mrs. Powel, Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Cox. And the Witches by Mr. Burkhead, Mr. Ryan, Mrs. Mills, and Mr. Willis.'

[4] Ben Johnson and young Bullock. For these actors see the cast of actors in the preceding note; the references here are to episodes in Acts IV and V.

[5] See No. 131.

[1] See No. 45 (vol. i).

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[2] Hector Boethius, or Boece, wrote in Latin a history of the Scots which, translated by John Bellenden, was used in Holinshed's *Chronicles* and thence by Shakespeare in *Macbeth.*

[3] In No. 85 is advertised ('This Day is Publish'd'):

A very Neat and Correct Edition of the Works of Mr. Francis Beaumont and Mr. John Fletcher. In Seven Vols. 8vo. Adorn'd with Cutts. With some Account of the Life and Writings of the Authors. Printed for J. Tonson, at Shakespear's Head over against Catherine-street in the Strand.

[4] Dryden, *The Tempest*, Prologue 19–20.

[1] The concluding lines of Act V.

[2] The poem by Prior (lines 11–12):

That if weak Women went astray
Their Stars are more in fault than they.

[3] This letter is by John Hughes (Duncombe's list, p. xxxv).

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 142 Monday, August 13, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... *Irrupta tenet Copula ...*

Hor.

THE following Letters being Genuine, and the Images of a Worthy Passion, I am willing to give the old Lady's Admonition to my self, and the Representation of her own Happiness, a Place in my Writings.[2]

Mr. SPECTATOR, *August* 9, 1711.

'I AM now in the Sixty seventh Year of my Age, and read you with Approbation; but methinks you do not strike at the Root of the greatest Evil in Life, which is the false Notion of Gallantry in Love. It is, and has long been, upon a very ill foot; but I who have been a Wife Forty Years, and was bred in a way that has made me ever since very happy, see through the Folly of it. In a Word, Sir, when I was a young Woman all who avoided the Vices of the Age were very carefully Educated, and all Phantastical Objects were turned out of our Sight. The Tapestry Hangings, with the great and venerable Simplicity of the Scripture Stories, had better Effects than now the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis,* or *Bacchus* and *Ariadne* in your fine present Prints.[3] The Gentleman I am Married to made Love to me in Rapture, but it was the Rapture of a Christian and a Man of Honour, not a Romantick Hero, or a Whining Coxcomb: This put our Life upon a right Basis. To give you an Idea of our

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Regard one to another, I enclose to you several of his Letters writ Forty Years ago, when my Lover; and one writ t'other Day, after so many Years Cohabitation.

Your Servant,
Andromache.'

Madam, August 7, 1671.[1]

'IF my Vigilance and ten thousand Wishes for your Welfare and Repose could have any force, you last Night slept in Security, and had every good Angel in your Attendance. To have my Thoughts ever fix'd on you, to live in constant Fear of every Accident to which Human Life is liable, and to send up my hourly Prayers to avert 'em from you; I say, Madam, thus to think and thus to suffer, is what I do for Her who is in pain at my Approach, and calls all my tender Sorrow Impertinence. You are now before my Eyes, my Eyes that are ready to flow with Tenderness, but cannot give relief to my gushing Heart, that dictates what I am now Saying, and yearns to tell you all its Achings. How art thou, oh my Soul, stoln from thy self! How is all thy Attention broken! My Books are blank Paper, and my Friends Intruders. I have no hope of Quiet but from your Pity. To grant it would make more for your Triumph. To give Pain is the Tyranny, to make Happy the true Empire of Beauty. If you would consider aright, you'd find an agreeable Change in dismissing the Attendance of a Slave, to receive the Complaisance of a Companion. I bear the former in hopes of the latter Condition: As I five in Chains without murmuring at the Power which inflicts 'em, so I could enjoy Freedom without forgetting the Mercy that gave it.

MADAM,
I am,
your most Devoted,
most Obedient Servant.'

Tho' I made him no Declarations in his Favour, you see he had Hopes of Me when he writ this in the Month following.[2]

Madam, September 3, 1671.[3]

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'BEFORE the Light this Morning dawn'd upon the Earth I awak'd, and lay in expectation of its return, not that it cou'd

give any new Sense of Joy to me, but as I hop'd it would bless you with its chearful Face, after a Quiet which I wish'd you last Night. If my Prayers are heard, the Day appear'd with all the Influence of a Merciful Creator upon your Person and Actions. Let others, my lovely Charmer, talk of a Blind Being that disposes their Hearts, I contemn their low Images of Love. I have not a Thought which relates to you, that I cannot with Confidence beseech the All-seeing Power to bless Me in. May he direct you in all your Steps, and reward your Innocence, your Sanctity of Manners, your Prudent Youth, and becoming Piety, with the Continuance of his Grace and Protection. This is an unusual Language to Ladies; but you have a Mind elevated above the giddy Motions of a Sex insnared by Flattery, and mis-led by a false and short Adoration into a solid and long Contempt. Beauty, my fairest Creature, palls in the Possession, but I Love also your Mind; your Soul is as dear to me as my own, and if the Advantages of a liberal Education, some Knowledge, and as much Contempt of the World, join'd with the Endeavours towards a Life of strict Virtue and Religion, can qualify me to raise new Ideas in a Breast so well dispos'd as yours is, our Days will pass away with Joy; and old Age, instead of introducing melancholy Prospects of Decay, give us hope of Eternal Youth in a better Life. I have but few Minutes from the Duty of my Employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beseech you to pardon the first Hints of my Mind, which I have express'd in so little Order.

I am,
Dearest Creature,
your most Obedient,
most Devoted Servant.'

The Two next were Written after the Day for our Marriage was fix'd.

Madam, September 25, 1671.[1]

'IT is the hardest thing in the World to be in Love, and yet attend Business. As for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must

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lock my self up, or other People will do it for me. A Gentleman ask'd me this Morning what News from *Holland,* and I answer'd She's Exquisitly handsome. Another desir'd to know when I had been last at *Windsor,* I reply'd She designs to go with me. Prethee

allow me at least to kiss your Hand before the appointed Day, that my Mind may be in some Composure. Methinks I could write a Volume to you, but all the Language on Earth would fail in saying how much, and with what dis-interested Passion,

I am ever Yours.'

Dear Creature, September 30, 1671.[1]
Seven in the Morning.

'NEXT to the Influence of Heav'n, I am to thank you that I see the returning Day with Pleasure. To pass my Evenings in so sweet a Conversation, and have the Esteem of a Woman of your Merit, has in it a Particularity of Happiness no more to be express'd than return'd. But I am, my Lovely Creature, contented to be on the oblig'd Side, and to employ all my Days in new Endeavours to convince you and all the World of the Sense I have of your Condescension in Chusing,

MADAM,
Your Most Faithful,
Most Obedient, Humble Servant.'

He was, when he writ the following Letter, as agreeable and pleasant a Man as any in England.

Madam, October 20, 1671.[2]

'I BEG Pardon that my Paper is not Finer, but I am forc'd to write from a Coffee-house where I am attending about Business. There is a dirty Croud of Busie Faces all around me talking of Mony, while all my Ambition, all my Wealth is Love: Love, which animates my Heart, sweetens my Humour, enlarges my Soul, and affects every Action of my Life. 'Tis to my Lovely Charmer I owe that many noble Ideas are continually affix'd to my Words and Actions: 'Tis the natural Effect of that Generous Passion to create in

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the Admirer some Similitude of the Object admir'd; thus, my Dear, am I every Day to improve from so sweet a Companion. Look up, my Fair One, to that Heav'n which made thee such, and join with me to implore its Influence on our tender innocent Hours, and beseech the Author of Love to bless the Rights he has ordain'd, and mingle with our Happiness a just Sense of our Transient Condition,

and a Resignation to his Will, which only can regulate our Minds to a steady Endeavour to please him and each other.

I am, for Ever,
Your Faithful Servant.'

I will not trouble you with more Letters at this time, but if you saw the poor withered Hand which sends you these Minutes, I am sure you would Smile to think that there is one who is so Gallant as to speak of it still as so welcome a Present, after Forty Tears Possession of the Woman whom he writes to.

Madam, June 20, 1711.[1]

'I HEARTILY beg your Pardon for my Omission to write Yesterday. It was no Failure of my tender Regard for you, but having been very much perplexed in my Thoughts on the Subject of my last, made me determine to suspend speaking of it till I came my self. But, my Lovely Creature, know it is not in the Power of Age, or Misfortune,[a] or any other Accident which hangs over Human Life, to take from me the pleasing Esteem I have for you, or the Memory of the Bright Figure you appeared in, when you gave your Hand and Heart to,

MADAM,
Your Most Grateful Husband,
and Obedient Servant.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes,* i. 13. 18: An unbroken bond unites.

[2] Steele's statement that the letters are genuine is literally true: they were addressed by Steele to Mary Scurlock, his second wife ('dear Prue'), four years previously, and will be found in Miss Blanchard's edition of the *Correspondence* (pp. 192–200, 273). The original letters, in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 5145), show the alterations made for printing them in the *Spectator.* Steele had also used one of the letters to his wife in *Tatler* 35.

[3] Rooms were now often wainscoted and covered with wallpapers instead of the old-fashioned tapestry, with their Biblical scenes. *The Hermit,* No. 4 (25 Aug. 1711), writing about the new fashions coming in from France, comments:

The old Tapestry Hangings and Wrought Bed pulled down, which were Monuments of the Grand-mother's Industry, and shewed how the Daughters spent their Time in the Days of Ignorance, before Tea or Scandal were in use. And *Indian* Skreens must be purchased to succeed *Abraham* and *Isaac.*

Ashton (i. 63–64) quotes advertisements from the first decade of the century offering 'figur'd Paper Hangings', some of them 'after the manner of real Tapistry'. As early as 1693 the *London Gazette* contains several advertisements of Indian, Japan, and other figured paper hangings in imitation of tapestry; one such (24 Aug.) offers 'strong Paper-Hangings, with fine India-Figures, in Pieces about 12 Yards long, and half Ell broad', at *3d., 2½d.,* and *2d.* per yard.

[1] This is Steele's letter of 22 Aug. 1707 (Blanchard, No. 217).

[2] These words are added to the manuscript, 'apparently in Steele's hand' (Blanchard, p. 192).

[3] Steele's letter of 16 Aug. 1707 (Blanchard, No. 211).

[1] Steele's letter of 1 Sept. 1707 (Blanchard, No. 223).

[1] Steele's letter of 3 Sept. 1707 (Blanchard, No. 225).

[2] Steele's letter of 30 Aug. 1707 (Blanchard, No. 221).

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[1] This letter, which may have been composed for this number, is accepted as a genuine letter from Steele to his wife by Nichols, who printed it in 1809 (i. 218). Miss Blanchard (No. 393) also accepts it as genuine, although the manuscript is 'not among the Steele papers in the British Museum'.

[a] or Misfortune,] of Misfortune *all edd. See textual notes*

P. 64, note a: *for* of Misfortune *read* of Misfortune,

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 143 Tuesday, August 14, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

Non est vivere sed valere Vita.

Martial.

IT is an unreasonable thing some Men expect of their Acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of Order,[3] or

Displeas'd, or they know not how, and are so far from letting that be a Reason for retiring to their own Homes, that they make it their Argument for coming into Company. What has any body to do with Accounts of a Man's being Indispos'd but his Physician? If a Man laments in Company, where the rest are in Humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a Servant is order'd to present him with a Porringer of Cawdle or Posset-Drink, by way of Admonition that he go Home to Bed. That part of Life which we ordinarily understand by the Word Conversation, is an Indulgence to the Sociable Part of our Make, and should incline us to bring our proportion of good Will or good Humour among the Friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with Relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feign'd Affliction. Cares, Distresses, Diseases, Uneasinesses and Dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our Friends. If we would consider how little of this Vicissitude of Motion and Rest, which we call Life, is spent with Satisfaction, we should be more tender of our Friends, than to bring them little Sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real Life, but chearful Life, therefore Valetudinarians

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should be Sworn, before they enter into Company, not to say a Word of themselves 'till the Meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we should be always sitting with Chaplets of Flowers round our Heads, or be crowned with Roses, in order to make our Entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is usually observed) they who resolve to be Merry, seldom are so, it will be much more unlikely for us to be well pleased, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do we should keep up the Chearfulness of our Spirits, and never let them sink below an Inclination at least to be well pleased: The Way to this is to keep our Bodies in Exercise, our Minds at Ease. That insipid State, wherein neither are in Vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our Portion of Being. When we are in the Satisfaction of some Innocent Pleasure, or pursuit of some laudable Design, we are in the Possession of Life, of Human Life. Fortune will give us Disappointments enough, and Nature is attended with Infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy side of our Account by our Spleen or ill Humour. Poor *Cottilus*[1] among so many real Evils,

a Chronical Distemper, and a narrow Fortune, is never heard to complain; that equal Spirit of his, which any Man may have, that, like him, will conquer Pride, Vanity and Affectation, and follow Nature, is not to be broken, because it has no Points to contend for: To be anxious for nothing but what Nature demands as necessary, if it is not the way to an Estate, is the way to what Men aim at by getting an Estate. This Temper will preserve Health in the Body, as well as Tranquility in the Mind. *Cottilus* sees the World in an hurry with the same Scorn that a Sober Person sees a Man Drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a Disappointment? If another had valued his Mistress for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her Power. If her Virtue had had a part of his Passion, her Levity had been his Cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same time.

Since we cannot promise our selves constant Health, let us endeavour at such a Temper as may be our best Support in the Decay of it. *Uranius* has arrived at that Composure of Soul, and wrought himself up to such a neglect of every thing with which the generality of Mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute Pains

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can give him Disturbance, and against those too he will tell his intimate Friends he has a Secret which gives him present Ease. *Uranius* is so thoroughly perswaded of another Life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an Interest in it, that he looks upon Pain but as a quickening of his Pace to an Home, where he shall be better provided for than in his present Apartment. Instead of the melancholy Views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is Mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the time of his Birth he entered into an Eternal Being, and the short Article of Death he will not allow an Interruption of Life, since that Moment is not of half the Duration as is his ordinary Sleep. Thus is his being one uniform and consistent Series of chearful Diversions and moderate Cares, without fear or hope of Futurity. Health to him is more than Pleasure to another Man, and Sickness less affecting to him, than Indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if One does not regard Life after this manner, none but Ideots can pass it away with any tollerable Patience. Take a Fine Lady who is of a Delicate Frame, and you may observe from the Hour she rises a certain Weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They

are sick of such strange frightful People that they meet, one is so awkward and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a Penance to breath the same Air with them. You see this is so very true that a great part of Ceremony and Good-breeding among the Ladies, turns upon their Uneasiness; and I'll undertake, if the How-d'ye Servants[1] of our Women were to make a weekly Bill of Sickness, as the Parish Clerks do of Mortality, you would not find in an Account of seven Days, one in thirty that was not downright Sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain that to enjoy Life and Health as a constant Feast we should not think Pleasure necessary, but, if possible, to arrive at an Equality of Mind. It is as mean to be overjoy'd upon occasions of Good Fortune, as to be dejected in Circumstances of Distress. Laughter in one Condition is as unmanly as Weeping in the other. We should not form our Minds to expect Transport on every Occasion, but know how to make it Enjoyment to be out of Pain. Ambition, Envy, vagrant Desire, or impertinent Mirth will take up

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our Minds, without we can possess our selves in that Sobriety of Heart which is above all Pleasures, and can be felt much better than described: But the ready way, I believe, to the right Enjoyment of Life, is by a Prospect towards another to have but a very mean Opinion of it. A Great Author of our time has set this in an excellent Light, when with a Philosophick Pity of Human Life he spoke of it in his Theory of the Earth in the following manner.[2]

For what is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down, and rise again; Dress and undress; feed and wax hungry; Work or Play, and are weary; and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We spend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes we throw our selves into the Bed of Folly, amongst Dreams and broken Thoughts and wild Imaginations. Our Reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the time as arrant Brutes as those that sleep in the Stalls or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than these? And ought not his Ambition and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World: 'Tis at least a

fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Passions. If we should be disappointed we are still no worse than the rest of our Fellow-Mortals; and if we succeed in our Expectations, we are Eternally Happy.

T

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Martial, *Epigrams*, 6. 70. 15: Life is only life when blest with health.

[3] Much of this opening paragraph repeats ideas and phrases which Steele had already used in No. 100 (vol. i).

[1] Nichols thought that Cottilus was 'probably Mr. *Hen. Martyn,* who had a little habitation, perhaps called his *Cot,* at Blackheath', and that Uranius was 'probably Mr. John Hughes'. There is no real evidence for either of these attributions.

[1] '*Howdee*'*s*' are mentioned in *Tatler* 109, and *Tatler* 245 is largely devoted to an advertisement for the return *of* '*Bridget Howd*'*ee,* late Servant to the Lady *Fardingale*'. The word seems to have been applied to servants who were to carry these compliments. Swift sends his servant Patrick 'with a how d'ye' (14 Nov. 1711) and on 10 May 1712 speaks of 'returning the Visits of those that sent Howdees in my Sickness' (*Journal to Stella,* ed. Harold Williams, pp. 411–12, 533). Ashton (i. 78) gives further examples.

[2] Thomas Burnet, *Theory of the Earth*, from the conclusion to book iii (3rd ed. 1697, pp. 76–77).

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Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... Nôris quam elegans formarum
Spectator siem.

Ter.

BEAUTY has been the Delight and Torment of the World ever since it began. The Philosophers have felt its Influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some Saying or other, which intimated that he too well knew the Power of it. One has told us, that a graceful Person is a more powerful Recommendation, than the best Letter that can be writ in your Favour. Another desires the Possessor of it to consider it as a meer Gift of Nature, and not any Perfection of his own. A Third calls it a short liv'd Tyranny; a Fourth, a silent Fraud, because it imposes upon us without the help of Language; but, I think, *Carneades* spoke as much like a Philosopher as any of them, tho' more like a Lover, when he call'd it Royalty without Force.[2] It is not indeed to be denied, that there is something irresistible in a Beauteous Form; the most Severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate Præpossession in Favour of the Handsome. No one denies them the Privilege of being first heard, and being regarded before others in Matters of ordinary Consideration. At the same time the Handsome should consider that it is a Possession, as it were, foreign to them. No one can give it himself, or preserve it when they have it. Yet so it is, that People can bear any Quality in the World better than Beauty. It is the Consolation of all who are naturally too much affected with the

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force of it, that a little Attention, if a Man can attend with Judgment, will cure them. Handsome People usually are so Phantastically pleas'd with themselves, that if they do not kill at first Sight, as the Phrase is, a second Interview disarms them of all their Power. But I shall make this Paper rather a Warning-piece to give Notice where the Danger is, than to propose Instructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in the way of it. Handsome Men shall be the Subject of another Chapter, the Women shall take up the present Discourse.

Amaryllis, who has been in Town but one Winter, is extreamly improved with the Arts of Good-Breeding, without leaving Nature. She has not lost the Native Simplicity of her Aspect, to substitute that Patience of being stared at, which is the usual Triumph and Distinction of a Town Lady. In Publick Assemblies you meet her careless Eye diverting it self with the Objects around her, insensible that she her self is one of the brightest in the Place.

Dulcissa is of quite another Make, she is almost a Beauty by Nature, but more than one by Art. If it were possible for her to let her Fan or any Limb about her rest, she would do some part of the Execution she meditates; but tho' she designs her self a Prey she will not stay to be taken. No Painter can give you Words for the different Aspects of *Dulcissa* in half a Moment, where-ever she appears: So little does she accomplish what she takes so much Pains for, to be gay and careless.

Merab is attended with all the Charms of Woman and Accomplishments of Man. It is not to be doubted but she has a great deal of Wit, if she were not such a Beauty, and she would have more Beauty had she not so much Wit. Affectation prevents her Excellencies from walking together.[1] If she has a mind to speak such a Thing, it must be done with such an Air of her Body; and if she has an Inclination to look very careless, there is such a smart Thing to be said at the same time, that the design of being admired destroys it self. Thus the Unhappy *Merab,* tho' a Wit and Beauty, is allowed to be neither, because she will always be both.

Albacinda has the Skill as well as Power of pleasing. Her Form is majestick, but her Aspect humble. All good Men should beware of the Destroyer. She will speak to you like your Sister, till she has you

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sure, but is the most vexatious of Tyrants when you are so. Her

Familiarity of Behaviour, her indifferent Questions, and general Conversation make the silly part of her Votaries full of hopes, while the wise fly from her Power. She well knows she is too Beautiful and too Witty to be indifferent to any who converse with her, and therefore knows she does not lessen her self by Familiarity, but gains occasions of Admiration, by seeming Ignorance of her Perfections.

Eudosia adds to the height of her Stature a Nobility of Spirit which still distinguishes her above the rest of her Sex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in *Eudosia* it is commanding: Love towards *Eudosia* is a Sentiment like the Love of Glory. The Lovers of other Women are soften'd into Fondness, the Admirers *of Eudosia* exalted into Ambition.

Eucratia presents her self to the Imagination with a more kindly Pleasure, and as she is Woman, her Praise is wholy Fæminine. If we were to form an Image of Dignity in a Man, we should give him Wisdom and Valour, as being essential to the Character of Manhood. In like manner if you describe a right Woman in a laudable Sense, she should have gentle Softness, tender Fear, and all those parts of Life, which distinguish her from the other Sex, with some Subordination to it, but such an Inferiority that makes her still more lovely. *Eucratia*[a] is that Creature, she is all over Woman, Kindness is all her Art, and Beauty all her Arms. Her Look, her Voice, her Gesture, and whole Behaviour is truly Fæminine. A Goodness mixed with Fear, gives a Tincture to all her Behaviour. It would be Savage to offend her, and Cruelty to use Art to gain her. Others are Beautiful, but *Eucratia*[b] thou art Beauty!

Omnamante is made for Deceit, she has an Aspect as Innocent as the famed *Lucrece,* but a Mind as Wild as the more famed *Cleopatra.* Her Face speaks a Vestal, but her Heart a *Messalina.* Who that beheld *Omnamante's* negligent unobserving Air would believe that she hid under that regardless Manner the witty Prostitute, the rapacious Wench, the prodigal Curtizan? She can, when she pleases, adorn those Eyes with Tears like an Infant that is chid: She can cast down that pretty Face in Confusion, while you rage with

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Jealousie, and storm Peat her rfidiousness; she can wipe her Eyes, tremble and look frighted, till you think your self a Brute for your Rage, own your self an Offender, beg Pardon, and make her new Presents.

But I go too far in reporting only the Dangers in beholding the Beauteous, which I design for the Instruction of the Fair as well as their Beholders, and shall end this Rapsody with mentioning what I thought was well enough said of an Antient Sage[1] to a Beautiful Youth, whom he saw admiring his own Figure in Brass. What, said the Philosopher, could that Image of yours say for it self if it could speak? It might say, (answer'd the Youth) *That it is very Beautiful. And are not you asham'd,* replyed the Cynick, *to value your self upon that only of which a Piece of Brass is capable?*

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Terence, *Eunuchus, 566:* You know what a critic I am in beauties.

[2] The five commonplaces introduced here—from Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Theophrastus, and Carneades, respectively—come from Diogenes Laertius, 5. 18–19, and are frequently quoted together.

[1] Used figuratively in the seventeenth century in the sense of 'associated, acting harmoniously'. The last quotation in *OED* is dated 1709.

[a] *Eucratia*] *Eudosia Fol.*

[b] *Eucratia*] *Eudosia Fol.*

[1] Antisthenes, in Diogenes Laertius, 6. 9.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

Stultitiam patiuntur opes ...

Hor.

IF the following Enormities are not amended upon the first Mention, I desire further Notice from my Correspondents.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM obliged to you for your Discourse the other Day upon frivolous Disputants, who with great Warmth, and Enumeration of many Circumstances and Authorities, undertake to prove Matters which no Body living denies.[3] You cannot employ your self more usefully than in adjusting the Laws of Disputation in Coffee-houses and accidental Companies, as well as in more formal Debates. Among many other things which your own Experience must suggest to you, it will be very obliging if you please to take Notice of Wagerers. I will not here repeat what *Hudibras* says of such Disputants,[4] which is so true, that it is almost Proverbial; but shall only acquaint you with a Set of young Fellows of the Inns of

Court, whose Fathers have provided for them so plentifully, that they need not be very anxious to get Law into their Heads for the Service of their Country at the Bar; but are of those who are sent (as the Phrase of Parents is) to the *Temple* to know how to keep their own. One of these Gentlemen is very loud and captious at a Coffee-house which I frequent, and being in his Nature troubled with an

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Humour of Contradiction, though withal excessive Ignorant, he has found a way to indulge this Temper, go on in Idleness and Ignorance, and yet still give himself the Air of a very learned and knowing Man by the Strength of his Pocket. The Misfortune of the thing is, I have, as it happens sometimes, a greater Stock of Learning than of Mony. The Gentleman I am speaking of, takes Advantage of the Narrowness of my Circumstances in such a manner, that he has read all that I can pretend to, and runs me down with such a positive Air, and with such powerful Arguments, that from a very Learned Person I am thought a mere Pretender. Not long ago I was relating that I had read such a Passage in *Tacitus,* up starts my young Gentleman in a full Company, and pulling out his Purse offered to lay me ten Guineas, to be staked immediately in that Gentleman's Hands, (pointing to one smoaking at another Table) that I was utterly mistaken. I was Dumb for want of ten Guineas; he went on unmercifully to Triumph over my Ignorance how to take him up, and told the whole Room he had read *Tacitus* twenty times over, and such a remarkable Incident as that could not escape him. He has at this time three considerable Wagers depending between him and some of his Companions, who are rich enough to hold an Argument with him. He has five Guineas upon Questions in Geography, two that the *Isle of Wight* is a Peninsula, and three Guineas to one that the World is round. We have a Gentleman comes to our Coffee-house who deals mightily in Antique Scandal, my Disputant has laid him twenty Pieces upon a Point of History, to wit, that *Cæsar* never lay with *Cato's* Sister,[1] as is scandalously reported by some People.

There are several of this sort of Fellows in Town, who Wager themselves into Statesmen, Historians, Geographers, Mathematicians, and every other Art, when the Persons with whom they talk have not Wealth equal to their Learning. I beg of you to prevent, in these Youngsters, this Compendious Way to Wisdom,

which costs other People so much Time and Pains, and you will oblige

Your Humble Servant.'

Coffee-house near the

Mr. SPECTATOR, Temple, Aug. 12, 1711.

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'HERE's a Young Gentleman that sings Opera-Tunes, or Whistles in a full House. Pray let him know that he has no Right to act here as if he were in an empty Room. Be pleased to divide the Spaces of a Publick Room, and certifie Whistlers, Singers and Common Orators, that are heard further than their Portion of the Rooms comes to, that the Law is open,[1] and that there is an Equity which will relieve us from such as interrupt us in our Lawful Discourse, as much as against such as stop us on the Road. I take these Persons, Mr. SPECTATOR, to be such Trespassers as the Officer in your Stage Coach, and am of the same Sentiment with Councellor *Ephraim.*[2] It is true the Young Man is rich, and, as the Vulgar say, need not care for any Body; but sure that is no Authority for him to go whistle where he pleases.

I am, SIR,
Your Most Humble Servant.

P.S. 'I have Chambers in the *Temple,* and here are Students that learn upon the Hautboy, pray desire the Benchers that all Lawyers who are Proficients in Wind-Musick[3] may lodge to the *Thames.*'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WE are a Company of Young Women who pass our Time very much together, and obliged by the Mercenary Humour of the Men to be as Mercenarily inclined as they are. There visits among us an old Batchelor whom each of us has a Mind to. The Fellow is rich, and knows he may have any of us, therefore is particular to none, but excessively ill-bred. His Pleasantry consists in Romping,[4] he snatches Kisses by surprise, puts his Hand in our Necks, tears our Fans, robs us of Ribbons, forces Letters out of our

Hands, looks into any of our Papers, and a thousand other Rudenesses. Now what I'll desire of you is to acquaint him, by Printing this, that if he does not marry one of us very suddenly, we have all agreed, the next time he pretends to be merry, to affront him, and use him like a Clown as he is. In the Name of the Sisterhood I take my leave of you, and am, as they all are,

Your Constant Reader,

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and Well-wisher.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AND several others of your Female Readers, have conformed our selves to your Rules, even to our very Dress. There is not one of us but has reduced our outward Petticoat[1] to its ancient Sizable Circumference, tho' indeed we retain still a Quilted one underneath, which makes us not altogether unconformable to the Fashion, but 'tis on Condition, Mr. SPECTATOR extends not his Censure so far. But we find you Men secretly approve our Practice, by imitating our Piramidical Form. The Skirt of your fashionable Coats forms as large a Circumference as our Petticoats; as these are set out with Whalebone, so are those with Wire, to encrease and sustain the Bunch of Fold that hangs down on each side; and the Hat, I perceive, is decreased in just Proportion to our Head-dresses. We make a regular Figure, but I defy your Mathematicks to give Name to the Form you appear in. Your Architecture is mere *Gothick,* and betrays a worse Genius than ours; therefore if you are partial to your own Sex, I shall be less than I am now

Your Humble Servant.'

T

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Horace, *Epistles*, I. 18. 29: My wealth supports my folly.

[3] No. 138.

[4] *Hudibras,* 11. i. 297–8:

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning *Stagers*
Say, Fools for *Arguments* use wagers.

[1] Cato's half-sister was Servilia, wife of Lucullus. See Plutarch's *Life of Cato the Younger,* 24. 2.

Volume II, add: 73. 11: comes to,] comes,

[1] Acts xix. 38.

[2] No. 132.

[3] A letter from Richard Wishwell, at Staples-Inn, 20 Aug. 1711 (Lillie, ii. 25–29), complains of a singing-club. They 'strive who shall be best at imitating the braying of an ass, or the bellowing of a mad-bull, to the great disquiet and disturbance of the whole society. If they do not reform upon your admonition, we desire they may be joined to the wind-musick in the Temple.'

[4] This is the first example in *OED* of this form of the word. Cf. No. 71 (vol. i).

[1] Cf. No. 127. A sale of gowns is announced in No. 107 as removing from Baker's Coffee-house to Cornhill. In No. 112 the advertisement reads:

Gown Ware-house, removed from Baker's Coffee-house to Freeman's-Yard in Cornhill near the Royal-Exchange. Where may be had Gowns for Men and Women from 7 1. 10s. to 13s. each; the Silks, Stuffs and Callicoes they are made of arc bought at publick Sales of Persons that fail'd. Where Ladies may be furnish'd with all Sorts of Quilted Petticoats, and Canvas hoop'd, and the newest matted Petticoats, at 5s. a Piece; the Prizes being set on each Gown. N.B. This was the Warehouse of Mr. Daniel Defoe.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 146 Friday, August 17, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Nemo Vir Magnus sine aliquo Afflatu divino unquam fuit.

Tull.

WE know the highest Pleasure our Minds are capable of enjoying, with Composure, when we read Sublime Thoughts communicated to us by Men of great Genius and Eloquence. Such is the Entertainment we meet with in the Philosophick Parts of *Cicero's* Writings;[2] Truth and good Sense have there so charming a Dress, that they could hardly be more agreeably represented with the Addition of Poetical Fiction, and the Power of Numbers. This Ancient Author, and a Modern one, have fallen into my Hands within these few Days, and the Impressions they have left upon me have at the present quite spoiled me for a merry Fellow. The Modern is that Admirable Writer, the Author of the Theory of the Earth. The Subjects with which I have lately been entertained in them both bear a near Affinity, they are upon Enquiries into Hereafter, and the Thoughts of the latter seem to me to be raised above those of the former, in proportion to his Advantages of Scripture and Revelation. If I had a Mind to it, I could not at present talk of any thing else, therefore I shall translate a Passage in the one, and transcribe a Paragraph out of[a] the other, for the Speculation of this Day. *Cicero* tells us, that *Plato* reports *Socrates,* upon receiving his Sentence, to have spoken to his Judges in the following manner.[3]

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' I have great Hopes, oh my Judges, that it is infinitely to my Advantage that I am sent to Death: For it is of necessity, that one of these two things must be the Consequence.[b] Death must take away all these Senses, or convey me to another Life. If all Sense is to be taken away, and Death is no more than that profound Sleep without Dreams, in which we are sometimes Buried, oh Heav'ns how desirable is it to Die! How many Days do we know in Life

preferable to such a State! But if it be true that Death is but a Passage to Places which they who lived before us do now Inhabit, how much still happier is it to go from those who call themselves Judges, to appear before those that really are such; before *Minos, Rhadamantus, Æacus* and *Triptolemus,* and to meet Men who have lived with Justice and Truth? Is this, do you think, no happy Journey? Do you think it nothing to speak with *Orpheus, Musæus, Homer* and *Hesiod?* I would, indeed, suffer many Deaths to enjoy these Things. With what particular Delight should I talk to *Palamedes, Ajax,* and others, who like me have suffer'd by the Iniquity of their Judges. I should examine the Wisdom of that great Prince, who carried such mighty Forces against *Troy;* and argue with *Ulysses* and *Sisyphus,* upon difficult Points, as I have in Conversation here, without being in danger of being Condemned. But let not those among you who have pronounced me an Innocent Man be afraid of Death. No Harm can arrive at a good Man whether Dead or Living, his Affairs are always under the Direction of the Gods; nor will I believe the Fate which is allotted to me my self this Day to have arrived by Chance, nor have I ought to say either against my Judges or Accusers, but that they thought they did me an Injury.—But I detain you too long, it is time that I retire to Death, and you to your Affairs of Life; which of us has the better is known to the Gods, but to no Mortal Man.'

The Divine *Socrates* is here represented in a Figure worthy his great Wisdom and Philosophy, worthy the greatest mere Man that ever breath'd. But the Modern Discourse is written upon a Subject no less than the Dissolution of Nature it self. Oh how Glorious is the old Age of that great Man, who has spent his Time in such Contemplations as has made this Being, what only it should be, an Education for Heaven! He has, according to the Lights of Reason and Revelation, which seem'd to him clearest, traced the. Steps of Omnipotence: He has, with a Cælestial Ambition, as far as it is

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consistent with Humility and Devotion, examined the Ways of Providence, from the Creation to the Dissolution of the visible World. How pleasing must have been the Speculation, to observe Nature and Providence move together, the Physical and Moral World march the same pace: To observe Paradice and Eternal Spring the Seat of Innocence, Troubled Seasons and Angry Skies the Portion of Wickedness and Vice! When this Admirable Author has reviewed all that has passed, or is to come, which relates to the Habitable World, and run through the whole Fate of it, how could

a Guardian Angel, that had attended it through all its Courses or Changes, speak more emphatically at the end of his Charge than does our Author, when he makes, as it were, a Funeral Oration over this Globe, looking to the Point where it[a] once stood?

'Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this Subject, reflect, upon this Occasion, on the Vanity and transient Glory of this Habitable World.[1] How by the force of one Element breaking loose upon the rest, all the Vanities of Nature, all the Works of Art, all the Labours of Men, are reduced to Nothing. All that we admired and adored before as Great and Magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another Form and Face of Things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole Earth. Where are now the Great Empires of the World, and their great Imperial Cities? Their Pillars, Trophies and Monuments of Glory? Show me where they stood, read the Inscription, tell me the Victor's Name. What Remains, what Impressions, what Difference or Distinction do you see in this Mass of Fire? *Rome* it self, eternal *Rome,* the great City, the Empress of the World, whose Domination and Superstition, Ancient and Modern, make a great part of the History of this Earth, What is become of her now? She laid her Foundations deep, and her Palaces were strong and sumptuous; *She Glorified her self, and lived deliciously, and said in her Heart I sit a Queen and shall see no Sorrow:*[2] But her Hour is come, she is wiped away from the Face of the Earth, and buried in Everlasting Oblivion. But it is not Cities only, and Works of Men's Hands, but the Everlasting Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of the Earth are melted as Wax before the Sun, and *their Place is no where found.* Here stood the *Alpes,* the Load of the Earth, that covered many countries, and reached their Arms

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from the Ocean to the Black Sea; this huge Mass of Stone is softned and dissolved as a tender Cloud into Rain. Here stood the *African* Mountains, and *Atlas* with his Top above the Clouds. There was frozen *Caucasus,* and *Taurus,* and *Imaus,* and the Mountains *of Asia.* And yonder towards the North stood the *Riphæan* Hills, cloath'd in Ice and Snow. All these are vanished, dropt away as the Snow upon their Heads. *Great and Marvellous are thy Works, Just and True are thy Ways, thou King of Saints! Hallelujah!*'[3] T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Cicero, *De natura deorum*, 2. 66. 167: No man was ever great without some divine inspiration.

[2] See later Nos. 154 and 158, for letters protesting against Mr. Spectator's interest in Tully.

[a] out of] into *Fol. Corrected in Errata (No. 148)*

[3] The passage quoted is a translation of *Tusculan Disputations,* I. 41.

[b] For it is … Consequence.] For it must of necessity be, that one of these two things must be the Consequence. *Fol. See textual notes*

[a] it] I *Fol. Corrected in Errata (No. 148)*

[1] Thomas Burnet, *Theory of the Earth,* book iii, chap. xii (3rd ed., 1697, p. 74). Steele had quoted from this work in No. 143.

[2] Rev. xviii. 7.

[3] Rev. xv. 3.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 147 Saturday, August 18, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Pronuntiatio est Vocis & Vultus & Gestus moderatio cum venustate.

Tull.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE well Reading of the Common Prayer is of so great Importance, and so much neglected, that I take the Liberty to offer to your Consideration some Particulars on that Subject: And what more worthy your Observation than this? A thing so Publick, and of so high Consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent Exercise of it should not make the Performers of that Duty more expert in it. This Inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little Care that is taken of their Reading, while Boys and at School, where when they are got into *Latin,* they are look'd upon as above *English,* the Reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due Observations made to them of the proper Accent and manner of Reading; by this means they have acquir'd such ill Habits as won't easily be remov'd. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some Person of great Ability that way as a Pattern for them; Example being most effectual to convince the Learned, as well as instruct the Ignorant.

'You must know, Sir, I've been a constant Frequenter of the Service of the Church of *England* for above these four Years last

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past, and 'till *Sunday* was sevennight never discover'd, to so great a Degree, the Excellency of the Common Prayer. When being at *St. James's Garlick-hill* Church,[2] I heard the Service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an Impossibility to be unattentive. My Eyes and my Thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confin'd to my Prayers: I then consider'd I address'd my self to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful Face. And when I reflected on my former Performances of that Duty,

I found I had run it over as a matter of Form, in comparison to the Manner in which I then discharged it. My Mind was really affected, and fervent Wishes accompanied my Words. The Confession was read with such a resign'd Humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable Authority, the Thanksgivings with such a Religious Joy, as made me feel those Affections of the Mind in a manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the Grievance above complain'd of, I humbly propose, that this excellent Reader, upon the next and every Annual Assembly of the Clergy of *Sion College,*[1] and all other Conventions, should read Prayers before them. For then those, that are afraid of stretching their Mouths, and spoiling their soft Voice, will learn to Read with Clearness, Loudness and Strength. Others that affect a rakish negligent Air by folding their Arms, and lolling on their Book, will be taught a decent Behaviour, and comely Erection of Body. Those that Read so fast as if impatient of their Work, may learn to speak Deliberately. There is another sort of Persons whom I call Pindarick Readers,[2] as being confin'd to no set measure; these Pronounce five or six Words with great Deliberation, and the five or six Subsequent ones with as great Celerity: The first part of a Sentence with a very exalted Voice, and the latter part with a Submissive one: Sometime again with one sort of Tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These Gentlemen will learn of my admired Reader an Evenness of Voice and Delivery. And all who are Innocent of these Affectations, but Read with such an Indifferency as if they did not understand the Language, may then be inform'd of the Art of Reading movingly and fervently, how to place the Emphasis, and give the proper Accent to each Word, and how to vary the Voice according to the Nature of the Sentence. There is certainly a very great Difference between the Reading a Prayer and a Gazette, which I beg of you to inform a

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Sett of Readers, who affect, forsooth, a certain Gentleman-like Familiarity of Tone, and mend the Language as they go on, crying instead of Pardoneth and Absolveth, Pardons and Absolves. These are often pretty Classical Scholars, and would think it an unpardonable Sin to Read *Virgil* or *Martial* with so little Taste as they do Divine Service.

pg 80

'This Indifferency seems to me to arise from the Endeavour of avoiding the Imputation of Cant, and the false Notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the Original and Signification of this Word.[1] Cant is, by some People, derived from one *Andrew Cant* who, they say, was a Presbyterian Minister in some Illiterate part of *Scotland,* who by Exercise and Use had obtained the Faculty, *alias* Gift, of Talking in the Pulpit in such a Dialect, that it's said he was understood by none but his own Congregation, and not by all of them. Since *Mas. Cant*'*s* time, it has been understood in a larger Sense, and signifies all sudden Exclamations, Whinings, unusual Tones, and in fine all Praying and Preaching like the unlearned of the Presbyterians. But I hope a proper Elevation of Voice, a due Emphasis and Accent, are not to come within this description: So that our Readers may still be as unlike the Presbyterians as they please. The Dissenters (I mean such as I have heard) do indeed elevate their Voices, but it is with sudden Jumps from the lower to the higher part of them; and that with so little Sense or Skill that their Elevation and Cadence is Bawling and Muttering. They make use of an Emphasis, but so improperly, that it is often placed on some very insignificant Particle, as upon *if,* or *and.* Now if these Improprieties have so great an Effect on the People, as we see they have, how great an Influence would the Service of our Church, containing the best Prayers that ever were Compos'd, and that in Terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our Wants, and Dependance on the Object of our Worship, dispos'd in most proper Order, and void of all Confusion, what Influence, I say, would these Prayers have, were they delivered with a due Emphasis, an apposite Rising and Variation of Voice, the Sentence concluded with a gentle Cadence, and, in a Word, with such an Accent and turn of Speech as is peculiar to Prayer?

'As the matter of Worship is now managed in Dissenting Congregations, you find insignificant Words and Phrases raised by a

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lively Vehemence; in our own Churches, the most exalted Sense depreciated, by a dispassionate Indolence. I remember to have heard Dr. *S—e*[2] say in his Pulpit, of the Common Prayer, that, at least, it

was as perfect as any thing of Human Institution: If the Gentlemen who err in this kind would please to recollect the many Pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good Things with an ill Grace, they would go on to think that what in that case is only Ridiculous, in themselves is Impious. But leaving this to their own Reflections, I shall conclude this Trouble with what *Casar* said upon the Irregularity of Tone in one who read before him, *Do you read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill.*[1]

Your Most Humble Servant.'

T[2]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto. Ad C. Herennium de arte rhetorica* (attributed to Cicero), 1. 2. 3: Good delivery is a graceful management of the voice, countenance, and gesture.

[2] St. James's Garlick-hill Church, near Thames Street in the Ward of Vintry (rebuilt 1676–83). The Rev. Philip Stubbs (1665–1738) had been rector since 1705. In *Guardian 65* Steele again speaks of the frequent 'Negligence, Affectation, and Impatience' with which the Book of Common Prayer is read, so that he sometimes travels to a great distance 'to hear a Gentleman, whose Manner I admire, read the Liturgy'. Percy, writing in the 1760's, says of Stubbs that his 'excellent manner of performing the Service is to this day remembered by the Parishioners'.

[1] Sion College, founded in 1623 as a college for the clergy and an almshouse, stood at this time next to St. Alphage Church in London Wall.

[2] The 'monstrous Compositions' called Pindaricks are referred to in Nos. 58 (vol. i) and 160; a letter in No. 477 (vol. iv) describes 'Compositions in Gardening ... after the Pindarick Manner'.

[1] The word presumably comes from Latin *cant-us,* singing, song, chant, 'but the details of the derivation and development of sense are unknown' *(OED).* After noting this etymology from Andrew Cant, the *OED* adds: 'This perhaps means that the surname of the two Cants [Andrew Cant and his son] was occasionally associated derisively with canting.'

[2] Nichols suggests that this refers to Dr. George Smalridge (1663–1719), afterwards Bishop of Bristol, the 'Favonius' of *Tatlers* 72 and 114. He had been a contemporary of Addison at Lichfield grammar school. Although a Tory and Jacobite, he seems to have been a friend of both Steele and Addison.

[1] Quoted from Caesar by Quintilian, *De institutione oratoria*, I. 8. 2 (ed. Edmund Gibson, Oxford, 1693, p. 51).

[2] Lillie (ii. 23–29) printed two letters apropos of this number. The author of the first, one L. H. (dated 28 Sept. 1711), writes that after reading this essay

I went the Sunday following, and every Sunday since, to Garlick-hill-church, to satisfy a curiosity that your description had raised in me, and I assure you, Sir, that the writer of that letter (or yourself if it was your own) has fallen as far short of doing justice to that excellent

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minister, as he by his pious and just manner, his beautiful behaviour, and becoming ardency, outdoes all or most of the readers of prayers that I ever heard.

More such divines, he thinks, would do much to bring dissenters into the Church of England. L. H. himself had been brought up a dissenter, but now, thanks to 'Mr.Spectator for his hint, and Mr. S—s for his powerful and religious force upon me', he has taken 'a farewel of a sett of people who (however honest in their designs) can never pretend to serve God with that decent form and rapturous holiness, that is to be found here'. The second letter, from Richard Wishwell (Staple's-inn, 20 Aug. 1711), congratulates Mr. Spectator upon this paper and suggests further essays on the behaviour of congregations.

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Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 1711[3]

[STEELE]

... *Exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una.*

Hor.

MY Correspondents assure me, that the Enormities which they lately complained of, and I published an Account of, are so far from being amended, that new Evils arise every Day to interrupt their Conversation, in Contempt of my Reproofs. My Friend[4] who writes from the Coffee-house near the *Temple,* informs me, that the

Gentleman who constantly sings a Voluntary in spite of the whole Company, was more musical than ordinary after reading my Paper; and has not been contented with that, but has danced up to the Glass in the Middle of the Room, and practised Minuet-steps to his own Humming. The incorrigible Creature has gone still further, and in the open Coffee-house, with one Hand extended as leading a Lady in it, he has danced both *French* and Country-Dances,[1] and admonished his supposed Partner by Smiles and Nods to hold up her Head and fall back, according to the respective Facings and Evolutions of the Dance. Before this Gentleman began this his Exercise, he was pleased to clear his Throat by coughing and spitting a full half Hour; and assoon as he struck up, he appealed to an Attorney's Clerk in the Room, whether he hit as he ought *Since you from Death have saved me?*[2] and then ask'd the young Fellow, pointing to a Chancery-Bill under his Arm, whether that was an Opera-score he carried or not? Without staying for an Answer he fell

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into the Exercise above mentioned, and practised his Airs to the full House who were turned upon him, without the least Shame or Repentance for his former Transgressions.

I am to the last Degree at a Loss what to do with this young Fellow, except I declare him an Outlaw and pronounce it penal for any one to speak to him in the said House which he frequents, and direct that he be obliged to drink his Tea and Coffee without Sugar, and not receive from any Person whatsoever any thing above mere Necessaries.

As we in *England* are a sober People, and generally inclined rather to a certain Bashfulness of Behaviour in Publick, it is amazing whence some Fellows come whom one meets with in this Town; They do not at all seem to be the Growth of our Island; the pert, the talkative, all such as have no Sense of the Observations of others, are certainly of foreign Extraction. As for my Part, I am as much surpriz'd when I see a talkative *Englishman,*[3] as I should be to see the *Indian* Pine growing on one of our quick-set Hedges; where these Creatures get Sun enough, to make them such lively Animals and dull Men, is above my Philosophy.

pg 83

There are another Kind of Impertinents which a Man is perplexed with in mixed Company, and those are your loud Speakers: These treat Mankind as if we were all deaf; they do not express but declare themselves. Many of these are guilty of this Outrage out of Vanity, because they think all they say is well; or that they have their own Persons in such Veneration, that they believe nothing which concerns them can be insignificant to any Body else. For these Peoples Sake, I have often lamented that we cannot close our Ears with as much Ease as we can our Eyes: It is very uneasy that we must necessarily be under Persecution. Next to these Bawlers, is a troublesome Creature who comes with the Air of your Friend and your Intimate, and that is your Whisperer. There is one of them at a Coffee-house which I my self frequent, who observing me to be a Man pretty well made for Secrets, gets by me, and with a Whisper tells me things which all the Town knows. It is no very hard Matter to guess at the Source of this Impertinence, which is nothing else but a Method or mechanick Art of being wise. You never see any frequent in it, whom you can suppose to have any thing in the World

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to do: These Persons are worse than Bawlers, as much as a secret Enemy is more dangerous than a declared one. I wish this my Coffee-house Friend would take this for an Intimation, that I have not heard one Word he has told me for these several Years; whereas he now thinks me the most trusty Repository of his Secrets. The Whisperers have a pleasant Way of ending the close Conversation, with saying aloud, *Do not you think so?* Then whisper again, and then aloud, *but you know that Person;* then whisper again. The thing would be well enough, if they whispered to keep the Folly of what they say among Friends, but alass they do it to preserve the Importance of their Thoughts. I am sure I could name you more than one Person whom no Man living ever heard talk upon any Subject in Nature, or ever saw in his whole Life with a Book in his Hand, that I know not how can whisper something like Knowledge of what has and does pass in the World; which you would think he learned from some familiar Spirit that did not think him worthy to receive the whole Story. But in Truth, Whisperers deal only in half Accounts of what they entertain you with. A great Help to their Discourse is, 'That the Town says, and People begin to talk very freely, and they had it from Persons too considerable to be named, what they will tell you when things are riper.' My Friend has winked upon me any Day since I came to Town last, and has communicated to me as

a Secret, that he designed in a very short Time to tell me a Secret; but I shall know what he means, he now assures me, in less than a Fortnight's Time.

But I must not omit the dearer Part of Mankind, I mean the Ladies, to take up a whole Paper upon Grievances which concern the Men only; but shall humbly propose, that we change Fools for an Experiment only. A certain Set of Ladies complain they are frequently perplexed with a Visitant who affects to be wiser than they are; which Character he hopes to preserve by an obstinate Gravity, and great Guard against discovering his Opinion upon any Occasion whatsoever. A painful Silence has hitherto gained him no further Advantage, than that as he might, if he had behaved himself with Freedom, been excepted against but as to this and that Particular, he now offends in the whole. To relieve these Ladies, my good Friends and Correspondents, I shall exchange my dancing Outlaw for their dumb Visitant, and assign the silent Gentleman all the

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Haunts of the Dancer: In order to which I have sent them by the Penny-Post[1] the following Letters for their Conduct in their new Conversations.

SIR,

'I HAVE, you may be sure, heard of your Irregularities without regard to my Observations upon you; but shall not treat you with so much Rigour as you deserve. If you will give your self the Trouble to repair to the Place mentioned in the Postscript to this Letter at Seven this Evening, you will be conducted into a spacious Room well lighted, where there are Ladies and Musick. You will see a young Lady laughing next the Window to the Street; you may take her out, for she loves you as well as she does any Man, tho' she never saw you before. She never thought in her Life any more than your self. She will not be surprized when you accost her, nor concerned when you leave her. Hasten from a Place where you

are laughed at, to one where you will be admired. You are of no Consequence, therefore go where you will be welcome for being so.

Your most humble Servant.'

SIR,

'THE Ladies whom you visit, think a wise Man the most impertinent Creature living, therefore you cannot be offended that they are displeased with you. Why will you take Pains to appear wise, where you would not be the more esteemed for being really so? Come to us; forget the Gigglers, and let your Inclination go along with you whether you speak or are silent; and let all such Women as are in a Clan or Sisterhood, go their own Way; there is no Room for you in that Company who are of the common Taste of the Sex.

For Women born to be controll'd
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud.'[1]

T

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Horace, *Epistles,* 2. 2. 212: It helps to pluck one thorn out of many.

[4] No. 145.

[1] No. 67 (vol. i).

[2] A song in Act I of *Camilla,* sung by the Boy Prenesto (one of Nicolini's famous roles). See *Songs in the new Opera, call'd Camilla, as they are perform'd at the Theatre Royall* (1706). In the table of contents the title is given as here, but in the text it reads, 'Since you from Death thus save me'.

[3] On the almost proverbial taciturnity of the English see the evidence collected in Ascoli, i. 425–30. Cf. No. 135.

[1] William Dockwra, an employee in the Customs House in the reign of Charles II, organized a penny postal system in 1680 for the delivery of letters within London and Westminster. According to Miège there were nearly 500 shops and coffee-houses ('receiving houses' for letters) 'where the Messengers having their respective Walks collect them, and carry 'em to the proper Office. In most Places … they do it every Hour of the Day; and in the remotest Parts, every 2 Hours' (p. 139). 'When the Letter goes no farther than the City or Suburbs, he that receives it pays a Penny, and you give nothing when you put it into the Post; but when you write into the Country, both he that writes and he that receives pay each a Penny' (Misson, p. 222). For the early history see T. Todd, *William Dockwra and the Rest of the Undertakers: the Story of the London Penny Post*, 1680–82 (Edinburgh: C. J. Cousland, 1952).

[1] Waller, *Of Love,* 13–16.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 149 Tuesday, August 21, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

Cui in manu sit quem esse dementem velit
Quem sapere, quem sanari, quem in morbum injici
Quem contra amari, quem accersiri, quem expeti.

Cæcil. Apud Tull.

The following Letter and my Answer shall take up the present Speculation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM the young Widow of a Country Gentleman, who has left me entire Mistress of a large Fortune, which he agreed to as an Equivalent for the Difference in our Years. In these Circumstances it is not extraordinary to have a Crowd of Admirers; which I have

abridg'd in my own Thoughts, and reduc'd to a Couple of Candidates only, both young, and neither of 'em disagreeable in their Persons; according to the common Way of computing, in one the Estate more than deserves my Fortune, in the other my Fortune more than deserves the Estate. When I consider the first, I own I am so far a Woman I cannot avoid being delighted with the Thoughts of living great;[1] but then he seems to receive such a Degree of Courage from the Knowledge of what he has, he looks as if he was going to confer an Obligation on me; and the Readiness he accosts me with, makes me jealous I am only hearing a Repetition of the same things he has said to a hundred Women before. When I con-

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sider the other, I see my self approach'd with so much Modesty and Respect, and such a Doubt of himself, as betrays methinks an Affection within, and a Belief at the same Time that he himself would be the only Gainer by my Consent. What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both! But since that's impossible, I beg to be concluded[2] by your Opinion; it is absolutely in your Power to dispose of,

Your most obedient Servant,

Sylvia.'

Madam,

YOU do me great Honour in your Application to me on this important Occasion; I shall therefore talk to you with the Tenderness of a Father, in Gratitude for your giving me the Authority of one. You do not seem to make any great Distinction between these Gentlemen as to their Persons; the whole Question lies upon their Circumstances and Behaviour: If the one is less respectful because he is rich, and the other more obsequious because he is not so, they are in that Point moved by the same Principle, the Consideration of Fortune, and you must place them in each others Circumstances before you can judge of their Inclination. To avoid Confusion in discussing this Point, I will call the richer Man *Strephon* and the other *Florio.*[3] If you believe *Florio* with *Strephon's* Estate

would behave himself as he does now, *Florio* is certainly your Man; but if you think *Strephon,* were he in *Florio's* Condition, would be as obsequious as *Florio* is now, you ought for your own sake to chuse *Strephon;* for where the Men are equal, there is no Doubt Riches ought to be a Reason for Preference. After this Manner, my dear Child, I would have you abstract them from their Circumstances; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only because he is poor, is the very same Man in Nature with him who is haughty because he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, as to consider the Figure they make towards you, you will please, my Dear, next to consider the Appearance you make towards them. If they are Men of Discerning, they

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can observe the Motives of your Heart; and *Florio* can see when he is disregarded only upon Account of Fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary Creature; and you are still the same thing to *Strephon,* in taking him for his Wealth only: You are therefore to consider whether you had rather oblige, than receive an Obligation.

The Marriage-Life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or an happy Condition. The first is, when two People of no Genius or Taste for themselves meet together, upon such a Settlement as has been thought reasonable by Parents and Conveyancers from an exact Valuation of the Land and Cash of both Parties: In this Case the young Lady's Person is no more regarded, than the House and Improvements in Purchase of an Estate; but she goes with her Fortune, rather than her Fortune with her. These make up the Crowd or Vulgar of the rich, and fill up the Lumber of humane Race, without Beneficence towards those below them, or Respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent and useless Life, without Sense of the Laws of Kindness, Good-nature, mutual Offices, and the elegant Satisfactions which flow from Reason and Virtue.

The vexatious Life arises from a Conjunction of two People of quick Taste and Resentment, put together for Reasons well known to their Friends, in which especial Care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of Evils) Poverty, and ensure to them Riches, with every Evil besides. These good People live in a constant Constraint before Company, and too great Familiarity alone; when they are within Observation they fret at each others Carriage and Behaviour, when alone they revile each others Person and Conduct: In Company they are in a Purgatory, when only together in an Hell.

The happy Marriage, is where two Persons meet and voluntarily

make Choice of each other, without principally regarding[a] or neglecting the Circumstance of Fortune or Beauty. These may still love in spite of Adversity or Sickness: The former we may in some Measure defend our selves from, the other is the Portion of our very Make. When you have a true Notion of this sort of Passion, your Humour of living great will vanish out of your Imagination, and you will find Love has nothing to do with State. Solitude, with the Person beloved, has a Pleasure even in a Woman's Mind beyond Show or

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Pomp. You are therefore to consider which of your Lovers will like you best undress'd, which will bear with you most when out of Humour; and your Way to this is to ask of your self, which of them you value most for his own Sake? and by that judge which gives the greater Instances of his valuing you for your self only.

After you have expressed some Sense of the humble Approach of *Florio,* and a little Disdain at *Strephon's* Assurance in his Address, you cry out, *What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both!* It would therefore methinks be a good Way to determine your self: Take him in whom what you like is not transferrable to another; for if you chuse otherwise, there is no Hopes your Husband will ever have what you liked in his Rival; but instrinsick Qualities in one Man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in another.[b] In plainer Terms; he whom you take for his personal Perfections will sooner arrive at the Gifts of Fortune, than he whom you take for the Sake of his Fortune attain to personal Perfections. If *Strephon* is not as accomplish'd and agreeable as *Florio,* Marriage to you will never make him so; but Marriage to you may make *Florio* as rich as *Strephon:* Therefore to make a sure Purchase, employ Fortune upon Certainties, but do not sacrifice Certainties to Fortune.

I am,
Your most obedient
Humble Servant.

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Caecilius Statius, quoted in Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations,* 4. 32. 68 (altered):

Who has it in her pow'r to make men mad
Or wise; or sick, or well; and who can chuse
The object of her appetite at pleasure.

[1] i.e. imposingly. The last example in *OED* of this expression is dated 1698.

[2] i.e. convinced. The last example in *OED* is dated 1704.

[3] An anecdote in Boyer's *Companion* (3rd ed., 1707, p. 195) contains the germ of this essay:

Two young Men demanded a young Woman in Marriage of her Father; one of which was Rich, and the other Poor; the Father having given her to the last, some of his Friends ask'd him, why he did not bestow her on the rich Man? *Because,* says he, *the rich Man has no Wit, and so may grow Poor; but the other, who is a wise and sensible Man, may easily grow rich.*

[a] regarding] rejecting *Fol.*

[b] in another.] in any other. *Fol.*

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Eustace Budgell, The Spectator: No. 150, Wednesday, August 22, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 150
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1711[1]

[BUDGELL]

Nil habet infælix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit ...

Juv.

AS I was walking in my Chamber the Morning before I went last into the Country, I heard the Hawkers with great Vehemence crying about a Paper entitled, *The ninety nine Plagues of an empty Purse*. I had indeed some Time before observed, that the Orators of *Grub-street* had dealt very much in *Plagues*: They had already published in the same Month *The Plagues of Matrimony, The Plagues of a single Life, The nineteen Plagues of a Chambermaid, The Plagues of a Coachman, The Plagues of a Footman*, and *The Plague of Plagues*.[2] The Success these several *Plagues* met with, probably gave Occasion to the above-mentioned Poem on an *empty Purse*. However that be, the same Noise so frequently repeated under my Window drew me insensibly to think on some of those Inconveniences and Mortifications which usually attend on Poverty, and in short gave Birth to the present Speculation; for after my Fancy had run over the most obvious and common Calamities which Men of mean Fortunes are liable to, it descended to those little Insults and Contempts, which, tho' they may seem to dwindle into nothing when a Man offers to describe them, are perhaps in themselves more cutting and insupportable than the former. *Juvenal* with a great deal of Humour

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and Reason tells us, that nothing bore harder upon a poor Man in his Time, than the continual Ridicule which his Habit and Dress afforded to the Beaus of *Rome*.

Quid quod materiam præbet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem? si fœda & scissa lacerna;
Si toga sordidula est, & ruptâ calceus alter
Pelle patet, vel si consuto vulnere crassum

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Atque recens linum ostendit non una Cicatrix.

Juv. Sat. 3.[1]

Add that the Rich have still a Gibe in Store,
And will be monstrous witty on the Poor;
For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Vest,
The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a Jest:
The greasy Gown sully'd with often turning,
Gives a good Hint to say the Man's in Mourning;
Or if the Shooe be ript, or Patch is put,
He's wounded.! see the Plaister on his Foot.

Dryd.[2]

'Tis on this Occasion that he afterwards adds the Reflection which I have chosen for my Motto.

Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool,
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.

Dryd.

It must be confess'd, that few things make a Man appear more despicable, or more prejudice his Hearers against what he is going to offer, than an aukward or pitiful Dress; insomuch that I fancy, had *Tully* himself pronounced one of his Orations with a Blanket about his Shoulders, more People would have laughed at his Dress than have admired his Eloquence. This last Reflection made me wonder at a Set of Men, who, without being subjected to it by the Unkindness of their Fortunes, are contented to draw upon themselves the Ridicule of the World in this Particular; I mean such as

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take it into their Heads, that the first regular Step to be a Wit is to commence a Sloven.[3] It is certain nothing has so much debased that, which must have been otherwise so great a Character; and I know not how to account for it, unless it may possibly be in Complaisance to those narrow Minds who can have no Notion of the same Person's possessing different Accomplishments; or that it is a sort of Sacrifice which some Men are contented to make to Calumny, by allowing

it to fasten on one Part of their Character, while they are endeavouring to establish another. Yet however unaccountable this foolish Custom is, I am afraid it could plead a long Prescription; and probably gave too much Occasion for the vulgar Definition still remaining among us of an *Heathen Philosopher*.[1]

I have seen the Speech of a *Terræ-filius*,[2] spoken in King *Charles II*'*s* Reign; in which he describes two very eminent Men, who were perhaps the greatest Scholars of their Age; and after having mentioned the intire Friendship between them, concludes, That *they had but one Mind, one Purse, one Chamber, and one Hat*. The Men of Business were also infected with a sort of Singularity little better than this. I have heard my Father say, that a broad-brimm'd Hat, short Hair, and an unfolded Handkerchief, were in his Time absolutely necessary to denote a *notable Man*; and that he had known two or three who aspired to the Characters of *very notable*, wear Shoe-strings with great Success.

To the Honour of our present Age it must be allowed, that some of our greatest Genius's for *Wit* and *Business* have almost intirely broke the Neck of these Absurdities.

Victor, after having dispatched the most important Affairs of the Commonwealth, has appear'd at an Assembly, where all the Ladies have declared him the genteelest Man in the Company; and in *Atticus*,[3] tho' every way one of the greatest Genius's the Age has produced, one sees nothing particular in his Dress or Carriage to denote his Pretentions to Wit and Learning: So that at present a Man may venture to cock up his Hat and wear a fashionable Wig, without being taken for a Rake or a Fool.

The Medium between a Fop and a Sloven is what a Man of Sense

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would endeavour to keep; yet I remember Mr. *Osbourn* advises his Son to appear in his Habit rather above than below his Fortune; and tells him, that he will find an handsome Suit of Cloaths always procures some additional Respect.[4] I have indeed my self observed, that

my Banker ever bows lowest to me when I wear my full-bottom'd Wig; and writes me *Mr*. or *Esq*;[1] accordingly as he sees me dress'd.

I shall conclude this Paper with an Adventure which I was my self an Eye-witness of very lately.

I happened the other Day to call in at a celebrated Coffee-house near the *Temple*. I had not been there long when there came in an elderly Man very meanly dress'd, and sat down by me; he had a thread-bare loose Coat on, which it was plain he wore to keep himself warm, and not to favour his under Suit, which seemed to have been at least its Contemporary: His short Wig and Hat were both answerable to the rest of his Apparel. He was no sooner seated than he called for a Dish of Tea; but as several Gentlemen in the Room wanted other things, the Boys of the House did not think themselves at Leisure to mind him. I could observe the old Fellow was very uneasy at the Affront, and at his being obliged to repeat his Commands several Times to no Purpose; till at last one of the Lads[a] presented him with some stale Tea in a broken Dish, accompanied with a Plate of brown Sugar; which so raised his Indignation, that after several obliging Appellations of Dog and Rascal, he asked him aloud before the whole Company *Why he must be used with less Respect than that Fop there?* pointing to a well-dress'd young Gentleman who was drinking Tea at the opposite Table. The Boy of the House reply'd with a good deal of Pertness, That his Master had two sorts of Customers, and that the Gentleman at the other Table had given him many a Six Pence for wiping his Shooes. By this time the young *Templar* who found his Honour concerned in the Dispute, and that the Eyes of the whole Coffee-house were upon him, had thrown aside a Paper he had in his Hand and was coming towards us; while we at the Table made what Haste we could to get away from the impending Quarrel, but were all of us surprized to see him as he approached nearer put on an Air of Deference and Respect. To whom the old Man said, *Hark you, Sirrah, I'll pay off your extravagant*

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Bills once more, but will take effectual Care for the future, that your Prodigality shall not spirit up a Parcel of Rascals to insult your Father.

Tho' I by no Means approve either the Impudence of the Servant or the Extravagance of the Son, I cannot but think the old Gentle-

man was in some Measure justly served for walking in Masquerade, I mean appearing in a Dress so much beneath his Quality and Estate.

X[1]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Juvenal, *Satires*, 3. 152–3:

Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool;
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule. DRYDEN.

[2] The titles of these Grub Street productions have not been traced, but the following poetic pamphlets bear somewhat similar titles: *The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony* (1706), *The Fifteen Comforts of Cuckoldom* (1706), *The Fifteen Plagues of a Maiden-Head* (1707), *The Maids Vindication: or, The Fifteen Comforts of Living a Single Life* (1707), and *The Fifteen Pleasures of a Virgin* (1709).

[1] *Satires*, 3. 147–51, the lines immediately preceding the motto of this paper.

[2] Dryden's translation, 248–55. In line 254 Dryden's version reads 'or Patches put'.

[3] Cf. Dryden, *Sir Martin Mar-All*, V. i:

> MRS. MILLISENT. I will have certain proof of his wit, before I marry him.
>
> WARNER. Madam, I'll give you one; he wears his clothes like a great sloven, and that's a sure sign of wit; he neglects his outward parts; besides, he speaks French, sings, dances, plays upon the lute.

There may be an allusion here to the popular fortune-teller Duncan Campbell. Defoe *(History of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell*, chap. viii) says that it was from his careless dress that 'the ladies first took up the humour of calling him "the handsome sloven"' (*Novels and Miscellaneous Works*, 1893, vi. 136).

[1] Cf. *British Apollo*, 23 Mar. 1708/9:

> Apollo, Pray, inform us, why a Man (who immodestly shews his Backside thro' his Pocket Holes) is term'd a Heathen Philosopher.
>
> *A*. Because the Philosophers of old, despising Wealth, and all the Vanity of Gaudy Habits, contented themselves with such Poor Dresses, as have given occasion for the Proverb you have mention'd.

[2] 'The Licence of *Terrae-Filius*' is referred to in *Tatler* 45. See also *Guardian* 72. The particular speech mentioned here has not been identified.

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[3] Nichols and succeeding editors have seen this as a reference to Addison, probably because of Pope's lines in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

[4] Francis Osborne, *Advice to a Son* (ed. 1672, p. 200).

[1] 'The Appellation of *Esquire* is the most notoriously abus'd in this Kind of any Class amongst Men, insomuch that it is become almost the Subject of Derision ...' *(Tatler 19)*.

[a] Lads] Rascals *Fol*.

[1] In Lillie (ii. 58–59) is a letter from T. P., dated 22 Aug. 1711, with a similar anecdote to match 'your story in this day's spectator'.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 151 Thursday, August 23, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 151
THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

Maximas Virtutes Jacere omnes necesse est Voluptate dominante.

Tull. *De Fin*.

I KNOW no one Character that gives Reason a greater Shock, at the same Time that it presents a good ridiculous Image to the Imagination, than that of a Man of Wit and Pleasure about the Town. This Description of a Man of Fashion, spoken by some with a Mixture of Scorn and Ridicule, by others with great Gravity as a laudable Distinction, is in every Body's Mouth that spends any Time in Conversation. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB has this Expression very frequently; and I never could understand by the Story which follows, upon his Mention of such a one, but that his Man of Wit and Pleasure was either a Drunkard too old for Wenching, or a young lewd Fellow with some Liveliness, who would converse with you, receive kind Offices of you, and at the same time debauch your Sister or lye with your Wife. According to his Description, a Man of Wit when he could have Wenches for Crowns a Piece which he liked quite as well, would be so extravagant as to bribe Servants, make false Friendships, fight Relations; I say according to him, plain and simple Vice was too little for a Man of Wit and Pleasure; but he would leave an easy and accessible Wickedness, to come at the same thing with only the Addition of certain Falshood, and possible Murder. WILL. thinks the Town grown very dull, in that we do not hear so much as we used to do of these Coxcombs, whom (without observing it) he describes as the most infamous Rogues in Nature, with Relation to Friendship, Love, or Conversation.

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When Pleasure is made the chief Pursuit of Life, it will necessarily

follow that such Monsters as these will arise from a constant Application to such Blandishments as naturally root out the Force of Reason and Reflexion, and substitute in their Place a general Impatience of Thought, and a constant Pruriency[1] of inordinate Desire. Pleasure, when it is a Man's chief Purpose, disappoints it self; and the constant Application to it palls the Faculty of enjoying it, tho' it leaves the Sense of our Inability for that we wish, with a Disrelish of every thing else. Thus the intermediate Seasons of the Man of Pleasure, are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest Criminal. Take him when he is awaked too soon after a Debauch, or disappointed in following a worthless Woman without Truth, and there is no Man living whose Being is such a Weight or Vexation as his is. He is an utter Stranger to the pleasing Reflexions in the Evening of a well-spent Day, or the Gladness of Heart or Quickness of Spirit in the Morning after profound Sleep or indolent Slumbers. He is not to be at Ease any longer than he can keep Reason and good Sense without his Curtains; otherwise he will be haunted with the Reflexion, that he could not believe such a one the Woman that upon Tryal he found her. What has he got by his Conquest, but to think meanly of her for whom a Day or two before he had the highest Honour? and of himself for, perhaps, wronging the Man whom of all Men living he himself would least willingly have injured?

Pleasure seizes the whole Man who addicts himself to it, and will not give him Leisure for any good Office in Life which contradicts the Gayety of the present Hour. You may indeed observe in People of Pleasure a certain Complacency and Absence of all Severity, which the Habit of a loose unconcerned Life gives them; but tell the Man of Pleasure your secret Wants, Cares, or Sorrows, and you wilt find he has given up the Delicacy of his Passions to the Cravings of his Appetites. He little knows the perfect Joy he loses for the disappointing Gratifications which he pursues. He looks at Pleasure as she approaches, and comes to you with the Recommendation of warm Wishes, gay Looks, and graceful Motion; but he does not observe how she leaves his Presence with Disorder, Impotence, downcast Shame, and conscious Imperfection. She makes our Youth inglorious, our Age shameful.

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WILL. HONEYCOMB gives us twenty Intimations in an Evening of several Hags whose Bloom was given up to his Arms; and would

raise a Value to himself for having had, as the Phrase is, very good Women. WILL's good Women are the Comfort of his Heart, and support him, I warrant, by the Memory of past Interviews with Persons of their Condition. No, there is not in the World an Occasion wherein Vice makes so phantastical a Figure, as at the Meeting of two old People who have been Partners in unwarrantable Pleasure. To tell a toothless old Lady that she once had a good Set, or a defunct Wencher that he once was the admired thing of the Town, are Satyrs instead of Applauses; but on the other Side, consider the old Age of those who have passed their Days in Labour, Industry, and Virtue, their Decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the Imperfections of their Bodies are beheld as a Misfortune to humane Society that their Make is so little durable.

But to return more directly to my Man of Wit and Pleasure. In all Orders of Men where-ever this is the chief Character, the Person who wears it is a negligent Friend, Father, and Husband, and intails Poverty on his unhappy Descendants. Mortgages, Diseases, and Settlements are the Legacies a Man of Wit and Pleasure leaves to his Family. All the poor Rogues that make such lamentable Speeches after every Sessions at *Tyburn*,[1] were, in their Way, Men of Wit and Pleasure before they fell into the Adventures which brought them thither.

Irresolution and Procrastination in all a Man's Affairs, are the natural Effects of being addicted to Pleasure: Dishonour to the Gentleman and Bankrupcy to the Trader, are the Portion of either whose chief Purpose of Life is Delight. The chief Cause that this Pursuit has been in all Ages received with so much Quarter from the soberer Part of Mankind, has been that some Men of great Talents have sacrificed themselves to it: The shining Qualities of such People have given a Beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a Mixture of Wit has recommended Madness. For let any Man who knows what it is to have passed much Time in a Series of Jollity, Mirth, Wit, or humourous Entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a doing, and he will find that he has been at one Instant sharp to some Man he is sorry to have offended,

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impertinent to some one it was Cruelty to treat with such Freedom, ungracefully noisy at such a Time, unskilfully open at such a Time, unmercifully calumnious at such a Time; and from the whole Course

of his applauded Satisfactions, unable in the End to recollect any Circumstance which can add to the Enjoyment of his own Mind alone, or which he would put his Character upon with other Men. Thus it is with those who are best made for becoming Pleasures; but how monstrous is it in the Generality of Mankind who pretend this Way, without Genius or Inclination towards it? The Scene then is wild to an Extravagance; this is as if Fools should mimick Madmen. Pleasure of this Kind is the intemperate Meals[1] and loud Jollities of the common Rate of Country Gentlemen, whose Practice and Way of Enjoyment is to put an End as fast as they can to that little Particle of Reason they have when they are sober: These Men of Wit and Pleasure dispatch their Senses as fast as possible, by drinking till they cannot taste, smoaking till they cannot see, and roaring till they cannot hear. T

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Cicero, *De Finibus*, 2. 35. 117: When pleasure is predominant, all the greatest virtues must give way.

[1] The quality or condition of mental itching. This is the first example in *OED*.

[1] Tyburn was situated near the present Marble Arch,'at the junction of Edgeware Road and Oxford Street. Cf. Nos. 338 and 341 (vol. iii).

[1] Cf. *Tatler* 19: 'An Esquire of *Norfolk* eats two Pounds of Dumplin every Meal ...: An Esquire *of Hampshire* is as ravenous in devouring Hogs-flesh: One of *Essex* has as little Mercy on Calves.'

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NO. 152
FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

Οΐη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

Hom.

THERE is no sort of People whose Conversation is so pleasant as that of military Men, who derive their Courage and Magnanimity from Thought and Reflection. The many Adventures which attend their Way of Life makes their Conversation so full of Incidents, and gives them so frank an Air in speaking of what they have been Witnesses of, that no Company can be more amiable than that of Men of Sense who are Soldiers. There is a certain irregular Way in their Narrations or Discourse, which has something more warm and pleasing than we meet with among Men who are used to adjust and methodise their Thoughts.

I was this Evening walking in the Fields with my Friend Captain SENTRY, and I could not, from the many Relations which I drew

him into of what passed when he was in the Service, forbear expressing my Wonder, that the Fear of Death, which we, the rest of Mankind, arm our selves against with so much Contemplation, Reason, and Philosophy, should appear so little in Camps, that common Men march into open Breaches, meet opposite Battallions, not only without Reluctance but with Alacrity. My Friend answered what I said in the following Manner: 'What you wonder at may very naturally be the Subject of Admiration to all who are not con-

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versant in Camps; but when a Man has spent some Time in that Way of Life, he observes a certain mechanick Courage which the ordinary Race of Men become Masters of from acting always in a Crowd: They see indeed many drop, but then they see many more alive; they observe themselves escape very narrowly, and they do not know why they should not again. Besides which general way of loose thinking, they usually spend the other Part of their Time in Pleasures, upon which their Minds are so entirely bent, that short Labours or Dangers are but a cheap Purchase of Jollity, Triumph, Victory, fresh Quarters, new Scenes, and uncommon Adventures. Such are the Thoughts of the executive Part of an Army, and indeed of the Gross of Mankind in general; but none of these Men of mechanical Courage have ever made any great Figure in the Profession of Arms. Those who are formed for Command, are such as have reasoned themselves, out of a Consideration of greater Good than Length of Days, into such a Negligence of their Being, as to make it their first Position, That it is one Day to be resigned; and since it is, in the Prosecution of worthy Actions and Service of Mankind they can put it to habitual Hazard. The Event of our Designs, say they, as it relates to others, is uncertain; but as it relates to our selves it must be prosperous, while we are in the Pursuit of our Duty, and within the Terms upon which Providence has ensured our Happiness, whether we die or live. All that[a] Nature has prescribed must be good; and as Death is natural to us, it is Absurdity to fear it. Fear loses its Purpose when we are sure it cannot preserve us, and we should draw Resolution to meet it from the Impossibility to escape it. Without a Resignation to the Necessity of dying, there can be no Capacity in Man to attempt any thing that is glorious; but when they have once attained to that Perfection, the Pleasures of a Life spent in martial Adventures are as great as any of which the humane Mind is capable. The Force of Reason gives a certain

Beauty, mixed with the Conscience of Well-doing and Thirst of Glory, to all which before was terrible and ghastly to the Imagination. Add to this, that the Fellowship of Danger, the common Good of Mankind, the general Cause, and the manifest Virtue you may observe in so many Men, who made no Figure till that Day, are so many Incentives to destroy the little Consideration of their own Persons. Such are the heroick Part of Soldiers who are qualified for

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Leaders: As to the rest whom I before spoke of, I know not how it is, but they arrive at a certain Habit of being void of Thought, insomuch that on Occasion of the most imminent Danger they are still in the same Indifference: Nay I remember an Instance of a gay *Frenchman* who was led on in Battle by a superior Officer, (whose Conduct it was his Custom to speak of always with Contempt and Raillery) and in the Beginning of the Action received a Wound he was sensible was mortal; his Reflection upon this Occasion was, *I wish I could live another Hour, to see how this blundering Coxcomb will get clear of this Business*[1].

'I remember two young Fellows who rid in the same Squadron of a Troop of Horse who were ever together; they eat, they drank, they intreagued; in a Word, all their Passions and Affections seem'd to tend the same Way, and they appear'd serviceable to each other in them. We were in the Dusk of the Evening to march over a River, and the Troop these Gentlemen belonged to were to be transported in a Ferry-boat as fast as they could. One of the Friends was now in the Boat, while the other was drawn up with others by the Water-side waiting the Return of the Boat. A Disorder happened in the Passage by an unruly Horse; and a Gentleman who had the Rein of his Horse negligently under his Arm, was forced into the Water by his Horse's jumping over. The Friend on the Shore cry'd out, Who's that is drowned trow?[2] He was immediately answered, your Friend *Harry Thompson.* He very gravely replyed, *Ay he had a mad Horse*.[3]

This short Epitaph from such a Familiar without more Words, gave me, at that Time under twenty, a very moderate Opinion of the Friendship of Companions. Thus is Affection and every other Motive of Life in the Generality, rooted out by the present busy Scene about them: They lament no Man whose Capacity can be supplied by another; and where Men converse without Delicacy, the next Man you meet will serve as well as he whom you have lived with half your Life. To such the Devastation of Countries, the Misery of Inhabitants, the Cries of the Pillaged, and the silent Sorrow of the great Unfortunate, are ordinary Objects; their Minds are bent upon the little Gratifications of their own Senses and Appetites, forgetful of Compassion, insensible of Glory, avoiding only Shame; their whole Hearts taken up with the trivial Hope of

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meeting and being merry. These are the People who make up the Gross of the Soldiery: But the fine Gentleman in that Band of Men is such a one as I have now in my Eye, who is foremost in all Danger to which he is ordered. His Officers are his Friends and Companions, as they are Men of Honour and Gentlemen; the private Men his Brethren, as they are of his Species. He is beloved of all that behold him: They wish him in Danger as he views their Ranks, that they may have Occasions to save him at their own Hazard. Mutual Love is the Order of the Files where he commands; every Man afraid for himself and his Neighbour, not least their Commander should punish them, but least he should be offended. Such is his Regiment who knows Mankind, and feels their Distresses so far as to prevent them. Just in distributing what is their Due, he would think himself below their Taylor to wear a Snip of their Cloaths in Lace upon his own; and below the most rapacious Agent should he enjoy a Farthing above his own Pay. Go on, brave Man, immortal Glory is thy Fortune, and immortal Happiness thy Reward.'[1] T

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Homer, *Iliad, 6*. 146:

Like Leaves on Trees, the Race of Man is found,
Now green in Youth, now with'ring on the Ground.

[a] that] which *Fol.*

[1] The incident is related of the Chevalier de Flourilles (in some versions Tourille), a lieutenant-general under the Prince of Condé. At the battle of Seneff, in the Spanish Netherlands, on 11 Aug. 1674 he was ordered to attack the forces of William of Orange. When he pointed out the likelihood of losing a number of men in such an attack, Condé taunted him with cowardice. He thereupon carried out the order, which cost him his life and the lives of most of the officers with him. Just before he died he declared 'that he did not regret his Life, since he died for the Service of his Prince, but that he should have been very glad to live a few Hours longer to see what would become of the Prince of *Conde's*. Undertaking, or rather to see him perish' (Pierre Coste, *The Life of Lewis of Bourbon, late Prince of Conde*., trans. N. Tate, 1693, ii. 180).

[2] Elliptical for *trow you*., or *think you.*

[3] This may be a reminiscence of Steele's; it does not appear to be in the *Life of Coudé.*

[1] Nichols took this as a tribute to Lieut.-Gen. Cornelius Wood, the 'brave and honest Sylvius' of *Tatler*. 144, who was now living in retirement and ill health in Kensington (he died on 17 May 1712). It could as well refer to the Duke of Marlborough or to any military commander to whom Steele is here paying an idealized tribute.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 153 Saturday, August 25, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 153
SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Habet natura ut aliarum omnium rerum sic vivendi modum;
senectus autem peractio Ætatis est tanquam Fabula.
Cujus defatigationem fugere debemus, præsertim adjuncta
Satietate.

Tull. De Senec.

OF all the impertinent Wishes which we hear expressed in Conversation, there is not one more unworthy a Gentleman or a Man of liberal Education, than that of wishing one's self Younger. I have observed this Wish is usually made upon Sight of some Object which gives the Idea of a past Action, that it is no dishonour to us that we cannot now repeat, or else on what was in it's self shamefull when we performed it. It is a certain Sign of a foolish or a dissolute Mind, if we want our Youth again only for the Strength of Bones and Sinews which we once were Masters of. It is (as my Author has it) as absurd in an old Man to wish for the Strength of a Youth, as it would be in a young Man to wish for the Strength of a Bull or a Horse.[2] These Wishes are both equally out of Nature, which should direct in all things that are not contradictory to Justice, Law, and Reason. But tho' every old Man has been a Young, and every young one hopes to be old, there seems to be a most unnatural Misunderstanding between those two Stages of Life. This unhappy Want of Commerce arises from the insolent Arrogance or Exultation[a] in

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Youth, and the irrational Despondence or self-pity in Age. A young Man whose Passion and Ambition is to be good and wise, and an old one who has no Inclination to be lewd or debauched, are quite unconcerned in this Speculation; but the Cocking[3] young Fellow who treads upon the Toes of his Elders, and the old Fool who envyes the sawcy Pride he sees him in, are the Objects of our present Contempt and Derision. Contempt and Derision are harsh Words; but in what

manner can one give advice to a Youth in the pursuit and Possession of sensual Pleasures, or afford pity to an old Man in the impotence and desire of Enjoying them? When young Men in publick Places betray in their Deportment an abandoned Resignation to their Appetites, they give to sober Minds a Prospect of a despicable Age, which, if not interrupted by Death in the midst of their Follies, must certainly come. When an old Man bewails the Loss of such Gratifications which are passed, he discovers a monstrous Inclination to that which it is not in the Course of Providence to recall. The State of an old Man, who is dissatisfy'd merely for his being such, is the most out of all Measures of Reason and good Sence of any Being we have any Account of from the highest Angel to the lowest Worm. How miserable is the Contemplation to consider a libidinous old Man (while all Created things, besides himself and Devils, are following the order of Providence) fretting at the Course of things, and being almost the sole Malecontent in the Creation. But let us a little reflect upon what he has lost by the number of Years: The Passions which he had in Youth are not to be obeyed as they were then, but Reason is more powerful now without the Disturbance of them. An old Gentleman t'other day in Discourse with a Friend of his, (reflecting upon some Adventures they had in Youth together) cry'd out, *Oh Jack those were happy Days! That is True*, replyed his Friend, *But methinks we go about our Business more quietly than we did then.* One would think it should be no small Satisfaction to have gone so far in our Journey that the Heat of the Day is over with us. When Life it self is a Feaver, as it is in licentious Youth, the Pleasures of it are no other than the Dreams of a Man in that Distemper; and it is as absurd to wish the Return of that Season of Life, as for a Man in Health to be sorry for the Loss of guilded Palaces, fairy Walks, and flowery Pastures, with which he remembers he was entertained in the troubled Slumbers of a Fit of Sickness.

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As to all the rational and worthy Pleasures of our Being, the Conscience of a good Fame, the Contemplation of another Life, the Respect and Commerce of honest Men, our Capacities for such Enjoyments are enlarged by Years. While Health endures, the latter Part of Life, in the Eye of Reason, is certainly the more eligible. The Memory of a well-spent Youth gives a peaceable, unmixed, and elegant Pleasure to the Mind; and to such who are so unfortunate as not to be able to look back on Youth with Satisfaction, they may give themselves no little Consolation that they are under no

Temptation to repeat their Follies, and that they at present despise them. It was prettily said, 'He that would be long an old Man,[a] must begin early to be one': It is too late to resign a thing after a Man is robbed of it; therefore it is necessary that before the Arrival of Age we bid adieu to the Pursuits of Youth, otherwise sensual Habits will live in our Imaginations when our Limbs cannot be subservient to them. The poor Fellow who lost his Arm last Siege will tell you, he feels the Fingers that are buried in *Flanders* ake every cold Morning at *Chelsea*[1].

The fond Humour of appearing in the gay and fashionable World, and being applauded for trivial Excellencies, is what makes Youth have Age in Contempt, and makes Age resign with so ill a Grace the Qualifications of Youth: But this in both Sexes is inverting all things, and turning the natural Course of our Minds, which should[b] build their Approbations and Dislikes upon what Nature and Reason dictate, into Chimera and Confusion.

Age in a virtuous Person, of either Sex, carries in it an Authority which makes it preferrable to all the Pleasures of Youth. If to be saluted, attended, and consulted with Deference are Instances of Pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous old Age. In the Enumeration of the Imperfections and Advantages of the younger and later Years of Man, they are so near in their Condition that, methinks, it should be incredible we see so little Commerce of Kindness between them. If we consider Youth and Age with *Tully*,[2] regarding the Affinity to Death, Youth has many more Chances to be near it than Age; what Youth can say more than an old Man, 'He shall live till Night'? Youth catches Distempers more easily, its

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Sickness is more violent, and its Recovery more doubtful. The Youth indeed hopes for many more Days, so cannot the old Man: The Youth's Hopes are ill grounded; for what is more foolish than to place any Confidence upon an Uncertainty? But the old Man has not Room so much as for Hope; he is still happier than the Youth, he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for: One wishes

to live long, the other has lived long. But alass, is there any thing in humane Life, the Duration of which can be called long? There is nothing which must end to be valued for its Continuance. If Hours, Days, Months, and Years pass away, it is no Matter what Hour, what Day, what Month, or what Year we dye. The Applause of a good Actor is due to him at whatever Scene of the Play he makes his Exit: It is thus in the Life of a Man of Sense, a short Life is sufficient to manifest himself a Man of Honour and Virtue; when he ceases to be such he has lived too long; and while he is such, it is of no Consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to his Life's End. T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Cicero, *De Senectute*., 23. 85:

> Life, as well as all other things, hath its bounds assigned by nature; and its conclusion, like the last act of a play, is old age, the fatigue of which we ought to shun, especially when our appetites are fully satisfied.

[2] *De Senectute*., 9. 27.

[a] Exultation] exaltation *Fol. Corrected in Errata (No. 154)*.

[3] Swaggering, strutting, playing the cock. *OED* quotations range from 1575 to 1713.

[a] be long an old Man,] be an old Man, *Fol. Corrected in Errata (No. 154)*.

[1] Chelsea Hospital, built by Wren 1682–92 as a hospital for lame, maimed, and superannuated soldiers, is described by Hatton (p. 737) as 'a Situation and Building that would be taken by Strangers rather for the Palace of a Prince than a Habitation for Pensioners'. *Tatler*. 18 proposed an apartment for decayed news-writers in Chelsea Hospital.

[b] should] would *Fol.*

[2] *De Senectute*., 19. 67–68.

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NO. 154
MONDAY, AUGUST 27, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Nemo repente fuit Turpissimus ...

Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU are frequent in the Mention of Matters which concern the feminine World, and take upon you to be very severe against Men upon all those Occasions: But all this while I am afraid you have been very little conversant with Women, or you would know the Generality of them are not so angry as you imagine at the general Vices amongst us. I am apt to believe (begging your Pardon) that you are still what I my self was once, a queer modest Fellow; and therefore, for your Information, shall give you a short Account of my self, and the Reasons why I was forced to wench, drink, play, and do every thing which are necessary to the Character of a Man of Wit and Pleasure, to be well with the Ladies.

'You are to know then that I was bred a Gentleman, and had the finishing Part of my Education under a Man of great Probity, Wit, and Learning in one of our Universities. I will not deny but this made my Behaviour and Mein bear in it a Figure of Thought rather than Action; and a Man of a quite contrary Character, who never thought in his Life, rallied me one Day upon it, and said He believ'd I was still a Virgin. There was a young Lady of Virtue present; and I was not displeased to favour the Insinuation: But it had a quite

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contrary Effect from what I expected, I was ever after treated with great Coldness both by that Lady and all the rest of my Acquaintance. In a very little Time I never came into a Room but I could hear a Whisper, Here comes the Maid: A Girl of Humour would on some Occasions say, Why how do you know more than any of us? An Expression of that kind was generally followed by a loud Laugh: In a Word, for no other Fault in the World than that they really thought me as innocent as themselves, I became of no Consequence among them, and was receiv'd always upon the Foot of a Jest. This made so strong an Impression upon me, that I resolv'd to be as agreeable as the best of the Men who laughed at me; but I observed it was Nonsense for me to be impudent at first among those who knew me: My Character for Modesty was so notorious wherever I had hitherto appeared, that I resolved to shew my new Face in new Quarters of the World. My first Step I chose with Judgment, for I went to *Astrop*;[1] and came down among a Crowd of Academicks, at one Dash, the impudentest Fellow they had ever seen in their Lives. Flushed with this Success, I made Love and was happy. Upon this Conquest I thought it would be unlike a Gentleman to stay long with my Mistress, and crossed the Country to *Bury*:[2] I could give you a very good Account of my self at that Place also. At these two ended my first Summer of Gallantry. The Winter following, you would wonder at it, but I relapsed into Modesty upon coming among People of Figure in *London*, yet not so much but that the Ladies who had formerly laughed at me said, Bless us! how wonderfully that Gentleman is improved? Some Familiarities about the Play-houses towards the End of the ensuing Winter, made me conceive new Hopes of[a] Adventures; and instead of returning the next Summer to *Astrop* or *Bury*, I thought my self qualified to go to *Epsom*,[3] and followed a young Woman, whose Relations were jealous of my Place in her Favour, to *Scarborough* I carried my Point, and in my third Year aspired to go to *Tunbridge*, and in the Autumn of the same Year made my Appearance at *Bath.* I was now got into

the Way of Talk proper for Ladies, and was run into a vast Acquaintance among them, which I always improved to the *best Advantage.* In all this Course of Time, and some Years following, I found a sober modest Man was always looked upon by both Sexes as a precise

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unfashioned Fellow of no Life or Spirit. It was ordinary for a Man who had been drunk in good Company, or passed a Night with a Wench, to speak of it next Day before Women for whom he had the greatest Respect. He was reproved, perhaps, with a Blow of the Fan or an oh Fie, but the angry Lady still preserved an apparent Approbation in her Countenance: He was called a strange wicked Fellow, a sad Wretch; he shrugs his Shoulders, swears, receives another Blow, swears again he did not know he swore, and all was well. You might often see Men game in the Presence of Women, and throw at once for more than they were worth, to recommend themselves as Men of Spirit. I found by long Experience, that the loosest Principles and most abandoned Behaviour, carried all before them in Pretensions to Women of Fortune. The Encouragement given to People of this Stamp, made me soon throw off the remaining Impressions of a sober Education. In the above-mentioned Places, as well as in Town, I always kept Company with those who lived most at large;[1] and in due Process of Time I was a very pretty Rake among the Men, and a very pretty Fellow among the Women. I must confess I had some melancholy Hours upon the Account of the Narrowness of my Fortune, but my Conscience at the same Time gave me the Comfort that I had qualified my self for marrying a Fortune.

'When I had lived in this Manner for some Time, and became thus accomplished, I was now in the Twenty seventh Year of my Age, and about the Forty seventh of my Constitution, my Health and Estate wasting very fast; when I happened to fall into the Company of a very pretty young Lady in her own Disposal. I entertained the Company, as we Men of Gallantry generally do, with the many Haps and Disasters, Watchings under Windows, Escapes from jealous Husbands, and several other Perils. The young thing was wonderfully charmed with one that knew the World so well and talked so fine; with *Desdemona*, all her Lover said affected her; *it was strange,* '*twas wond*'*rous strange*.[2] In a Word, I saw the Impression I had

made upon her, and with a very little Application the pretty thing has married me. There is so much Charm in her Innocence and Beauty, that I do now as much detest the Course I have been in for many Years, as ever I did before I entred into it.

'What I intend, Mr. SPECTATOR, by writing all this to you, is,

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that you would, before you go any further with your Panegyricks on the fair Sex, give them some Lectures upon their silly Approbations. It is that I am weary of Vice, and that it was not in my natural Way, that I am now so far recovered as not to bring this believing dear Creature to Contempt and Poverty for her Generosity to me. At the same Time tell the Youth of good Education of our Sex, that they take too little Care of improving themselves in little things: A good Air at entring into a Room, a proper Audacity in expressing himself with Gayety and Gracefulness, would make a young Gentleman of Virtue and Sense capable of discountenancing the shallow impudent Rogues that shine among the Women.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, I don't doubt but you are a very sagacious Person, but you are so great with *Tully* of late,[1] that I fear you will contemn these things as Matters of no Consequence: But believe me, Sir, they are of the highest Importance to humane Life; and if you can do any thing towards opening fair Eyes, you will lay an Obligation upon all your Contemporaries who are Fathers, Husbands, or Brothers to Females.

Your most affectionate humble Servant,
Simon Honeycomb.'

T[2]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Juvenal, *Satires*., 2. 83:

> No man e're reach'd the heights of Vice at first. TATE.

[1] 'Simon Honeycomb's visits to the Watering-Places are in an ascending scale of modishness from *Astrop Wells* near Oxford to Tunbridge and Bath' (G. Gregory Smith).

[2] St. Edmondsbury is the scene of Shadwell's *Bury Fair.*

[a] of] and *Fol.*

[3] The scene of Shadwell's *Epsom-Wells.* The *Daily Courant* of 15 Apr. 1712 announces the opening of 'The New Wells at Epsom' on Easter Monday, with 'Variety of Raffling-Shops, Billiard-Tables, and the New-Bowling-Green' and 'a Consort of Musick Playing every Day in the Week'. A description of the society at Epsom is given in *Tatler* 36.

[1] i.e. freely, without restraint.

[2] *Othello*, 1. iii. 160–1:

She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.

[1] This charge is repeated in a letter printed in No. 158.

[2] The following advertisement appeared in the *Post Boy*, 6 Nov. 1711:

> Just publish'd, An Address to the Unmarry'd Women, on the Behalf of virtuous Men; shewing, That such will certainly make the best Husbands, and ought to be regarded by them accordingly: This is so well represented in the Spectator, No. 154. The best Collection of Wit is here inserted. How can Two walk together unless they be agreed? Price 2d. Sacred Contentment; Dedicated to the afflicted Mind. Pr. 1d. both sold by H. Hills in Blackfriars, London; where may be had the Examiners, the Spectators, and the Hermits, as they come out, or in Sets.

I have not found the pamphlet here advertised; it does not appear to be in the British Museum.

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NO. 155
TUESDAY, AUGUST. 28, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... Hæ nugæ seria ducunt
In mala ....

Hor.

I HAVE more than once taken Notice of an indecent License taken in Discourse, wherein the Conversation on one Part is involuntary, and the Effect of some necessary Circumstance. This happens in travelling together in the same hired Coach, sitting near each other in any publick Assembly, or the like. I have upon making Observations of this sort received innumerable Messages, from that Part of the fair Sex, whose Lot in Life it is to be of any Trade or publick Way of Life. They are all to a Woman urgent with me to lay before the World the unhappy Circumstances they are under, from the unreasonable Liberty which is taken in their Presence, to talk on what Subject it is thought fit by every Coxcomb who wants Understanding or Breeding. One or two of these Complaints I shall set down.

Mr.. SPECTATOR,

'I KEEP a Coffee-house, and am one of those whom you have thought fit to mention as an Idol[2] some Time ago: I suffered a good deal of Raillery upon that Occasion; but shall heartily forgive you, who were the Cause of it, if you will do me Justice in another

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Point. What I ask of you, is to acquaint my Customers (who are otherwise very good ones) that I am unavoidably hasped[3] in my Bar, and cannot help hearing the improper Discourses they are pleased to entertain me with. They strive who shall say the most immodest things in my Hearing: At the same time half a dozen of them loll at the Bar staring just in my Face, ready to interpret my Looks and Gestures, according to their own Imaginations. In this passive Condition I know not where to cast my Eyes, place my Hands, or what to employ my self in: But this Confusion is to be a Jest, and I hear them say in the End, with an insipid Air of Mirth and Subtlety, Let

her alone, she knows as well as we for all she looks so. Good Mr. SPECTATOR, perswade Gentlemen that this is out of all Decency. Say it is possible a Woman may be modest, and yet keep a publick House. Be pleas'd to argue, that in Truth the Affront is the more unpardonable because I am obliged to suffer it, and cannot fly from it. I do assure you, Sir, the Chearfulness of Life which would arise from the honest Gain I have, is utterly lost to me from the endless, flat, impertinent Pleasantries which I hear from Morning to Night. In a Word, it is too much for me to bear, and I desire you to acquaint them, that I will keep Pen and Ink at the Bar and write down all they say to me, and send it to you for the Press. It is possible when they see how empty what they speak, without the Advantage of an impudent Countenance and Gesture, will appear, they may come to some Sense of themselves, and the Insults they are guilty of towards me. I am,

Sir.,
Your most humble Servant.,
The Idol'.

This Representation is so just, that it is hard to speak of it without an Indignation which perhaps would appear too elevated to such as can be guilty of this inhumane Treatment, where they see they affront a modest, plain, and ingenuous[a] Behaviour. This Correspondent is not the only Sufferer in this Kind, for I have long Letters both from the *Royal* and *New Exchange* on the same Subject. They tell me that a young Fop cannot buy a Pair of Gloves, but he is at the same Time straining for some ingenious Ribaldry to say to the young Woman who helps them on. It is no small Addition to the

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Calamity, that the Rogues buy as hard[1] as the plainest and modestest Customers they have; besides which they loll upon their Counters half an Hour longer than they need, to drive away other Customers, who are to share their Impertinencies with the Milliner, or go to another Shop. Letters from '*Change Alley*[2] are full of the same Evil, and the Girls tell me except I can chace some eminent Merchants from their Shops they shall in a short Time fail. It is very unaccountable, that Men can have so little Deference to all Mankind who pass

by them, as to bear being seen toying by two's and three's at a Time, with no other Purpose but to appear gay enough to keep up a light Conversation of common-place Jests, to the Injury of her whose Credit is certainly hurt by it, tho' their own may be strong enough to bear it. When we come to have exact Accounts of these Conversations, it is not to be doubted but that their Discourses will raise the usual Stile of buying and selling: Instead of the plain down-right lying, and asking and bidding so unequally to what they will really give and take, we may hope to have from these fine Folks an Exchange of Complements. There must certainly be a great deal of pleasant Difference between the Commerce of Lovers, and that of all[a] other Dealers, who are, in a Kind, Adversaries. A sealed Bond or a Bank Note, would be a pretty Gallantry to convey unseen into the Hands of one whom a Director is charmed with; otherwise the City Loiterers are still more unreasonable than those at the other End of the Town: At the *New Exchange* they are eloquent for want of Cash, but in the City they ought with Cash to supply their want of Eloquence.

If one might be serious on this prevailing Folly, one might observe, that it is a melancholy thing, when the World is mercenary even to the buying and selling our very Persons, that young Women, tho' they have never so great Attractions from Nature, are never the nearer being happily disposed of in Marriage; I say it is very hard under this Necessity, it shall not be possible for them to go into a Way of Trade for their Maintenance, but their[b] very Excellences and personal Perfections shall be a Disadvantage to them, and subject them to be treated as if they stood there to sell their Persons to Prostitution. There cannot be a more melancholy Circumstance to one who has made any Observation in the World, than one of these

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erring Creatures exposed to Bankrupcy. When that happens, none of these toying Fools will do any more than any other Man they meet to preserve her from Infamy, Insult, and Distemper. A Woman is naturally more helpless than the other Sex; and a Man of Honour and Sense should have this in his View in all Manner of Commerce with her. Were this well weighed, Inconsideration, Ribaldry, and Nonsense would not be more natural to entertain Women with than Men; and it would be as much Impertinence to go into a Shop of one of these young Women without buying, as into that of any other

Trader. I shall end this Speculation with a Letter I have received from a pretty Milliner in the City.

Mr.. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE read your Account of Beauties,[1] and was not a little surprized to find no Character of my self in it. I do assure you I have little else to do but to give Audience as I am such. Here are Merchants of no small Consideration, who call in as certainly as they go to '*Change* to say something of my Roguish Eye: And here is one who makes me once or twice a Week tumble over all my Goods, and then owns it was only a Gallantry to see me act with these pretty Hands; then lays out three Pence in a little Ribband for his Wristbands, and thinks he is a Man of great Vivacity. There is an ugly Thing not far off me whose Shop is frequented only by People of Business, that is all Day long as busy as possible. Must I that am a Beauty be treated with for nothing but my Beauty? Be pleased to assign Rates to my kind Glances, or make all pay who come to see me, or I shall be undone by my Admirers for want of Customers. *Albacinda, Eudosia*, and all the rest[2] would be used just as we are, if they were in our Condition; therefore pray consider the Distress of us the lower Order of Beauties, and I shall be

Your oblig'd humble Servant.'.

T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Ars poetica*., 451 (altered; used also as motto for *Tatlers*. 103 and 269):

These things which now seem frivolous and slight,
Will prove of serious consequence. ROSCOMMON.

[2] Nos. 73 and 87 (vol. i).

[3] No. 132.

[a] ingenuous] judicious *Fol. Corrected in Errata (No. 156)*

[1] *OED* defines as 'parsimoniously'; this is the only quotation given.

[2] A short but important street running south from Cornhill to Lombard Street, almost directly in front of the Royal Exchange. Jonathan's and Garraway's coffee-houses were here, and it was a favourite resort of merchants and traders.

[a] and that of all] and all *Fol. Corrected in Errata (No. 156)*

[b] but their] but that their *Fol.*

[1] No. 144.

[2] See No.144.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 156 Wednesday, August 29, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 156
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1711[3]

[STEELE]

... *Sed tu simul obligasti*
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo ....

Hor.

I DO not think any thing could make a pleasanter Entertainment, than the History of the reigning Favourites among the Women from Time to Time about this Town. In such an Account we ought to have a faithful Confession of each Lady for what she liked such and such a Man, and he ought to tell us by what particular Action

or Dress he believed he should be most successful. As for my Part, I have always made as easy a Judgment when a Man dresses for the Ladies, as when he is equipped for Hunting or Coursing. The Woman's Man[1] is a Person in his Air and Behaviour quite different from the rest of our Species: His Garb is more loose and negligent, his Manner more soft and indolent; that is to say, in both these Cases there is an apparent Endeavour to appear unconcerned and careless. In catching Birds the Fowlers have a Method of imitating their Voices to bring them to the Snare; and your Women's[a] Men have always a Similitude of the Creature they hope to betray, in their own Conversation. A Woman's Man is very knowing in all that passes from one Family to another, has little pretty Officious-nesses,[2] is not at a Loss what is good for a Cold, and it is not amiss

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if he has a Bottle of Spirits in his Pocket in case of any sudden Indisposition.

Curiosity having been my prevailing Passion, and indeed the sole Entertainment of my Life, I have sometimes made it my Business to examine the Course of Intreagues, as well as the Manners and Accomplishments of such as have been most successful that Way. In all my Observation, I never knew a Man of good Understanding a general Favourite; some Singularity in his Behaviour, some Whim in his Way of Life, and what would have made him ridiculous among the Men, has recommended him to the other Sex. I should be very sorry to offend a People so fortunate as these of whom I am speaking; but let any one look over the old Beaux, and he will find the Man of Success was remarkable for quarrelling impertinently for their Sakes, for dressing unlike the rest of the World, or passing his Days in an insipid Assiduity about the fair Sex, to gain the Figure he made amongst them. Add to this that he must have the Reputation of being well with other Women, to please any one Woman of Gallantry; for you are to know, that there is a mighty Ambition among the light Part of the Sex to gain Slaves from the Dominion of others. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB says it was a common Bite[3] with him to lay Suspicions that he was favoured by a Lady's Enemy, that is some rival Beauty, to be well with her herself. A little Spite is natural to a great Beauty; and it is ordinary to snap up a

disagreeable Fellow least another should have him. That impudent Toad *Bareface* fares well among all the Ladies he converses with, for no other Reason in the World but that he has the Skill to keep them from Explanation with one another. Did they know there is not one who likes him in her Heart, each would declare her Scorn of him the next Moment; but he is well received by them because it is the Fashion, and Opposition to each other brings them insensibly into an Imitation of each other. What adds to him the greatest Grace is, that the pleasant Thief, as they call him, is the most inconstant Creature living, has a wonderful deal of Wit and Humour, and never wants something to say; besides all which he has a most spiteful dangerous Tongue if you should provoke him.

To make a Woman's Man, he must not be a Man of Sense or a Fool; the Business is to entertain, and it is much better to have

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a Faculty of arguing than a Capacity of judging right. But the pleasantest of all the Women's Equipage are your regular Visitants; these are Volunteers in their Service without Hopes of Pay or Preferment: It is enough that they can lead out from a publick Place, that they are admitted on a publick Day, and can be allowed to pass away Part of that heavy Load, their Time,[1] in the Company of the Fair. But commend me above all others to those who are known for your Ruiners of Ladies; these are the choicest Spirits which our Age produces. We have several of these irresistible Gentlemen among us when the Company is in Town. These Fellows are accomplished with the Knowledge of the ordinary Occurrences about Court and Town, have that sort of good Breeding which is exclusive of all Morality, and consists only in being publickly decent, privately dissolute.

It is wonderful how far a fond Opinion of herself can carry a Woman to make her have the least Regard to a professed known Woman's Man: But as scarce one of all the Women who are in the Tour of Gallantries ever hears any thing of what is the common Sense of sober Minds, but are entertained with a continual Round of Flatteries, they cannot be Mistresses of themselves enough to make Arguments for their own Conduct from the Behaviour of these Men to others. It is so far otherwise, that a general Fame for Falshood in this kind is a Recommendation; and the Coxcomb, loaded with the Favours of many others, is received like a Victor that disdains his Trophies to be a Victim to the present Charmer.

If you see a Man more full of Gesture than ordinary in a publick Assembly, if loud upon no Occasion, if negligent of the Company round him, and yet laying wait for destroying by that Negligence, you may take it for granted that he has ruined many a fair One. The Woman's Man expresses himself wholly in that Motion which we call Strutting: An elevated Chest, a pinched[1] Hat, a measurable[2] Step, and a sly surveying Eye, are the Marks of him. Now and then you see a Gentleman with all these Accomplishments; but alass any one of them is enough to undo thousands: When a Gentleman with such Perfections adds to it suitable Learning, there should be publick Warning of his Residence in Town, that we may remove our Wives and Daughters. It happens sometimes that such a fine Man

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has read all the Miscellany Poems, a few of our Comedies, and has the Translation *of Ovid's*. Epistles[3] by Heart. Oh if it were possible that such a one could be as true as he is charming! but that is too much, the Women will share such a dear false Man: 'A little Gallantry to hear him Talk one would indulge one's self in, let him reckon the Sticks of one's Fan, say something of the Cupids in it, and then call one so many soft Names which a Man of his Learning has at his Fingers Ends. There sure is some Excuse for Frailty when attack'd by such Force against a weak Woman.' Such is the Soliloquy of many a Lady one might name, at the Sight of one of these who makes it no Iniquity to go on from Day to Day in the Sin of Woman-slaughter.

It is certain that People are got into a way of Affection[4] with a manner of overlooking the most solid Virtues, and admiring the most trivial Excellencies. The Woman is so far from expecting to be contemned for being a very injudicious silly Animal, that while she can preserve her Features and her Mein she knows she is still the Object of Desire; and there is a sort of secret Ambition, from reading frivolous Books, and keeping as frivolous Company, each-side to be amiable in Imperfection, and arrive at the Characters of the dear Deceiver and the perjured Fair. T[a]

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*., 2. 8. 5–7:

But you, though perjured and forsworn,
Yet still shine out more bright and fair.

[1] Cf. No. 130.

[a] Women's] Woman's *Fol.*

[2] Readiness in doing good offices. The last quotation in *OED* is dated 1824.

[3] See No. 47 (vol. i).

[1] Cf. No. 100 (vol. i): 'the heaviest of Loads, … that of Time.'

[1] i.e. gathered, pleated. The only quotation in *OED* is dated 1509–10.

[2] i.e. measured; uniform in movement. The last quotation in *OED* is dated 1597.

[3] The translation, by Dryden and others, first published in 1680.

[4] Here used in the obsolete sense of affectation. The last quotation in *OED* is dated 1776.

[a] ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. SPECTATOR *gives his most humble Service to Mr.* R. M. *of*. Chippenham *in*. Wilts, *and bath received the Patridges. Fol.*

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Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 157
THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... Genius natale comes qui Temperat astrum
Naturæ Deus Humanæ Mortalis in unum
Quodque caput ....

Hor.

I AM very much at a Loss to express by any Word that occurs to me in our Language that which is understood by *Indoles*[2]. in Latin. The natural Disposition to any particular Art, Science, Profession, or Trade, is very much to be consulted in the Care of Youth, and studied by Men for their own Conduct when they form to themselves any Scheme of Life. It is wonderfully hard indeed for a Man to judge of his own Capacity impartially; that may look great to me which may appear little to another, and I may be carried by Fondness towards my self so far, as to attempt things too high for my Talents and Accomplishments: But it is not methinks so very difficult a Matter to make a Judgment of the Abilities of others, especially of those who are in their Infancy. My common-place Book directs me on this Occasion to mention the Dawning of Greatness in *Alexander*, who being asked in his Youth to contend for a Prize in the Olympick Games, answered he would if he had Kings to run against him.[3] *Cassius*, who was one of the Conspirators against *Casar*, gave as great a Proof of his Temper, when in his Childhood he struck a Play-fellow, the Son *of Sylla*, for saying his Father was Master of

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the *Roman* People.[4] *Scipio* is reported to have answered, (when some Flatterers at Supper were asking him what the *Romans* should do for a General after his Death) Take *Marius*[5] *Marius was* then a very Boy, and had given no Instances of his Valour; but it was visible to *Scipio* from the Manners of the Youth, that he had a Soul formed for the Attempt and Execution of great Undertakings. I must confess I have very often with much Sorrow bewailed the Misfortune of the

Children *of Great Britain*, when I consider the Ignorance and Undiscerning of the Generality of Schoolmasters.[1] The boasted Liberty we talk of is but a mean Reward for the long Servitude, the many Heart-Aches and Terrours to which our Childhood is exposed in going through a Grammar-school: Many of these stupid Tyrants exercise their Cruelty without any Manner of Distinction of the Capacities of Children, or the Intention of Parents in their Behalf. There are many excellent Tempers which are worthy to be nourished and cultivated with all possible Diligence and Care, that were never designed to be acquainted with *Aristotle, Tully*, or *Virgil;* and there are as many who have Capacities for understanding every Word those great Persons have writ, and yet were not born to have any Relish of their Writings. For want of this common and obvious discerning in those who have the Care of Youth, we have so many Hundred unaccountable Creatures every Age whipped up into great Scholars, that are for ever near a right Understanding, and will never arrive at it. These are the Scandal of Letters, and these are generally the Men who are to teach others. The Sense of Shame and Honour is enough to keep the World it self in Order without corporal Punishment, much more to train the Minds of uncorrupted and innocent Children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a Year, that a Lad is chastised for a Blockhead, when it is good Apprehension that makes him incapable of knowing what his Teacher means: A brisk Imagination very often may suggest an Errour, which a Lad could not have fallen into if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his Master in explaining: But there is no Mercy even towards a wrong Interpretation of his Meaning, the Sufferings of the Scholar's Body are to rectify the Mistakes of his Mind.

I am confident that no Boy who will not be allured to Letters with-

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out Blows, will ever be brought to any thing with them. A great or good Mind must necessarily be the worse for such Indignities; and it is a sad Change to lose of its Virtue for the Improvement of its Knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great School, but must remember to have seen Children of excellent and ingenuous Natures, (as has afterwards appeared in their Manhood;) I say no Man has passed through this Way of Education, but must

have seen an ingenuous Creature expiring with Shame, with pale Looks, beseeching Sorrow, and silent Tears throw up its honest Eyes, and kneel on its tender Knees to an inexorable Blockhead, to be forgiven the false Quantity of a Word in making a Latin Verse: The Child is punished, and the next Day he commits a like Crime, and so a third with the same Consequence. I would fain ask any reasonable Man whether this Lad, in the Simplicity of his native Innocence, full of Shame, and capable of any Impression from that Grace of Soul, was not fitter for any Purpose in this Life, than after that Spark of Virtue is extinguished in him, tho' he is able to write twenty Verses in an Evening?

Seneca says, after his exalted Way of talking, *As the immortal Gods never learnt any Virtue, tho*' *they are endued with all that is good; so there are some Men who have so natural a Propensity to what they should follow, that they learn it almost as soon as they hear it*[1]. Plants and Vegetables are cultivated into the Production of finer Fruit than they would yield without that Care; and yet we cannot entertain Hopes of producing a tender conscious Spirit into Acts of Virtue without the same Methods as is used to cut Timber, or give new Shape to a Piece of Stone.

It is wholly to this dreadful Practice that we may attribute a certain Hardness and Ferocity which some Men, tho' liberally educated, carry about them in all their Behaviour. To be bred like a Gentleman, and punished like a Malefactor, must, as we see it does, produce that illiberal Sauciness which we see sometimes in Men of Letters.

The *Spartan* Boy[2] who suffered the Fox (which he had stolen and hid under his Coat) to eat into his Bowels, I dare say had not half the Wit or Petulance which we learn at great Schools among us:

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But the glorious Sense of Honour, or rather Fear of Shame, which he demonstrated in that Action, was worth all the Learning in the World without it.

It is methinks a very melancholy Consideration, that a little Negligence can spoil us, but great Industry is necessary to improve us; the most excellent Natures are soon depreciated, but evil Tempers are long before they are exalted into good Habits. To help this by Punishments, is the same thing as killing a Man to cure him

of a Distemper; when he comes to suffer Punishment in that one Circumstance, he is brought below the Existence of a rational Creature, and is in the State of a Brute that moves only by the Admonition of Stripes. But since this Custom of educating by the Lash is suffered by the Gentry *of Great Britain*, I would prevail only that honest heavy Lads may be dismissed from Slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth Year whether they expect any Progress from them or not. Let the Child's Capacity be forthwith examined, and he sent[a] to some mechanick Way of Life, without Respect to his Birth, if Nature designed him for nothing higher; let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a Dereliction of Mind for being what it is no Guilt to be, a plain Man. I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned Men of either Robe[1] who have been whipped at School are not still Men of noble and liberal Minds, but I am sure they had been much more so than they are had they never suffered that Infamy.

But tho' there is so little Care, as I have observed, taken, or Observation made of the natural Strain of Men, it is no small Comfort to me, as a SPECTATOR, that there is any right Value set upon the *bona Indoles* of other Animals; as appears by the following Advertisement handed about the County of *Lincoln*, and subscribed by *Enos Thomas*, a Person whom I have not the Honour to know, but suppose to be profoundly learned in Horse-flesh.

A Chesnut Horse called Cæsar, *bred by* James Darcey, *Esq; at* Sedbury *near* Richmond *in the County of* York; *his Grandam was his old royal Mare, and got by* Blunderbuss, *which was got by* Hemsly Turk, *and he got by Mr.* Courant's[b] Arabian, *which got Mr.* Minshul's[2] Jewstrump.

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Mr. Cæsar *sold him to a Nobleman (coming five Tears old, when he had but*
one Sweat) for three hundred Guineas. A Guinea a Leap and Trial, and
a Shilling the Man. Enos Thomas.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Epistles*., 2. 2. 187–9:

Genius, the companion who governs our star of birth, the god of human nature, though mortal for each single person.

[2] Latin, 'inborn quality, genius, or disposition'. *OED* quotes Obadiah Walker, *Of Education*. (Oxford, 1673), ix. 93: 'He must be treated as the Brachmans did their children, whose *indoles* they disliked.'

[3] Plutarch, *Life of Alexander*., 4. 5.

[4] Plutarch, *Life of Brutus*., 9. 2.

[5] Plutarch, *Life of Caius Marius*., 3. 3.

[1] Steele, of course, was not the first to protest against flogging. Locke in 1693 had protested against the harsh treatment accorded children in schools. In No. 168 Steele returns to the charge.

[1]*Epistulae morales*., 95. 36.

[2] Plutarch, 'Sayings of Spartans', *Moralia*. 234A; and, more briefly, in the *Life of Lycurgus*., 18. 1.

[a] and he sent] and sent *Fol.*

[1] The long robe and the short robe; the long robe, traditionally the dress of the legal or clerical profession; the short robe, that of 'all that profess arms, or usually wear swords' (Cotgrave). See *OED.*

[b] Courant's] Courand's *Fol.*

[2] The *Post Boy* of 24 Mar. 1711 gives a list of the horse-matches to be run at Newmarket in April. One of the entries for 4 Apr. reads: 'Mr. Minshall's Hip agst. Mr. Piggot's Jenny come Tye me.'

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 158 Friday, August 31, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 158
FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... *Nos hac novimus esse nihil.*

Martial.

OUT of a firm Regard to Impartiality I print these Letters, let them make for me or not.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE observed through the whole Course of your Rhapsodies,[2] (as you once very well called them) you are very industrious to overthrow all that many your Superiours who have gone before you have made their Rule of writing. I am now between fifty and sixty, and had the Honour to be well with the first Men of Taste and Gallantry in the joyous Reign *of Charles* the Second: We then had, I humbly presume, as good Understandings among us as any now can pretend to. As for yourself,[a] Mr. SPECTATOR, you seem with the utmost Arrogance to undermine the very Fundamentals upon which we conducted our selves. It is monstrous to set up for a Man of Wit, and yet deny that Honour in a Woman is any thing else but Peevishness, that Inclination is the best[b] Rule of Life, or Virtue and Vice any thing else but Health and Disease. We had no more to do but to put a Lady in good Humour, and all we could wish followed of Course. Then again, your *Tully,*[3] and your Discourses of another

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Life, are the very Bane of Mirth and good Humour. Prethee don't value thy self on thy Reason at that exorbitant Rate, and the Dignity of humane Nature; take my Word for it, a Setting-dog has as good Reason as any Man in *England*.. Had you (as by your Diurnals one would think you do) set up for being in vogue in Town, you should have fallen in with the Bent of Passion and Appetite; your Songs had then been in every pretty Mouth in *England*, and your little Distichs had been the Maxims of the Fair and the Witty to

walk by: But alass, Sir, what can you hope for from entertaining People with what must needs make them like themselves worse than they did before they read you? Had you made it your Business to describe *Corinna* charming, though inconstant; to find something in humane Nature it self to make *Zoilus* excuse himself for being fond of her; and to make every Man in good Commerce with his own Reflections, you had done something worthy our Applause; but indeed, Sir, we shall not commend you for disapproving us. I have a great deal more to say to you, but I shall sum it up all in this one Remark, In short, Sir, you do not write like a Gentleman.

I am,
Sir,
Your most humble Servant.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE other Day we were several of us at a Tea-Table, and according to Custom and your own Advice had the *Spectator* read among us: It was that Paper wherein you are pleased to treat with great Freedom that Character which you call a Woman's Man.[1] We gave up all the Kinds you have mentioned, except those who, you say, are our constant Visitants. I was upon the Occasion commissioned by the Company to write to you, and tell you, That we shall not part with the Men we have at present, till the Men of Sense think fit to relieve them, and give us their Company in their Stead. You cannot imagine but that we love to hear Reason and good Sense better than the Ribaldry we are at present entertained with; but we must have Company, and among us very inconsiderable is better than none at all. We are made for the Cements of Society, and came into the World to create Relations among Mankind; and

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Solitude is an unnatural Being to us. If the Men of good Understanding would forget a little of their Severity, they would find their Account in it; and their Wisdom would have a Pleasure in it, to which they are now Strangers. It is natural among us, when Men have a true Relish of our Company and our Value, to say every thing with a better Grace; and there is without designing it something ornamental in what Men utter before Women, which is lost or neglected in Conversations of Men only. Give me Leave to tell you, Sir, it would do you no great Harm if you your self came a little more into our Company; it would certainly cure you of a certain

positive and determining Manner in which you talk sometimes. In hopes of your Amendment

I am,
SIR,
Your gentle Reader.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR professed Regard to the fair Sex, may perhaps make them value your Admonitions when they will not those of other Men. I desire you, Sir, to repeat some Lectures upon Subjects which you have now and then in a cursory Manner only just touched. I would have a *Spectator* wholly writ upon good Breeding; and after you have asserted that Time and Place are to be very much considered in all our Actions, it will be proper to dwell upon Behaviour at Church.[1] On *Sunday* last a grave and reverend Man preached at our Church: There was something particular in his Accent, but without any Manner of Affectation. This Particularity a Set of Gigglers thought the most necessary thing to be taken Notice of in his whole Discourse, and made it an Occasion of Mirth during the whole Time of Sermon: You should see one of them ready to burst behind a Fan, another pointing to a Companion in another Seat, and a fourth with an arch Composure, as if she would if possible stifle her Laughter. There were many Gentlemen who looked at them stedfastly, but this they took for ogling and admiring them: There was one of the merry ones in particular, that found out but just then that she had but five Fingers, for she fell a reckoning the pretty Pieces of Ivory over and over again, to find her self Employment

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and not laugh out. Would it not be expedient, Mr. SPECTATOR, that the Church-Warden should hold up his Wand on these Occasions, and keep the Decency of the Place as a Magistrate does the Peace in a Tumult elsewhere?'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Woman's Man, and read with a very fine Lady your Paper wherein you fall upon us whom you envy: What do you think I did? you must know she was dressing, I read the *Spectator* to her, and she laughed at the Places where she thought I was touched; I threw away your Moral, and taking up her Girdle cryed out,

Give me but what this Ribband bound,
Take all the rest the World goes round.[2]

She smiled, Sir, and said you were a Pedant; so say of me what you please, read *Seneca*, and quote him against me if you think fit.[1]

I am,
SIR,
Your humble Servant.'

T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Martial, *Epigrams*., 13. 2. 8: We know these things are nothing.

[2] See No. 144 (at the end).

[a] for yourself,] for you your self, *Fol.*

[b] Inclination is the best] Inclination is not the best *Fol.*

[3] Steele, who had quoted liberally from Cicero in Nos. 138, 139, 146, and 153, had already drawn a protest from Simon Honeycomb in No. 154.

[1] No. 156.

[1] Lillie (i. 264–9; ii. 25–29) prints two letters on this subject.

P. 120, line 38: for *World* read *Sun*

[2] Waller, *On a Girdle*., 11–12.

[1] Addison had quoted Seneca in Nos. 39 and 93 (vol. i); the only recent reference to Seneca's 'exalted way of talking' had been in the preceding paper. This letter may therefore be Steele's invention.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 159 Saturday, September 1, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 159
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

...Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, & humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam...

Virg.

WHEN I was at *Grand Cairo*[3] I picked up several Oriental Manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entituled, *The Visions of Mirzah,*[4] which I have read over with

pg 122

great Pleasure. I intend to give it to the Publick when I have no other Entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first Vision, which I have translated Word for Word as follows.

'ON the fifth Day of the Moon, which according to the Custom of my Fore-fathers I always keep holy, after having washed my self and offered up my Morning Devotions, I ascended the high Hills of *Bagdat*, in order to pass the rest of the Day in Meditation and Prayer. As I was here airing my self on the Tops of the Mountains, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Vanity of humane Life; and passing from one Thought to another, Surely, said I, Man is but a Shadow and Life a Dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my Eyes towards the Summit of a Rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with a little Musical Instrument in his Hand. As I looked upon him he applied it

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to his Lips, and began to play upon it. The Sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a Variety of Tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly Airs that are played to the departed Souls of good Men upon their first Arrival in Paradise, to wear out the Impressions of their last Agonies, and qualify them for the Pleasures of that happy Place. My Heart melted away in secret Raptures.

'I had been often told that the Rock before me was the Haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with Musick who had passed by it, but never heard that the Musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my Thoughts, by those transporting Airs which he played, to taste the Pleasures of his Conversa-

tion, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his Hand directed me to approach the Place where he sat. I drew near with that Reverence which is due to a superiour Nature; and as my Heart was entirely subdued by the captivating Strains I had heard, I fell down at his Feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a Look of Compassion and Affability that familiarized him to my Imagination, and at once dispelled all the Fears and Apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the Ground, and taking me by the Hand, *Mirzah*, said he, I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies, follow me.

'He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the Rock, and placing me on the Top of it, Cast thy Eyes Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge Valley and a prodigious Tide of Water rolling through it. The Valley that thou seest, said he, is the Vale of Misery, and the Tide of Water that thou seest is Part of the great Tide of Eternity. What is the Reason, said I, that the Tide I see rises out of a thick Mist at one End, and again loses it self in a thick Mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the Beginning of the World to its Consummation. Examine now, said he, this Sea that is thus bounded with Darkness at both Ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, standing in the Midst of the Tide. The Bridge thou seest, said he, is humane Life; consider it attentively. Upon a more

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leisurely Survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire Arches, with several broken Arches, which added to those that were entire made up the Number about an hundred. As I was counting the Arches, the Genius told me, that this Bridge consisted at first of a thousand Arches; but that a great Flood swept away the rest, and left the Bridge in the ruinous Condition I now beheld it. But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see Multitudes of People passing over it, said I, and a black Cloud hanging on each End of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the Passengers dropping thro' the Bridge, into the great Tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further Examination, perceived there were innumerable Trap-doors that lay concealed in the Bridge, which the Passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the Tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden Pit-falls were set very thick at the Entrance of the Bridge, so that Throngs of People no sooner broke through the Cloud, but many

of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the Middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the End of the Arches that were entire.

'There were indeed some Persons, but their Number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling March on the broken Arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a Walk.

'I passed some Time in the Contemplation of this wonderful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects which it presented. My Heart was filled with a deep Melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the Midst of Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the Heavens in a thoughtful Posture, and in the Midst of a Speculation stumbled and fell out of Sight. Multitudes were very busy in the Pursuit of Bubbles that glittered in their Eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the Reach of them their Footing failed, and down they sunk. In this Confusion of Objects, I observed some with Scymetars in their Hands, and others with Urinals, who ran to and fro upon the Bridge, thrusting several Persons on Trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their Way,[a] and which they might have escaped had they

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not been thus forced upon them.

'The Genius seeing me indulge my self in this melancholy Prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine Eyes off the Bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great Flights of Birds that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge, and settling upon it from Time to Time? I see Vultures, Harpyes, Ravens, Cormorants, and among many other feathered Creatures several little winged Boys, that perch in great Numbers upon the middle Arches. These, said the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like Cares and Passions that infest humane Life.

'I here fetched a deep Sigh, Alass, said I, Man was made in vain! How is he given away to Misery and Mortality! tortured in Life, and swallowed up in Death! The Genius being moved with Compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a Prospect: Look no more, said he, on Man in the first Stage of his Existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine Eye on that thick Mist into

which the Tide bears the several Generations of Mortals that fall into it. I directed my Sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthned it with any supernatural Force, or dissipated Part of the Mist that was before too thick for the Eye to penetrate) I saw the Valley opening at the further End, and spreading forth into an immense Ocean, that had a huge Rock of Adamant running through the Midst of it, and dividing it into two equal Parts.[a] The Clouds[b] still rested on one Half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast Ocean planted with innumerable Islands, that were covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining Seas that ran among them. I could see Persons dressed in glorious Habits, with Garlands upon their Heads, passing among the Trees, lying down by the Sides of Fountains, or resting on Beds of Flowers; and could hear a confused Harmony of singing Birds, falling Waters, humane Voices, and musical Instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wished for the Wings of an Eagle, that I might fly away to those happy Seats; but the Genius told me there was no Passage to them, except through the Gates of

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Death that I saw opening every Moment upon the Bridge. The Islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole Face of the Ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in Number than the Sands on the Sea-shore; there are Myriads of Islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine Eye or even thine Imagination can extend it self. These are the Mansions of good Men after Death, who according to the Degree and Kinds of Virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several Islands, which abound with Pleasures of different Kinds and Degrees, suitable to the Relishes and Perfections of those who are settled in them; every Island is a Paradise accommodated to its respective Inhabitants. Are not these, O *Mirzah*, Habitations worth contending for? Does Life appear miserable, that gives thee Opportunities of earning such a Reward? Is Death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an Existence? Think not Man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible Pleasure on these happy Islands. At length said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that he hid under those dark Clouds which cover the Ocean on the other Side of the Rock of Adamant. The Genius

making me no Answer, I turned about to address my self to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the Vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling Tide, the arched Bridge, and the happy Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of *Bagdat*, with Oxen, Sheep, and Camels, grazing upon the Sides of it.'

The End of the first Vision of Mirzah. C

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid*., 2. 604–6:

… While I dissolve
The Mists and Films that mortal Eyes involve:
Purge from your sight the Dross … DRYDEN.

[3] See No. 1.

[4] The title of Mirza, or Mirzah, 'son of a Prince', occurs frequently in Sir John Chardin's *Travels into Persia and the East Indies*. (1686). Since this is called 'the first vision' it would seem that Addison intended a series, but no others were published. Various sources have been suggested for this allegory, although the symbolism is so simple and effective that no printed source need be assumed. The idea for the little story has been found in the Colloquies of Erasmus (see *N & Q*. 2nd ser., i [1856], 146–7) and with more likelihood in one of St. Anselm's Meditations, which begins,'Pone in animo tuo te videre aliquam vallem profundam, tenebrosam, omne genus tormentorum in fundo habentem' (ed. A. Buse, 1851, pp. 38–39; see *N & Q*., 6th ser., vii [1883], 344–5). A more likely source would seem to be the account of the Pont de Babarouc in Ispahan, in the French edition of Chardin's *Voyages*. (Amsterdam, 1711, viii. 220–3). The four pavilions at the ends of the bridge, writes Chardin, are ornamented with paintings and 'cartouches qui offrent aux yeux de sages *Proverbes* en vers & en prose. Voici le sens d'un qui est en prose.

Le Monde est un vrai Pont, acheve de le passer.
Mesure, pese, tout ce qui se trouve sur le passage;
le mal par tout environne le bien, & le surpasse.

[Two folding plates are given, showing views of the bridge which resemble the description given by Addison.] Ce *Pont* a cent soixante six pas de long, & vint quatre de large, avec des chaussées au bout, en talus, de vint-cinq pas, flanquées de Murs de pierre, & terminées par deux gros pilliers de marbre brute.' Addison draws on Chardin elsewhere for material, and the description here, together with the folding plates, may have suggested the idea of the Vision of Mirzah.

Whatever the source, this paper became beyond question one of the most popular of the *Spectator* essays. In the opening of Act I, scene ii, of Steele's *Conscious Lovers* young Bevil apostrophizes 'this charming vision of Mirza. Such an author consulted in a morning sets the spirit for the vicissitudes of the day better than the glass does a man's person.' *The Vision of Mirza, versified from the Spectator* No. 159., is listed among the new publications of November 1753 in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. (xxiii. 543). The British Museum has an

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Italian translation, *La Visione di Mirza dall' Inglese di Addison*., published at Leghorn in 1831; and the allegory has, of course, appeared in countless anthologies. Perhaps the most extravagant praise ever given it occurs in the little volume, *Light from the East*., compiled by the popular wood-engraver George Measom in 1856: 'as a comprehensive picture of human life, it is unequalled by anything in the English language' (p. 2).

[a] to lie in their Way,] to have been laid for them, *Fol. Corrected in Errata (No. 161)*.

[a] Parts.] Halfs. *Fol. Corrected in Errata (No. 161)*

[b] Clouds] Cloud *Fol.*

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 160, Monday, September 3, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 160
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

...*Cui mens divinior, atque os*
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

Hor.

THERE is no Character more frequently given to a Writer, than that of being a Genius.[2] I have heard many a little Sonneteer called a *fine Genius.* There is not an Heroick Scribler in the Nation, that has not his Admirers who think him a *great Genius;* and as for your Smatterers in Tragedy, there is scarce a Man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a *prodigious Genius.*

My Design in this Paper is to consider what is properly a great Genius, and to throw some Thoughts together on so uncommon a Subject.

Among great Genius's, those few draw the Admiration of all the World upon them, and stand up as the Prodigies of Mankind, who

by the meer Strength of natural Parts, and without any Assistance of Art or Learning, have produced Works that were the Delight of their own Times and the Wonder of Posterity. There appears something nobly wild and extravagant in these great natural Genius's, that is infinitely more beautiful than all the Turn and Polishing of what the *French* call a *Bel Esprit,* by which they would express a Genius refined by Conversation, Reflection, and the Reading of the

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most polite Authors. The greatest Genius which[a] runs through the Arts and Sciences, takes a kind of Tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into Imitation.

Many of these great natural Genius's that were never disciplined and broken by Rules of Art, are to be found among the Ancients, and in particular among those of the more Eastern Parts of the World.[1] *Homer* has innumerable Flights that *Virgil* was not able to reach, and in the Old Testament we find several Passages more elevated and sublime than any in *Homer*[2] At the same Time that we allow a greater and more daring Genius to the Ancients, we must own that the greatest of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were much [b] above the Nicety and Correctness of the Moderns. In their Similitudes and Allusions, provided there was a Likeness, they did not much trouble themselves about the Decency of the Comparison: Thus *Solomon* resembles the Nose of his Beloved to the Tower of *Libanon* which looketh toward *Damascus;*[3] as the Coming of a Thief in the Night[4] is a Similitude of the same Kind in the New Testament. It would be endless to make Collections of this Nature: *Homer* illustrates one of his Heroes encompassed with the Enemy, by an Ass in a Field of Corn[5] that has his Sides belaboured

by all the Boys of the Village without stirring a Foot for it; and another of them tossing to and fro in his Bed, and burning with Resentment, to a Piece of Flesh broiled [a] on the Coals.[1] This particular Failure in the Ancients, opens a large Field of Raillery to the little Wits, who can laugh at an Indecency but not relish the Sublime in these Sorts of Writings.[2] The present Emperor of *Persia,* conformable to this Eastern way of Thinking, amidst a great many pompous Titles, denominates himself the Sun of Glory and the *Nutmeg of Delight.* In short, to cut off all Cavelling against the Ancients, and particularly those of the warmer Climates, who had most Heat and Life in their Imaginations, we are to consider that the Rule of observing what the *French* call the *Bienseance*[3] in an Allusion, has been found out of latter Years and in the colder Regions of the World; where we would make some Amends for our want of Force and Spirit, by a scrupulous Nicety and Exactness in our Compositions. Our Countryman *Shakespear* was a remarkable Instance of this

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first kind of great Genius's.

I cannot quit this Head without observing that *Pindar* was a great Genius of the first Class, who was hurried on by a natural Fire and Impetuosity to vast Conceptions of things, and noble Sallies of Imagination. At the same time, can any thing be more ridiculous than for Men of a sober and moderate Fancy to imitate this Poet's Way of Writing in those monstrous Compositions which go among us under the Name of Pindaricks?[4] When I see People copying Works, which, as *Horace*[5] has represented them, are singular in their Kind and inimitable; when I see Men following Irregularities by Rule, and by the little Tricks of Art straining after the most unbounded Flights of Nature, I cannot but apply to them that Passage in *Terence.*

... incerta hac si tu postules
Ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quàm si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.[1]

[a]In short a modern pindarick Writer compared with *Pindar,* is like a Sister among the *Camisars*[2] compared with *Virgil's* Sybil:[3] There is the Distortion, Grimace, and outward Figure, but nothing of that divine Impulse which raises the Mind above it self, [b] and makes the Sounds more than humane.

There is another kind of Great Genius's which I shall place in a second Class, not as I think them inferior to the first, but only for distinction's sake as they are of a different kind. [c] This [d] second Class of great Genius's are those that have formed themselves by Rules, and submitted the Greatness of their natural Talents to the Corrections and Restraints of Art. Such among the *Greeks* were *Plato* and *Aristotle,* among the *Romans Virgil* and *Tully,* among the *English Milton*[4] and Sir *Francis Bacon.*

[e]*The* Genius in both these Classes of Authors may be equally great, but shews itself after [f] a different Manner. In the first it is like a rich Soil in a happy Climate, that produces a whole Wilderness of noble Plants rising in a thousand beautiful Landskips without any certain Order or Regularity. In the other it is the same rich Soil

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under the same happy Climate, that has been laid out in Walks and Parterres, and cut into Shape and Beauty by the Skill of the Gardener.

The great Danger in these latter kind of Genius's, is, least they cramp their own Abilities too much by Imitation, and form themselves altogether upon Models, without giving the full Play to their own natural Parts. An Imitation of the best Authors, is not to

compare with a good Original; and I believe we may observe that very few Writers make an extraordinary Figure in the World, who have not something in their Way of thinking or expressing themselves that is peculiar to them and entirely their own.

[a]It is odd to consider what great Genius's are sometimes thrown away upon Trifles.

I once saw a Shepherd, says a famous *Italian* Author,[1] who [b] used to divert himself in his Solitudes with tossing up Eggs and catching them again without breaking them: In which he had arrived to so great a Degree of Perfection, that he would keep up four at a Time for several Minutes together playing in the Air, and falling into his Hand by Turns. I think, says the Author, I never saw a greater Severity than in this Man's Face; for by his wonderful Perseverance and Application, he had contracted the Seriousness and Gravity of a Privy-Counsellour; and I could not but reflect with my self, that the same Assiduity and Attention had they been rightly applied, might [c] have made him a greater Mathematician than *Archimedes.*

C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Satires*., i. 4. 43–44:

If one has a soul divine and tongue of noble utterance, to him give the honour of that name (i.e. of poet).

[2] Addison is not the first to point to the natural talents of the poet, without the help of art, as the peculiar gift of such great writers as Homer and Shakespeare—a commonplace of literary criticism since the time of Longinus. As the true and natural source of poetry Sir William Temple, for example, praises 'that Elevation of Genius which can never be produced by any Art or study, by Pains or by Industry, which cannot be taught by Precepts or Examples, and therefore is agreed by all to be the pure and free Gift of Heaven or of Nature, and to be a Fire kindled out of some hidden spark of the very first Conception' *(Of Poetry*., 1690; Spingarn, iii. 80). What Addison does in clearly dividing the two kinds of genius, the natural and the learned, is to open the way for the increasing emphasis in the eighteenth century on the superiority of the original genius—in such influential works as Young's *Conjectures on Original Composition* and William Duff's *Essay on Original Genius.*

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[1] Du Bos, in his *Réflexions critiques sur la poésie et la peinture* (1719), quotes this passage (pt. ii, sect. xxxix).

[2] The idea of Homer as a natural genius, with more originality and sublimity than Virgil, but also with greater faults, had long been a favourite point of view. Thomas Pope Blount's *De re poetica,* 1694 (part ii, p. 97) quotes Julius Scaliger to this effect; and even Rapin, who on the whole preferred Virgil, thought Homer had 'more Spirit' and Virgil 'more Judgment' (*Whole Critical Works,* 1706, i. 210). Similarly Sir William Temple calls Homer 'the most Universal *Genius* that has been known in the World', and Virgil 'the most accomplish't' (Spingarn, iii. 82):

> To the first must be allowed the most fertile Invention, the richest Vein, the most general Knowledge, and the most lively Expression: To the last, The noblest Idea's, the justest Institution, the wisest Conduct, the choycest Elocution. To speak in the Painters Terms, we find in the Works of *Homer* the most Spirit, Force, and Life; in those of *Virgil,* the best Design, the truest Proportions, and the greatest Grace. …

b were much] were very much *Fol.*

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[3] Song of Solomon, vii. 4.

[4] 1 Thess. v. 2; 2 Peter iii. 10.

[5] *Iliad,* 11. 558–65.

[a] broiled] broiling *Fol.*

[1] *Odyssey,* 20. 25–30. Boileau, in the sixth of his *Reflections on Longinus* (1712), pp. 112–13, comments on this simile.

[2] Rapin ('A Comparison of Homer and Virgil', chap. x) says of the ass simile in the *Iliad* that it 'is become so Famous for its Indecency and Meanness, that all the World have heard of it' (*Whole Critical Works,* 1706, i. 163). Le Bossu (book vi, chap. iii) defends both similes (2nd ed. London, 1719, ii. 259–60).

[3] Cf. R. Boyle, Introductory Preface to *Occasional Reflections* (1665): 'the Laws of *Decorum* (or, as the *French* call it Bien-seance).'

[4] Addison's (and Steele's) comments on these poems are almost always adverse. Cf. Nos. 58 (vol. i) and 147, and the 'receipt for Pindaricks' in *Tatler* 106.

[5] *Odes,* 4. 2. 1–4.

[1] 'You may as well pretend to be mad and in your senses at the same time, as to think of reducing these uncertainties into certainties by reason.' *Eunuchus,* 61–63.

[a]*No new paragraph in Folio*

[2] The Camisars, properly Camisards, were Calvinists from the Cévennes who, during the war of the Spanish Succession, revolted and were put down by force. Many fled to England, where they were also known as the French Prophets (cf. D'Urfey's play of this title). Guiscard, who had stabbed Harley in Mar. 1711, was said to have had a hand in the Camisard rebellion.

[3] *Aeneid, 6.* 42 ff.

[b] it self,] its self, *Fol.*

[c] There … kind. *added in 8vo and 12mo*

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[d] This] The *Fol*.

[4] In placing Milton among the learned geniuses Addison takes a position opposed to Dennis, who in the *Grounds of Criticism in Poetry* (1704) called Milton 'one of the greatest and most daring Genius's that has appear'd in the World' and *Paradise Lost* ' the most lofty, but most irregular Poem, that has been produc'd by the Mind of Man' (*Critical Works,* ed. Hooker, i. 333).

[e] No new paragraph in Folio

[f] after] in *Fol.*

[a] *No new paragraph in Folio*

[1] I have not identified this author.

[b] who] that *Fol.*

[c] might] would *Fol.*

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Eustace Budgell, The Spectator: No. 161 Tuesday, September 4, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 161
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1711[2]

[BUDGELL]

Ipse dies agitat festos: Fususque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio & Socii cratera coronant,
Te libans, Lenæe, vocat: pecorisque magistris
Velocis Jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo,
Corporaque agresti nudat prædura Palæstra.
Hanc olim veteres vitam cohere Sabini,
Hanc Remus & Frater: Sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet & rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

Virg. G. 2.

I AM glad that my late going into the Country has encreased the Number of my Correspondents, one of whom sends me the following Letter.

SIR,

'THOUGH you are pleased to retire from us so soon into the City, I hope you will not think the Affairs of the Country altogether unworthy of your Inspection for the future. I had the Honour of seeing your short Face at Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY'S, and have ever since thought your Person and Writings both extraordinary; had you stayed there a few Days longer you would have seen a Country *Wake,* which you know in most Parts of *England* is the *Eve-Feast of the Dedication of our Churches.* I was last Week at one of these Assemblies, which was held in a neighbouring Parish; where

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I found their *Green* covered with a promiscuous Multitude of all Ages and both Sexes, who esteem one another more or less the following Part of the Year according as they distinguish themselves at this Time. The whole Company were in their Holy-day Cloaths, and divided into several Parties, all of them endeavouring to shew themselves in those Exercises wherein they excelled, and to gain the Approbation of the Lookers on.

'I found a Ring of Cudgel-Players,[1] who were breaking one another's Heads in order to make some Impression on their Mistresses Hearts. I observed a lusty young Fellow who had the Misfortune of a broken Pate, but what considerably added to the Anguish of the Wound, was his over-hearing an old Man who shook his Head and said, *That he questioned now if black* Kate *would marry him these three Tears.* I was diverted from a further Observation of

these Combatants, by a Foot-ball[1] Match which was on the other Side of the *Green;* where *Tom. Short* behaved himself so well, that most People seemed to agree *it was impossible that he*[a] *should remain a Batchelour till the next Wake.* Having played many a Match my self, I could have looked longer on this Sport, had I not observed a Country Girl who was posted on an Eminence at some Distance from me, and was making so many odd Grimaces, and writhing and distorting her whole Body in so strange a Manner, as made me very desirous to know the Meaning of it. Upon my coming up to her, I found that she was over-looking a Ring of Wrestlers,[2] and that her Sweet-heart, a Person of small Stature, was contending with an huge brawny Fellow, who twirled him about, and shook the little Man so violently, that by a secret Sympathy of Hearts it produced all those Agitations in the Person of his Mistress, who I dare say, like *Cœlia* in *Shakespear* on the same Occasion, could have *wished her self invisible to catch the strong Fellow by the Leg.*[3] The Squire of the Parish treats the whole Company every Year with a Hogshead of Ale; and proposes a *Beaver-Hat* as a Recompence to him who gives most *Falls.* This has raised such a Spirit of Emulation in the Youth of the Place, that some of them have rendered themselves very expert at this Exercise; and I was often surprized to see a Fellow's Heels fly up, by a Trip which was given him so smartly that I could scarce discern it. I found that the old Wrestlers seldom enter'd the Ring, till

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some one was grown formidable by having thrown two or three of his Opponents; but kept themselves as it were in a reserved Body to defend the *Hat,* which is always hung up by the Person who gets it in one of the most conspicuous Parts of the House, and looked upon by the whole Family as something redounding much more to their Honour than a Coat of Arms. There was a Fellow who was so busy in regulating all the Ceremonies, and seemed to carry such an Air of Importance in his Looks, that I could not help inquiring, who he was; and was immediately answered, *That he did not value himself upon nothing, for that he and his Ancestors had won so many Hats, that his Parlour looked like a Haberdasher's Shop:* However this Thirst of Glory

in them all, was the reason that no one Man stood *Lord of the Ring* for above three *Falls,* while I was amongst them.

'The young Maids, who were not Lookers on at these Exercises, were themselves engaged in some Diversion; and upon my asking a Farmer's Son of my own Parish what he was gazing at with so much Attention, he told me *That he was seeing* Betty Welch, whom I knew to be his Sweet-heart, *pitch a Bar.*

'In short, I found the Men endeavour'd to shew the Women they were no Cowards, and that the whole Company strived to recommend themselves to each other, by making it appear that they were all in a perfect State of Health, and fit to undergo any Fatigues of bodily Labour.

'Your Judgment upon this Method of *Love* and *Gallantry,* as it is at present practised amongst us in the Country, will very much oblige,

SIR,
Yours, &c.'

If I would here put on the Scholar and Politician, I might inform my Readers how these bodily Exercises or Games were formerly encouraged in all the Common-wealths of *Greece,* from whence the *Romans* afterwards borrow'd their *Pentathlum*,[1] which was compos'd *of Running, Wrestling, Leaping, Throwing,* and *Boxing,* tho' the Prizes were generally nothing but a Crown of Cypress or Parsley, Hats not

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being in fashion in those Days: That there is an old Statute which obliges every Man in *England,* having such an Estate, to keep and exercise the long Bow;[2] by which Means our Ancestors excelled all other Nations in the use of that Weapon, and we had all the real Advantages, without the Inconvenience of a standing Army:[3] And that I once met with a Book of Projects, in which the Author considering to what noble Ends that Spirit of Emulation, which so remarkably shews it self among our common People in these Wakes, might be directed, proposes that for the Improvement of all our handicraft Trades there should be annual Prizes set up for such

Persons as were most excellent in their several Arts. But laying aside all these political Considerations, which might tempt me to pass the Limits of my Paper, I confess the greatest Benefit and Convenience that I can observe in these Country Festivals, is the bringing young People together, and giving them an Opportunity of showing themselves in the most advantageous Light. A Country Fellow that throws his Rival upon his Back, has generally as good Success with their common Mistress; as nothing is more usual than for a nimble-footed Wench to get a Husband at the same Time she wins a Smock.[1] Love and Marriages are the natural Effects of these anniversary Assemblies. I must therefore very much approve the Method by which my Correspondent tells me each Sex endeavours to recommend it self to the other, since nothing seems more likely to promise a healthy Offspring or a happy Cohabitation. And I believe I may assure my Country Friend, that there has been many a Court Lady who would be contented to exchange her crazy young Husband for *Tom. Short,* and several Men of Quality who would have parted with a tender Yoke-fellow for *Black Kate.*

I am the more pleased with having *Love* made the principal End and Design of these Meetings, as it seems to be most agreeable to the Intent for which they were at first instituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr. *Kennet*,[2] with whose Words I shall conclude my present Paper.

These Wakes, says he, *were in Imitation of the ancient ἀγάπαι or Love-feasts; and were first established in* England *by Pope* Gregory *the Great, who in an Epistle to* Melitus[3] *the Abbot gave Order that they should be*

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kept in Sheds or Arbories made up with Branches and Boughs of Trees round the Church.

He adds, *That this laudable Custom of Wakes prevailed for many Ages, till the nice Puritans began to exclaim against it as a Remnant of Popery, and by Degrees the precise Humour grew so popular, that at an* Exeter *Assises the Lord Chief Baron* Walter[1] *made an Order for the Suppression of all Wakes; but on Bishop* Laud's *complaining of this innovating Humour, the King commanded the Order to be reversed.* X[2]

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Virgil, *Georgics,* 2. 527–34 (altered):

Himself in Rustick Pomp, on Holy-days,To Rural Pow'rs a just Oblation pays;And on the Green his careless Limbs displays.
The Hearth is in the midst; the Herdsmen round
The chearful Fire, provoke his health in Goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the Prize;The Groom his Fellow Groom at Buts defies;And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes.
Or stript for Wrestling, smears his Limbs with Oyl,
And watches with a trip his Foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal *Sabines* led;
So *Remus* and his Brother God were bred:
From whom th' austere *Etrurian* Virtue rose,
And this rude life our homely Fathers chose.
Old *Rome* from such a Race deriv'd her birth,
(The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth.) DRYDEN.

[1] For sword-play and other sports see Ashton, i. 315–29. According to Misson, 'Apprentices, and all Boys of that Degree, are never without their *Cudgels,* with which they fight' (p. 308).

[1] 'In Winter *Foot-balls* is a useful and charming Exercise: It is a Leather Ball about as big as ones Head, fill'd with Wind: This is kick'd about from one to t'other in the Streets, by him that can get at it, and that is all the Art of it' (Misson, pp. 306–7).

[a] *impossible that be*] *impossible he Fol.*

[2] For the history of wrestling in England see Strutt, book ii, chap. ii (ed. J. C. Cox, 1903), pp. 69–73.

[3] *As You Like It,* 1. ii. 223.

[1] The Greek Pentathlon did not include boxing; the five sports were the foot-race, jumping, throwing of the javelin, discus-throwing, and wrestling. In spite of Budgell's statement, the Romans seem never to have taken athletics or gymnastics so seriously.

[2] The Statute of Winchester, 13 Edw. I, cap. vi. As far back as the thirteenth century, every person not having a greater annual revenue in land than 100 pence was obliged to have in his possession a bow and arrows (Strutt, book ii, chap. i, ed. J. C. Cox, 1903, p. 43).

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[3] An ironical thrust at the stock Tory complaint against the expense and danger of a professional soldiery.

[1] At Lambeth Wells, advertises the *Daily Courant,* 30 May 1711, 'there will be a Holland Smock Run for by 3 Maids 5 times round the Walks, to Morrow the 31st Instant'. On 19 June 1712 a race is advertised on Clapham Common for 'a Holland Smock, a Pair of Silk Stockings, and a Topknot' *(Daily Courant).* The following advertisement from the *Post Boy* of 22 Sept. 1713 illustrates many of the diversions mentioned here:

> This is to acquaint all Jolly Lads and Lasses, That on Monday the 28th instant. there will be a Meeting of several Gentlemen and Ladies at the Opening of Mr. Tucker's new House upon Epping-Forrest, where the Company will be provided with good Musick and Dancing, and be likewise entertain'd by Country People with the following Diversions, viz. A Bever-Hat to be cudgell'd for; A Pair of Buckskin-Breeches to be wrestled for; and, A Laced Holland Smock to be danced for by 6 young Women. N.B. The Sport begins at 10-a-Clock in the Morning; and such Care is taken, that the Company may not return a hungry, One Ox will then be roasted and given *gratis.*

[2] White Kennett (1660–1728), the Latitudinarian divine, at this time Dean of Peterborough. The passage quoted is from his *Parochial Antiquities attempted in the history of Ambrosden, Burcester, and other adjacent parts in the counties of Oxford and Bucks* (Oxford, 1695), pp. 610, 614.

[3] Mellitus (d. 624), the first Bishop of London.

[1] Sir John Walter (1566–1630). For this order of suppression see Sir Richard Baker's *Chronicle* (ed. 1684), p. 453.

[2] A letter signed W. C. and dated 'London, Octob. 15. 1711' (Lillie, ii. 49–51) comments on this paper and suggests that foreigners might be shown 'our peasants' not only in their holiday sports but in their everyday manner of living within doors, 'what plenty crowns their tables, and chearfulness appears in their looks'. The foreigners should then be asked 'if they have travelled in France, Poland, or Denmark, &c.'

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 162 Wednesday, September 5, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 162
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1711[3]

[ADDISON]

...Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incæpto processerit, & sibi constet.

Hor.

NOTHING that is not a real Crime makes a Man appear so contemptible and little in the Eyes of the World as Inconstancy, especially when it regards Religion or Party. In either of these Cases, tho' a Man perhaps does but his Duty in changing his Side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great Articles of Life therefore a Man's Conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed that worldly Advantages may seem to have no Share in it, or Mankind will be ill-natured enough to think he does not change Sides out of Principle, but either out of Levity of Temper or Prospects of Interest. Converts and Renegadoes of all kinds should take particular Care to let the World see they act upon honourable Motives; or whatever

Approbations they may receive from themselves, and Applauses from those they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the Scorn of all good Men, and the publick Marks of Infamy and Derision.

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Irresolution on the Schemes of Life which [a] offer themselves to our Choice, and Inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal Causes of all our Disquiet and Unhappiness. When Ambition [b] pulls one Way, Interest another, Inclination a third, and perhaps Reason contrary to all, a Man is likely to pass his Time but ill who has so many different Parties to please. When the Mind hovers among such a Variety of Allurements, one had better settle on a Way of Life that is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without determining our Choice, and go out of the World, as the greatest Part of Mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one Method [c] of setting our selves at Rest in this Particular, and that is by adhering stedfastly to one great End as the chief and ultimate Aim of all our Pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the Dictates of Reason, without any Regard to Wealth, Reputation, or the like Considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal Design, we may go through Life with Steddiness and Pleasure; but if we act by several broken Views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a Value set upon it by the World, we shall five and die in Misery and Repentance.

One would take more than ordinary Care to guard ones self against this particular Imperfection, because it is that which our Nature very strongly inclines us to; for if we examine our selves throughly, we shall find that we are the most changeable Beings in the Universe.[1] In Respect of our Understanding, we often embrace and reject the very same Opinions; whereas Beings above and beneath us have probably no Opinions at all, or at least no Wavering and Uncertainties in those they have. Our Superiours are guided by Intuition, and our Inferiours by Instinct. In Respect of our Wills, we

fall into Crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the Eyes of our great Judge, and pass our whole Life in offending and asking Pardon. On the contrary, the Beings underneath us are not capable of sinning, nor those above us of repenting. The one is out of the Possibilities of Duty, and the other fixed in an eternal Course of Sin, or an eternal Course of Virtue.

There is scarce a State of Life, or Stage in it, which[a] does not pro-

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duce Changes and Revolutions in the Mind of Man. Our Schemes of Thought in Infancy are lost in those of Youth; these too take a different Turn in Manhood, till old Age often leads us back into our former Infancy. A new Title or an unexpected Success throws us out of ourselves, and in a Manner destroys our Identity. A cloudy Day or a little Sun-shine have as great an Influence on many Constitutions, as the most real Blessings or Misfortunes. A Dream varies our Being and changes our Condition while it lasts; and every Passion, not to mention Health and Sickness, and the greater Alterations in Body and Mind, makes us appear almost different Creatures. If a Man is so distinguished among other Beings by this Infirmity, what can we think of such as make themselves remarkable for it even among their own Species? It is a very trifling Character to be one of the most variable Beings of the most variable Kind, especially if we consider that he who is the great Standard of Perfection has in him no Shadow of Change, but is the same Yesterday, to Day, and for ever.[1]

As this Mutability of Temper and Inconsistency with our selves is the greatest Weakness of humane Nature, so it makes the Person who is remarkable for it in a very particular Manner more ridiculous than any other Infirmity whatsoever, as it sets him in a greater Variety of foolish Lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an Opposition of party-coloured Characters. The most humourous Character in *Horace* is founded upon this Unevenness of Temper and Irregularity of Conduct.

... Sardus habebat
Ille Tigellius hoc. Casar qui cogere posset
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non
Quidquam proficeret: Si collibuisset, ab ovo

Usque ad mala citaret, Jö Bacche, modo summâ
Voce, modo hac resonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.
Nil æquale homini fuit illi: Sape velut qui
Currebat fugiens hostem: Persæpe velut qui
Junonis sacra ferret. Habebat sæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem servos. Modò reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens. Modò sit mihi mensa tripes, &
Concha salis puri, & toga, quæ defendere frigus,

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Quamvis crassa, queat. Decies centena dedisses
Huic parco paucis contento, Quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
Mane: Diem tot am stertebat. Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar sibi ... Hor. Sat. 3. Lib. 1.[1]

Instead of translating this Passage in *Horace,* I shall entertain my *English* Reader with the Description of a Parallel Character, that is wonderfully well finished by Mr. *Dryden*,[2] and raised upon the same Foundation.

In the first Rank of these did Zimri *stand:*
A Man so various, that he seem'd to be

Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by Starts, and Nothing long;
But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking:
Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest Madman, who cou'd every Hour employ,
With something New to wish, or to enjoy!

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Horace, *Ars poetica,* 126–7:

Take care you still the same proportions strike,
Let all the Parts agree, and be alike. CREECH.

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[b] Ambition] Honour *Fol.*

[c] Method] Way *Fol.*

[1] Cf. *Tatler 7*: 'But Man is a Creature very inconsistent with himself: The Greatest Heroes are sometimes Fearful; the spriteliest Wits at some Hours Dull; and the Greatest Politicians on some Occasions *Whimsical.*' Also La Bruyère, 'Of Man', *Characters* (3rd ed., 1702, p. 212): 'A man unequal in his temper is several Men in one, he multiplies himself as often as he changes his Taste and Manners: He is not this minute what he was the last, and will not be the next what he is now. …'

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[1] Heb. xiii. 8.

[1] Horace, *Satires, 1*. 3. 3–19:

This humour hath *Tigellius* often shown;
If by his Father's Friendship and his own
Cesar, that could Command, did beg a Song;
'Twas all in vain, He might have held his Tongue:
Yet take him in the vein, and He would sing
From Morn till Night, *a Health to* Charles *our King:*
Sometimes to squeaking *Treble* his voice would raise,
Then sink again into the deepest *Base:*
A most unsettled fellow, He would run
As if He fled a Robber, or a Dun;
And streight as in Procession gravely go,
Now with two hundred Servants, now but Two:
Sometimes He'd talk of *Heroes,* and of Kings,
In *mighty* swelling Numbers *mighty* Things:

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And then again, *let gracious Fortune give*
A little Meat and Drink enough to live:
Let her a Coat to keep out Cold present,
Altho 'tis thick and course, yet I'm content:
Yet give this sparing thing, this moderate,
This Man of mean desires a vast Estate,
In Nine days time 'tis every Penny gone,
And He's grown Poor again, and is undone:
He wakes all Night to Sing, to Drink, and Play,
Then goes to Bed, and snores it all the Day:
No Mans designs like his do disagree,
None lives so contrary to himself as He. CREECH.

[2] *Absalom and Achitophel,* 544–54. This description of the Duke of Buckingham is quoted again in No. 222 (by Steele).

[1] Nichols describes this paper as 'abounding in [Addison's] manner with *oblique strokes* at Swift, Prior, &c. who had shifted sides, and left the *whig* to embrace the *tory* party'.

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Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 163
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

... Si quid ego adjuëro, curamve levasso,
Quæ nunc te coquit, & versat sub pectore fixa,
Ecquid erit pretij?

Enn. ap. Tullium.

ENQUIRIES after Happiness, and Rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to Mankind as the Arts of Consolation, and supporting one self under Affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this World is Contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but Grief and Disappointments. A Man should direct all his Studies and Endeavours at making himself easie now, and happy hereafter.

The Truth of it is, if all the Happiness that is dispersed through the whole Race of Mankind in this World were drawn together, and put into the Possession of any single Man, it would not make a very happy Being. Though, on the contrary, if the Miseries of the whole Species were fixed in a single Person they would make a very miserable one.

I am engaged in this Subject by the following Letter, which, though Subscribed by a fictitious Name, I have reason to believe is not Imaginary.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

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'I AM one of your Disciples, and endeavour to live up to your Rules, which I hope will encline you to pity my Condition: I shall open it to you in a very few Words. About three Years since a Gentleman, whom, I am sure, you your self would have approv'd, made his Addresses to me. He had every thing to recommend him but an Estate, so that my Friends, who all of them applauded his Person, would not for the sake of both of us favour his Passion. For my own part I resigned my self up entirely to the Direction of those who knew the World much better than my self, but still lived in hopes that some Juncture or other would make me happy in the Man whom, in my Heart, I preferred to all the World, being determined if I could not have him to have no Body else. About three Months ago I received a Letter from him, acquainting me, that by the death of an Unkle he had a considerable Estate left him, which he said was welcome to him upon no other Account but as he hoped it would remove all Difficulties that lay in the Way to our mutual Happiness. You may well suppose, Sir, with how much Joy I received this Letter, which was followed by several others filled with those Expressions of Love and Joy, which I verily believe no Body felt more sincerely, nor knew better how to describe, than the Gentleman I am speaking of. But, Sir, how shall I be able to tell it you; by the last Week's Post I received a Letter from an intimate Friend of this unhappy Gentleman, acquainting me, that as he had just setled his Affairs, and was preparing for his Journey, he fell sick of a Fever and died. It is impossible to express to you the Distress I am in upon this Occasion, I can only have Recourse to my Devotions, and to the reading of good Books for my Consolation; and as I always take a particular Delight in those frequent Advices and Admonitions which you give the Publick, it would be a very great piece of Charity in you to lend me your Assistance in this Conjuncture. If after the reading of this Letter you find your self in a Humour rather to Rally and Ridicule, than to Comfort me, I desire you would throw it into the Fire, and think no more of it; but if you are touched with my Misfortune, which is greater than I know how to bear,

your Counsels may very much Support, and will infinitely Oblige the afflicted

LEONORA.'[1]

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A Disappointment in Love is more hard to get over than any other; the Passion it self so softens and subdues the Heart, that it disables it from struggling or bearing up against the Woes and Distresses which befal it. The Mind meets with other Misfortunes in her whole Strength; she stands collected within her self, and sustains the Shock with all the force which [a] is natural to her; but a Heart in Love has its Foundations sapped, and immediately sinks under the Weight of Accidents that are disagreeable to its Favourite Passion.

In Afflictions Men generally draw their Consolations out of Books of Morality, which indeed are of great use to fortifie and strengthen the Mind against the Impressions of Sorrow. Monsieur St. *Evremont,* who does not approve of this Method, recommends Authors who[b] are apt to stir up Mirth in the Mind of the Readers, and fancies

Don *Quixote* can give more Relief to an heavy Heart than *Plutarch* or *Seneca,* as it is much easier to divert Grief than to conquer it.[1] This doubtless may have its Effects on some Tempers. I should rather have recourse to Authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us Instances of Calamities and Misfortunes, and show Human Nature in its greatest Distresses.

If the Affliction we groan under be very heavy, we shall find some Consolation in the Society of as great Sufferers as our selves, especially when we find our Companions Men of Virtue and Merit. If our Afflictions are light, we shall be comforted by the Comparison we make between our selves and our Fellow Sufferers. A Loss at Sea, a Fit of Sickness, or the Death of a Friend, are such trifles when we consider whole Kingdoms laid in Ashes, Families put to the Sword, Wretches shut up in Dungeons, and the like Calamities of Mankind, that we are out of Countenance for our own Weakness, if we sink under such little Stroaks of Fortune.

Let the Disconsolate *Leonora,* consider that at the very time in which she languishes for the Loss of her Deceas'd Lover, there are Persons in several parts of the World just perishing in a Shipwreck; others crying out for Mercy in the Terrors of a Death-bed Repentance; others lying under the Tortures of an Infamous Execution, or the like dreadful Calamities; and she will find her Sorrows vanish

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at the appearance of those which are so much greater and more astonishing.

I would further propose to the Consideration of my afflicted Disciple, that possibly what she now looks upon as the greatest Misfortune, is not really such in it self. For my own part, I question not but our Souls in a separate State will look back on their Lives in quite another view, than what they had of them in the Body; and that what they now consider as Misfortunes and Disappointments, will very often appear to have been Escapes and Blessings.

The Mind that hath any Cast towards Devotion, naturally flies to it in its Afflictions.

When I was in *France* I heard a very remarkable Story of two Lovers, which I shall relate at length in my to-Morrow's Paper, not

only because the Circumstances of it are extraordinary, but because it may serve as an Illustration to all that can be said on this last Head, and show the Power of Religion in abating that particular Anguish which seems to lie so heavy on *Leonora.* The Story was told me by a Priest, as I travelled with him in a Stage-Coach. I shall give it my Reader, as well as I can remember, in his own Words, after having premised, that if Consolations may be drawn from a wrong Religion and a misguided Devotion, they cannot but flow much more naturally from those which are founded upon Reason, and established in good Sense. L

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Ennius, *Annales,* book x, in Cicero, *De Senectute, 1*. 1 (altered):

If I should aid you, and relieve your Mind,
Ease you of Care, which anxious now you find,
Would it of Value be to you?

[1] According to a letter signed J. D. in the *Gentleman's Magazine,* Apr. 1780, p. 175, the letter in No. 92 (vol. i) signed Leonora was written by 'Miss Sheppard (afterwards Mrs. Perry)'; and the letter in No. 140 signed Parthenia, together with this letter, also signed Leonora, was by her sister. Both ladies, adds J. D., were 'collateral descendants of Sir Fleetwood Shepheard, of facetious Memory'. Nichols, followed by later editors, repeats this in substance. In 1809 the *Monthly Repository,* at that time edited by Robert Aspland, published (iv. 303) among the Say Papers (mainly letters to and from the Rev. Samuel Say [1675–1743], the dissenting minister) a brief 'Account of Mrs. Margaret Sheppard, with an original letter of her's from Stockholm'. Owing to the failure of her father, a London merchant, she had been compelled to go out as a waiting-maid at the age of 14.

> About the year 1708, an amiable young man, without fortune, conceived a great regard for her, but though mutual, a matrimonial connection was discouraged, as there was not a sufficiency on either side to support a family. He went abroad; but at length Providence sent him, by the death of an uncle, a good fortune, which he wrote her word of, and expressed his joy in it on no other account than as it promised to remove every difficulty out of the way of their mutual happiness. On his return, he fell ill of a fever, which proved mortal. On this sorrowful occasion, she wrote an affecting letter to the Editor of the SPECTATOR, inserted in Vol. II. No. 163…

The rest of the account tells of her serving as governess in the family of an English merchant in Sweden, then as waiting woman to Lady Vane; later she kept a day school at Ipswich, 'was sometime private teacher to the Miss Burward's of Wood-bridge', and lastly, matron to the Foundling Hospital in London, 'in which situation she remained but one week, owing to the machinations of some interested person'. The melancholy tale ends with her being pensioned by her friends and finally dying in lodgings in London. I have been unable to verify this account or establish the connexion with Sir Fleetwood Sheppard. The latter died unmarried in 1698, and the account in *DNB,* by the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard, gives no further information, although it mentions this Margaret Sheppard as the author of this letter.

[a] which] that *Fol.*

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[b] who] that *Fol.*

[1] Saint-Évremond, 'Letter to Count d'Olonne':

> Let not the Unhappy therefore, learn from Books to be disturb'd at our Miseries, but to Laugh at our Follies: For which Reason you will prefer the reading of *Lucian, Petronius,* and Don *Quixot,* before that of *Seneca, Plutarch,* and *Montaigne.* I recommend to you *Don Quixot* above all; let your Affliction be what it will, the Delicacy of his Ridicule will insensibly make you relish Mirth' *(Works,* 1714, ii. 3).

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 164 Friday, September 7, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 164
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Illa; Quis & me, inquit, miseram, & te perdidit, Orpheu?
Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.

Virg.

CONSTANTIA was a Woman of extraordinary Wit and Beauty, but very unhappy in a Father, who having arrived at great Riches by his own Industry, took Delight in nothing but his Money. *Theodosius* was the younger Son of a decayed Family, of great Parts and Learning, improved by a genteel and vertuous Education. When he was in the twentieth Year of his Age he became acquainted with *Constantia,* who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few Miles Distance from her Father's House, he had frequent Opportunities of seeing her; and by the Advantages of a good Person and a pleasing Conversation, made such an Impression in her Heart as it was impossible for Time to efface: [a] He was himself no less

smitten with *Constantia.* A long Acquaintance made them still discover new Beauties in each other, and by Degrees rais'd in them that mutual Passion which had an Influence on their following Lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the Midst of this Intercourse of Love and Friendship between *Theodosius* and *Constantia,* there broke out an irreparable Quarrel between their Parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his Birth, and the other upon his Possessions.

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The Father *of Constantia* was so incensed at the Father of *Theodosius,* that he contracted an unreasonable Aversion towards his Son, insomuch that he forbad him his House, and charged his Daughter upon her Duty never to see him more. In the mean Time, to break off all Communication between the two Lovers, who he knew entertained secret Hopes of some favourable Opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young Gentleman of a good Fortune and an agreeable Person, whom he pitched upon as a Husband for his Daughter. He soon concerted[1] this Affair so well, that he told *Constantia* it was his Design to marry her to such a Gentleman, and that her Wedding should be celebrated on such a Day. *Constantia,* who was over-awed with the Authority of her Father, and unable to object any thing against so advantagious a Match, receiv'd the Proposal with a profound Silence; which her Father commended in her, as the most decent Manner of a Virgin's giving her Consent to an Overture of that Kind. The Noise of this intended Marriage soon reached *Theodosius,* who after a long Tumult of Passions, which naturally rise in a Lover's Heart on such an Occasion, writ the following Letter to *Constantia.*

'THE Thought of my *Constantia,* which for some Years has been my only Happiness, is now become a greater Torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then five to see you another's? The Streams, the Fields, and Meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; Life it self is become a Burden. May you long be happy in the World, but forget that there was ever such a Man in it as

THEODOSIUS.'

This Letter was conveyed to *Constantia* that very Evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next Morning she was much

more alarm'd by two or three Messengers, that came to her Father's House one after another to enquire if they had heard any thing of *Theodosius,* who it seems had left his Chamber about Midnight, and could no where be found. The deep Melancholy which had hung upon his Mind some Time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. *Constantia,* who knew that nothing but the Report of her Marriage could have driven him to such Extremities,

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was not to be comforted: She now accused herself for having so tamely given an Ear to the Proposal of a Husband, and looked upon the new Lover as the Murderer of *Theodosius:* In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost Effects of her Father's Displeasure, rather than comply with a Marriage which appeared to her so full of Guilt and Horrour. The Father seeing himself entirely rid of *Theodosius,* and likely to keep a considerable Portion in his Family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate Refusal of his Daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that Account to his intended Son-in-law, who had all along regarded this Alliance rather as a Marriage of Convenience[1] than of Love. *Constantia* had now no Relief but in her Devotions and Exercises of Religion, to which her Afflictions had so entirely subjected her Mind, that after some Years had abated the Violence of her Sorrows, and settled her Thoughts in a kind of Tranquility, she resolv'd to pass the Remainder of her Days in a Convent. Her Father was not displeased with a Resolution, which[a] would save Money in his Family, and readily complied with his Daughter's Intentions. Accordingly in the Twenty-fifth Year of her Age, while her Beauty was yet in all its Height and Bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring City, in order to look out a Sisterhood of Nuns among whom to place his Daughter. There was in this Place a Father of a Convent who was very much renowned for his Piety and exemplary Life; and as it is usual in the *Romish* Church for those who are under any great Affliction or Trouble of Mind to apply themselves to the most eminent Confessors for Pardon and Consolation, our beautiful Votary took the Opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated Father.

We must now return to *Theodosius,* who the very Morning that the above-mentioned Enquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious House in the City where now *Constantia* resided; and desiring that Secrecy and Concealment of the Fathers [b] of the Con-

vent which is very usual upon any extraordinary Occasion, he made himself one of the Order, with a private Vow never to enquire after *Constantia,* whom he looked upon as given away to his Rival upon the Day on which, according to common Fame, their Marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his Youth made a good Progress in Learning, that he might dedicate himself more [a] entirely to

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Religion he entered into holy Orders, and in a few Years became renowned for his Sanctity of Life, and those pious Sentiments which he inspired into all who [b] conversed with him. It was this holy Man to whom *Constantia* had determined to apply herself in Confession, tho' neither she nor any other besides the Prior of the Convent knew any thing of his Name or Family. The gay, the amiable *Theodosius* had now taken upon him the Name of Father *Francis;* and was so far concealed in a long Beard, a shaven [c] Head, and a religious Habit, that it was impossible to discover the Man of the World in the venerable Conventual.

As he was one Morning shut up in his Confessional, *Constantia* kneeling by him, opened the State of her Soul to him; and after having given him the History of a Life full of Innocence, she burst out in Tears, and entered upon that Part of her Story in which he himself had so great a Share. My Behaviour, says she, has I fear been the Death of a Man who had no other Fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the Remembrance of him has been to me since his Death. She here paused, and lifted up her Eyes that streamed with Tears towards the Father; who was so moved with the Sense of her Sorrows, that he could only command his Voice, which was broke with Sighs and Sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his Directions, and in a Flood of Tears poured out her Heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the Agonies of his Grief the Seat shook under him. *Constantia,* who thought the good Man was thus moved by his Compassion towards her, and by the Horrour of her Guilt, proceeded with the utmost Contrition to acquaint him with that Vow of Virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper Attonement for her Sins, and the only Sacrifice she could make to the Memory of *Theodosius.* The Father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in Tears upon hearing that

Name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving[a] this Instance of an unparallel'd Fidelity from one who he thought had several Years since given herself up to the Possession of another. Amidst the Interruptions of his Sorrow, seeing his Penitent overwhelmed with Grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time

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be comforted—To tell her that her Sins were forgiven her—
That her Guilt was not so great as she apprehended—That she
should not suffer herself to be afflicted above Measure. After which
he recovered himself enough to give her the Absolution in Form;
directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next Day,
that he might encourage her in the pious Resolution she had taken,
and give her suitable Exhortations for her Behaviour in it. *Constantia*
retired, and the next Morning renewed her Applications. *Theodosius*
having mann'd his Soul with proper Thoughts and Reflections,
exerted himself on this Occasion in the best Manner he could, to
animate his Penitent in the Course of Life she was entering upon,
and wear out of her Mind those groundless Fears and Apprehensions
which had taken Possession of it; concluding, with a Promise to her,
that he would from time to time continue his Admonitions when
she should have taken upon her the holy Veil. The Rules of our
respective Orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you,
but you may assure your self not only of having a Place in my
Prayers, but of receiving such frequent Instructions as I can convey
to you by Letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious Course you have
undertaken, and you will quickly find such a Peace and Satisfaction
in your Mind which it is not in the Power of the World to give.

Constantia's Heart was so elevated with the Discourse of Father
Francis, that the very next Day she entered upon her Vow. Assoon
as the Solemnities of her Reception were over, she retired, as it is
usual, with the Abbess into her own Apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the Night before of all that [b] had
passed between her Novitiate and Father *Francis:* From whom she
now delivered to her the following Letter.

' AS the First-Fruits of those Joys and Consolations which you
may expect from the Life you are now engaged in, I must
acquaint you that *Theodosius,* whose Death sits so heavy upon your
Thoughts, is still alive; and that the Father to whom you have con-
fessed your self, was once that *Theodosius* whom you so much lament.

The Love which we have had for one another will make us more
happy in its Disappointment, than it cou'd have done in its Success.
Providence has disposed of us for our Advantage, tho' not according

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to our Wishes. Consider your *Theodosius* still as dead, but assure your self of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father

FRANCIS.'

Constantia saw that the Hand-writing agreed with the Contents of the Letter; and upon reflecting on the Voice, the Person,[a] the Behaviour, and above all the extreme Sorrow of the Father during her Confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every Particular. After having wept with Tears of Joy, It is enough, says she, *Theodosius* is still in Being; I shall Uve with Comfort and dye in Peace.

[b]The Letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the Nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young Religious, in order to inspire them with good Resolutions and Sentiments of Virtue. It so happened, that after *Constantia* had lived about ten Years in the Cloyster, a violent Feaver broke out in the Place, which [c] swept away great Multitudes, and among others *Theodosius.* Upon his Death-bed he sent his Benediction in a very moving Manner to *Constantia;* who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal Distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the Interval which generally precedes Death in Sicknesses of this Nature, the Abbess, finding that the Physicians had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his Benediction in his last Moments. *Constantia* received it with Pleasure: And now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by *Theodosius.* My Vow reaches no farther than the Grave. What I ask is I hope no Violation of it.—She died soon after, and was interred according to her Request.

Their Tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin Inscription over them to the following Purpose.

Here lie the Bodies of Father *Francis* and Sister *Constance. They were lovely in their Lives, and in their Deaths they were not divided.*[1]

C[2]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Georgics,* 4. 494, 497–8.

Then thus the Bride; What fury seiz'd on thee,
Unhappy Man! to lose thy self and Me? …
And now, farewel, involv'd in Shades of Night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands, to joyn
In sweet Embraces; ah! no longer thine! DRYDEN.

[a] efface:] deface: *Fol.*

[1] The earliest example in *OED* (of a single person: to plan, devise, arrange) is dated 1712.

[1] The earliest quotation in *OED.*

[a] a Resolution, which] her Resolution, that *Fol.*

[b] Fathers] Father *Fol.*

[a] himself more] himself up more *Fol.*

[b] who] that *Fol.*

[c] shaven] shaved *Fol.*

[a] and upon receiving] and receiving *Fol.*

[b] all that] all things that *Fol.*

[a] the Voice, the Person,] the Voice of the Person, *all edd.*

[b] *No new paragraph in Folio*

[c] which] that *Fol.*

[1] 2 Sam. i. 23.

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[2] This number was widely admired. William Bowyer, in a letter to Thomas Percy dated 14 June 1764, hints at Pope's indebtedness to this number in *Eloisa to Abtlard,* but he may only mean (what is true) that Addison and Pope have both retold the famous medieval love story. (Sec Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes,* ii. 443.) George Jeffreys's *Father Francis and Sister Constance, a Poem, from a Story in the Spectator* appeared in 1736. In the preface Jeffreys speaks of this 'as being a true Story with as much Beauty as Fiction could have bestow'd upon it: for, without that horror and bloodshed which are so disagreeable in some Tragedies, it has all the delicacy of a well-invented Distress: there is nothing in it to shock the most tender-hearted, and yet every thing to melt the most insensible'. Another poetic version is John Langhorne's short poem, 'Theodosius to Constantia' (1760). Langhorne also published the *Correspondence of Theodosius and Constantia* (2 vols., 1764–5), suggested by this number.

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NO. 165

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... Si forte necesse est,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis,
Continget: dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.

Hor.

I HAVE often wished, that as in our Constitution there are several Persons whose Business it is to watch over our Laws, our Liberties and Commerce, certain[a] Men might be set apart, as Superintendants of our Language, to hinder any Words of a Foreign Coin from passing among us; and in particular to prohibit any *French* Phrases from becoming Current in this Kingdom, when those of our own Stamp are altogether as valuable.[2] The present War has so Adulterated our Tongue with strange Words, that it would be impossible for one of our Great-Grandfathers to know what his Posterity have been doing, were he to read their Exploits in a Modern News Paper. Our Warriors are very Industrious in Propagating the *French* Language, at the same time that they are so gloriously successful in beating down their Power. Our Soldiers are Men of strong Heads for Action, and perform such Feats as they are not able to express. They want Words in their own Tongue to tell us what it is they Atchieve, and therefore send us over Accounts of their Performances in a Jargon of Phrases, which they learn among

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their Conquered Enemies. They ought however to be provided with Secretaries, and assisted by our Foreign Ministers, to[a] tell their Story for them in plain *English,* and to let [b] us know in our Mother-Tongue what it is our brave Country-men are about. The *French* would indeed be in the right to Publish the News of the present War in *English* Phrases, and make their Campaigns unintelligible. Their People might flatter themselves that things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with Foreign Terms, and thrown into Shades and Obscurity. But the *English* cannot be too clear in their Narrative of those Actions, which have raised their Country to a higher pitch of Glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will [c] be still the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a Siege is carried on two or three Days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable Difficulties that I scarce [d] know which Side has the better of it, till I am informed by the Tower Guns that the Place is surrendred. I do indeed make some Allowances for this part of the War, Fortifications having been Foreign Inventions, and upon that Account abounding in Foreign Terms. But when we have won Battels which [e] may be described in our own Language, why are our Papers filled with so many unintelligible Exploits, and the *French* obliged to lend us a part of their Tongue before we can know how they are Conquer'd? They must be made accessary to their own Disgrace, as the *Britains* were formerly so artificially wrought in the Curtain of the *Roman* Theatre, that they seem'd to draw it up, in order to give the Spectators an opportunity of seeing their own Defeat celebrated upon the Stage: For so Mr. *Dry den* has translated that Verse in *Virgil.*

Atque intertexti tollant aulæa Britanni.[1]

Which interwoven Britains *seem to raise,*
And show the Triumph that their Shame displays.

The Histories of all our former Wars are transmitted to us in our

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Vernacular Idiom, to use the Phrase of a great Modern Critick.[1] I do not find in any of our Chronicles, that *Edward* the Third ever reconnoitred the Enemy, tho' he often discover'd the Posture of the *French,* and as often vanquish'd them in Battel. The Black Prince passed many a River without the help of Pontoons, and filled a Ditch with Faggots as successfully as the Generals of our times do it with Fascines. Our Commanders lose half their Praise, and our People half their Joy, by means of those hard Words and dark Expressions in which our News Papers do so much abound. I have seen many a prudent Citizen, after having read every Article, enquire of his next Neighbour what News the Mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable Year when our Country was deliver'd from the greatest Fears and Apprehensions, and raised to the greatest height of Gladness it had ever felt since it was a Nation, I mean the Year of *Blenheim,* I had the Copy of a Letter sent me out of the Country, which was written from a young Gentleman in the Army to his Father, a Man of a good Estate and plain Sense: As the Letter was very modishly chequered with this Modern Military Eloquence, I shall present my Reader with a Copy of it.[2]

SIR,

'UPON the Junction of the *French* and *Bavarian* Armies they took Post behind a great Morass which they thought impracticable. Our General the next day sent a Party of Horse to reconnoitre them from a little Hauteur, at about a quarter of an Hour's[a] distance from the Army, who return'd again to the Camp unobserv'd through several Defiles, in one of which they met with a Party of *French* that had been Marauding, and made them all Prisoners at Discretion. The Day after a Drum arrived at our Camp, with a Message which he would communicate to none but the General; he was followed by a Trumpet, who they say behaved himself very saucily, with a Message from the Duke of *Bavaria.* The next Morning our Army being divided into two Corps, made a Movement towards the Enemy: You will hear in the Publick Prints how we treated them, with the other Circumstances of that glorious Day. I had the good Fortune to be in the Regiment that push'd the *Gens d'Arms.* Several *French* Battalions, who some say were a Corps de Reserve, made a

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show of Resistance; but it only proved a Gasconade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little Fossé, in order to attack them, they beat the Chamade, and sent us *Charte Blanche.* Their Commandant, with a great many other General Officers, and Troops without number, are made Prisoners of War, and will I believe give you a Visit in *England,* the Cartel not being yet settled. Not questioning but these

Particulars will be very welcome to you, I Congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful Son, &*c.*'

The Father of the young Gentleman upon the Perusal of the Letter found it contained great News, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the Curate of the Parish, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of Passion, and told him, that his Son had sent him a Letter that was neither Fish, Flesh,[a] nor good Red Herring. I wish, says he, the Captain may be *Compos Mentis,* he talks of a saucy Trumpet, and a Drum that carries Messages: Then who is this *Charte Blanche:* He must either banter us, or he is out of his Senses. The Father, who always look'd upon the Curate as a learned Man, began [b] to fret inwardly at his Son's Usage, and producing a Letter which he had written to him about three Posts afore, you see here, says he, when he writes for Mony he knows how to Speak intelligibly enough, there is no Man in *England can* express himself clearer, when he wants a new Furniture for his Horse. In short, the old Man was so puzzled upon the Point, that it might have fared ill with his Son, had he not seen all the Prints about three Days after filled with the same terms of Art, and that *Charles* only writ like other Men.

L

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Ars poetica,* 48, 50–51:

But if you would *unheard* of things express;
And cloath new Notions in a *Modern* dress;
Invent *new* Words, we can *indulge* a Muse,
Until the *Licence* rise to an *Abuse.* CREECH.

In the original folio the motto was 'Semivirumque bovem, Semibovemque virum' (The bull half-man and the man half-bull), altered from Ovid, *Ars amatoria,* 2. 24.

[a] Commerce, certain] Commerce, that certain *Fol.*

[2] See No. 45 (vol. i), on the importation of French fopperies; the present paper may be regarded also as a sequel to No. 135, on corruptions in the language.

[a] to] that can *Fol.*

[b] and to let] and let *Fol.*

[c] and which will] and will *Fol.*

[d] scarce] do not *Fol.*

[e] which] that *Fol.*

[1] Virgil, *Georgics,* 3. 25 ('Purpurea intexti'). Dryden's translation, lines 39–40. For the 'curtain' of the Roman theatre see Margarete Bieber, *The History of the Greek and Roman Theater* (Princeton, 1939), pp. 326–31.

[1] According to Nichols this was Richard Bentley. In his reply to Boyle, in the *Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris* (1699), Bentley gives a list of words which Boyle had objected to in Bentley's earlier book, including the word *idiom*: 'every one of which were in Print, before I us'd them; and most of them, before I was born' (p. lxxxv).

[2] Of the fifteen French words or phrases in this letter, two *(corps* and *maraud)* are quoted from this paper as the first examples in English in the *OED. Hauteur,* in the sense of a height, is also dated 1711 in *OED,* but the example is from the London *Gazette.* Other recent importations in the list (with the earliest date in OED) are *reconnoitre* (1707), *defiles* (1685),

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corps de reserve (1704), *gasconade* (1709), *fossé* (1708), *chamade* (1684), *charte blanche* (1707), and *cartel* (1692). *(Carte blanche* is used, however, by Dryden in *Don Sebastian* (1690), III. ii.) The remainder are older: *at discretion* (1630), *drum* (1577), *trumpet* (1390), and *gens d'arms* (c. 1550). On the word *corps* the *OED* notes:

> As short for *corps d'armée,* it is found in French before 1700, and appears to have come up in English during Marlborough's campaigns. Here it was probably at first pronounced like English *corps,* CORPSE; but before the end of the eighteenth century the French pronunciation generally prevailed, and with this the French spelling was retained, while for the senses with the English pronunciation the spelling *corpse* was established.

As noted above, *corps de reserve* is found in English a little earlier, in 1704. 'It is remarkable', wrote Hurd, 'that most of the French terms inserted in this letter, in order to expose the affectation of the writer, are now grown so familiar among us, that few men would think of expressing themselves, on the like occasion, in any other.' In No. 223 is advertised as 'Just Publish'd':

> The Spectator Inspected, or a Letter to the Spectator from an Officer of the Army in Flanders, touching the use of French Terms, in Relations from the Army: Occasioned by the Spectator of the 8th of September 1711. Written by the Author of the Spy upon the Spectator.

(A Spy upon the Spectator is a 24-page pamphlet published by John Morphew in 1711, dealing mainly with particulars in the first ten numbers. The title-page of *The Spectator Inspected* gives no hint that the writer is also the author of the *Spy upon the Spectator.)*

As for *The Spectator Inspected,* it consists of a letter dated (p. 23) 'Camp at Bouchain, Sept. 29, 1711' and purportedly written by the same young man who had written the letter in *Spectator* 165. Some French words like *a-la-mode,* he says, have become common expressions in English; fortifications are of a French invention, and hence military terms are likely to be largely French; and each science, profession, or trade has its own terms of art, 'less intelligible in common conversation than any made use of in the relations of our Battles and Sieges' (p. 15). The bulk of this 23-page pamphlet, however, is a diatribe against Mr. Spectator, 'this Man of *Brass,* shall I say, or *Steel*' (p. 23), '*that old tailing Fool*' (p. 5), who sets himself up as a British censor.

> What is more odious ... than for a fantastical, splenatick, discontented Wretch to assume to himself the Authority of a Censor, to expose every thing that disagrees with the humour which happens to be uppermost, while he is writing for his daily bread? What can be a greater Tyranny upon the Subject, than to have a constant Spy upon their actions, to publish, in a

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> false light, family conversations, harmless mirth, and other trivial incidents, which would never be thought faults, if they were not by his Talent improv'd into such …? (p. 7).

No identification of authorship of this pamphlet has ever been suggested and the title-page bears no bookseller's name, simply 'London: Printed in the Year 1711'.

[a] a quarter of an Hour's] a Mile *Fol.*

[a] Fish, Flesh,] Fish, nor Flesh, *Fol.*

[b] began] begun *Fol.*

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 166 Monday, September 10, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 166
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

Ovid.

ARISTOTLE tells us, that the World is a Copy or Transcript of those Ideas which are in the Mind of the first Being; and that those Ideas which are in the Mind of Man, are a Transcript of the World: To this we may add, that Words are the Transcript of those Ideas which are in the Mind of Man, and that Writing or Printing are the Transcript of Words.

As the supreme Being has expressed, and as it were printed his Ideas in the Creation, Men express their Ideas in Books, which by this great Invention of these latter Ages may last as long as the Sun and Moon, and perish only in the general Wreck of Nature. Thus *Cowley* in his Poem on the Resurrection, mentioning the Destruction of the Universe, has those admirable Lines.

Now all the wide-extended Sky,
And all th'harmonious Worlds on high,
And Virgil'*s sacred Work shall die*.[1]

There is no other Method of fixing those Thoughts which arise and disappear in the Mind of Man, and transmitting them to the last Periods of Time; no other Method of giving a Permanency to

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our Ideas, and preserving the Knowledge of any particular Person, when his Body is mixed with the common Mass of Matter, and his Soul retired into the World of Spirits. Books are the Legacies that a great Genius leaves to Mankind, which are delivered down from Generation to Generation, as Presents to the Posterity of those who are yet unborn.

All other Arts of perpetuating our Ideas continue but a short Time: Statues can last but a few Thousands of Years, Edifices fewer, and Colours still fewer than Edifices. *Michael Angelo, Fontana*,[2] and *Raphael,* will hereafter be what *Phidias, Vitruvius,* and *Apelles* are at present; the Names of great Statuaries, Architects, and Painters, whose Works are lost. The several Arts are expressed in mouldring Materials; Nature sinks under them, and is not able to support the Ideas which are imprest upon it.

The Circumstance which gives Authors an Advantage above all these great Masters, is this, that they can multiply their Originals; or rather can make Copies of their Works, to what Number they please, which shall be as valuable as the Originals themselves. This gives a great Author something like a Prospect of Eternity, but at the same Time deprives him of those other Advantages which Artists meet with. The Artist finds greater Returns in Profit, as the Author in Fame. What an inestimable Price would a *Virgil* or a *Homer,* a *Cicero* or an *Aristotle* bear, were their Works like a Statue, a Building, or a Picture, to be confined only in one Place, and made the Property of a single Person?

pg 155

If Writings are thus durable, and may pass from Age to Age throughout the whole Course of Time, how careful should an Author be of committing any thing to Print that may corrupt Posterity, and poyson the Minds of Men with Vice and Errour? Writers of great Talents, who employ their Parts in propagating Immorality, and seasoning vicious Sentiments with Wit and Humour, are to be look'd upon as the Pests of Society and the Enemies of Mankind: They leave Books behind them (as it is said of those who die in Distempers which breed an ill Will towards their own Species) to scatter Infection and destroy their Posterity. They act the Counterparts of a *Confucius* or a *Socrates;* and seem to have been sent into the World to deprave humane Nature, and sink it into the Condition of

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Brutality.

I have seen some Roman-Catholick Authors, who tell us that vicious Writers continue in Purgatory so long as the Influence of their Writings continues upon Posterity: For Purgatory, say they, is nothing else but a cleansing[a] us of our Sins, which cannot be said to be done away, so long as they continue to operate and corrupt Mankind. The vicious Author, say they, sins after Death, and so long as he continues to sin, so long must he expect to be punished. Though the Roman-Catholick Notion of Purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think that if the Soul after Death has any Knowledge of what passes in this World, that of an immoral Writer would receive much more Regret from the Sense of corrupting, than Satisfaction from the Thought of pleasing his surviving Admirers.

To take off from the Severity of this Speculation, I shall conclude this Paper with a Story of an Atheistical Author,[1] who at a time when he lay dangerously sick and had desired the Assistance of a neighbouring Curate, confessed to him with great Contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his Heart than the Sense of his having

seduced the Age by his Writings, and that their evil Influence was likely to continue even after his Death. The Curate upon further Examination finding the Penitent in the utmost Agonies of Despair, and being himself a Man of Learning, told him, that he hoped his Case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he found that he was so very sensible of his Fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The Penitent still urged the evil Tendency of his Book to subvert all Religion, and the little Ground of Hope there could be for one whose Writings would continue to do Mischief when his Body was laid in Ashes. The Curate finding no other Way to comfort him, told him, that he did well in being afflicted for the evil Design with which he published his Book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no Danger of its doing any Hurt. That his Cause was so very bad and his Arguments so weak, that he did not apprehend any ill Effects of it. In short, that he might rest satisfied his Book could do no more Mischief after his Death, than it had done whilst he was living. To which he added, for his further Satisfaction, that he did not believe any besides his particular Friends and Acquaintance had ever been at the Pains of reading it, or that any Body after

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his Death would ever enquire after it. The dying Man had still so much the Frailty of an Author in him, as to be cut to the Heart with these Consolations; and without answering the good Man, asked his Friends about him (with a Peevishness that is natural to a sick Person)[a] where they had picked up such a Blockhead? And whether they thought him a proper Person to attend one in his Condition? The Curate finding that the Author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere Penitent, but as a Penitent of Importance, after a short Admonition withdrew; not questioning but he should be again sent for if the Sickness grew desperate. The Author however recovered, and has since written two or three other Tracts with the same Spirit, and very luckily for his poor Soul, with the same Success.

C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* 15. 871–2: Which not the rage of Jove, nor fire, nor sword, nor eating age shall destroy.

[1] 'The Resurrection', 23–25 ('Then all …'). *Poems,* ed. Waller, p. 182.

[2] The reference here is probably to the painter of Bologna, Prospero Fontana (1512–97).

[a] a cleansing] the cleansing *Fol.*

[1] Nichols suggested that this 'might perhaps be Mr. Toland'. The article on Toland in the *Biographia Britannica* does not mention this paper. The point of view here is that of *Taller* 111 which considered under 'Infidels' not only deists and atheists but also free-thinkers. The latter are described thus:

> These are the Wretches, who, without any Show of Wit, Learning, or Reason, publish their crude Conceptions with an Ambition of appearing more wise than the rest of Mankind, upon no other Pretence, than that of dissenting from them. One gets by Heart a Catalogue of Title-Pages and Editions; and immediately to become conspicuous, declares that he is an Unbeliever. Another knows how to write a Receipt, or cut up a Dog, and forthwith argues against the Immortality of the Soul.

[a] Person)] Man) *Fol.*

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 167 Tuesday, September 11, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 167
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro;
Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
More; bonus sanè vicinus, amabilis hospes,
Comis in uxorem, posset qui ignoscere servis,
Et signo laso non insanire lagenæ:
Posset qui rupem & puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

Hor. [a]

THE unhappy Force of an Imagination unguided by the Check of Reason and Judgment, was the Subject of a former Speculation.[2] My Reader may remember that he has seen in one of my Papers a Complaint of an Unfortunate Gentleman, who was unable to contain himself, (when any ordinary matter was laid before him)

from adding a few Circumstances to enliven plain Narrative. That

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Correspondent was a Person of too warm a Complexion to be satisfy'd with things merely as they stood in Nature, and therefore formed Incidents which should have happened to have pleased him in the Story. The same ungoverned Fancy which pushed that Correspondent on, in spite of himself, to relate Publick and notorious Falsehoods, makes the Author of the following Letter do the same in Private. One is a Prating the other a Silent Liar.

There is little pursued in the Errors of either of these Worthies, but mere present Amusement: But the Folly of him, who lets his Fancy place him in distant Scenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him, who is ever forcing a Belief, and defending his Untruths with new Inventions. But I shall hasten to let this Liar in Soliloquy, who calls himself a CASTLE-BUILDER,[1] describe himself with the same Unreservedness as formerly appeared in my Correspondent abovementioned: If a Man were to be serious on this Subject, he might give very grave Admonitions to those who are following any thing in this Life, on which they think to place their Hearts, and tell them that they are really CASTLE-BUILDERS; Fame, Glory, Wealth, Honour, have in the Prospect pleasing Illusions, but they who come to possess any of them will find they are Ingredients towards Happiness, to be regarded only in the second Place, and that when they are valued in the first Degree, they are as disappointing as any of the Phantoms in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Sept. 6.* 1711.

'I AM a Fellow of a very odd Frame of Mind, as you will find by the Sequel, and think my self Fool enough to deserve a Place in your Paper. [a] I am unhappily far gone in Building, and am one of that Species of Men who are properly denominated Castle-Builders, who scorn to be beholden to the Earth for a Foundation, or dig in the Bowels of it for Materials; but erect their Structures in the most unstable of Elements, the Air; Fancy alone laying the Line, marking the Extent, and shaping the Model. It would be difficult to enumerate what August Palaces and Stately Porticoes have grown under my forming Imagination, or what verdant Meadows and shady Groves

have started into Being, by the powerful Feat of a warm Fancy.

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A Castle-Builder is even just what he pleases, and as such I have grasped imaginary Scepters, and delivered uncontroulable Edicts from a Throne to which conquer'd Nations yielded Obeysance. I have made I know not how many Inroads into *France,* and ravaged the very Heart of that Kingdom. I have dined in the *Louvre,* and drank Champaign at *Versailles;* and I would have you take Notice, I am not only able to vanquish a People already cowed, and accustomed to flight; but I could, *Almanzor*[1] like, drive the *British* General from the Field, were I less a Protestant, or had ever been affronted by the Confederates. There is no Art or Profession, whose most Celebrated Masters I have not eclipsed. Where-ever I have afforded my Salutary Presence, Fevers have ceased to burn, and Agues to shake the Human Fabrick. When an Eloquent Fit has been upon me, an apt Gesture and proper Cadence has animated each Sentence, and gazing Crowds have found their Passions worked up into Rage, or soothed into a Calm. I am short, and not very well made, yet upon sight of a fine Woman, I have stretch'd into proper Stature, and killed with a good Air and Mein. These are the gay Phantoms that Dance before my waking Eyes, and compose my Day-Dreams. I should be the most contented happy Man alive, were the Chimerical Happiness which springs from the Paintings of Fancy, less fleeting and transitory. But alas! it is with Grief of Mind I tell you, the least Breath of Wind has often demolished my magnificent Edifices, swept away my Groves, and left no more Trace of them, than if they had never been. My Exchequer has sunk and vanished by a Rap on my Door, the Salutation of a Friend has cost me a whole Continent, and in the same Moment I have been pulled by the Sleeve, my Crown has fallen from my Head. The ill Consequence of these Reveries is inconceivably great, seeing the Loss of imaginary Possessions makes Impressions of real Woe. Besides, bad Oeconomy is visible and apparent in Builders of Invisible Mansions. My Tenant's Advertisements of Ruins and Dilapidations often cast a Damp on my Spirits, even in the Instant when the Sun, in all his Splendor, gilds my Eastern Palaces. Add to this, the pensive Drudgery in Building, and constant grasping Aerial Trowels, distracts and shatters the Mind, and the fond Builder of *Babells* is often cursed with an incoherent Diversity and Confusion of Thoughts. I do not know to whom I can more properly apply my self for relief from

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this Fantastical Evil, than to your self; whom I earnestly implore to accommodate me with a Method how to settle my Head and cool my Brain-pan. A Dissertation on Castle-Building may not only be serviceable to my self, but all Architects who display their Skill in the thin Element. Such a Favour would oblige me to make my next Soliloquy not contain the Praises of my dear self, but of the Spectator, who shall, by complying with this, make me

His Obliged, Humble Servant,

Vitruvius.[1]

T[2]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Epistles* 2. 2. 128–40:

An *Argive* Gentleman as Stories say,
Did always fancy that he saw a Play,
The Actors dress, and well wrought Scenes appear,
And clap't and smil'd in th' empty Theater.
In all Things else he shew'd a sober Mind,
A loving Neighbor and an honest Friend;
Kind to his Wife, and generous to his Slave,
Nor when he saw the Barrel broach't would rave.
Would shun an open Well, and dangerous Pitts,
And seem a perfect Man, and in his Witts,
Him when his tender Friends with Cost and Pains
Had cur'd, and Physic gently purg'd his Brains,
He cry'd, *Ah me! my Friends I am undone,*
You've ruin'd me, now all my pleasure's gone;
You have destroy'd, whilst you design'd to save,
I've lost the pleasant'st Cheat that man could have. CREECH.

[a] Hor. *om. in Folio*

[2] No. 136.

[1] The first example of this word in *OED.*

[a] Paper.] Papers. *Fol.*

[1] The character in Dryden's *Conquest of Granada,* parodied in *The Rehearsal.*

[1] Vitruvius Pollio (d. 26 B.C.) wrote a celebrated treatise on architecture. He seems to have been unsuccessful in practice and endeavoured to establish his reputation upon the theory of his treatise. His description of the Palaestra is included in some of the editions of Hieronymus Mercurialis' treatise of exercises referred to in No. 115. He is mentioned in No. 166.

[2] A defence of castle-building is contained in a letter signed Volatile (Lillie, ii. 56–58):

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You are a stranger I find to the pleasure of a mind abstracted from matter, and elevated by its own force into the aerial mansions; and know not that such little flights prepare it for the great one of eternity; and therefore applaud yourself in ridiculing what you ought to admire. Alass! what are all your grovling speculations in comparison of this noble enjoyment, this sublime extasy? how could you saunter away your time with Will. Wimble, and a crew of insipid squires? Let me prescribe to you, and I will shew you untrodden paths to happiness.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 168 Wednesday, September 12, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 168
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1711

[STEELE]

... *Pectus Præceptis format amicis.*

Hor.

IT would be Arrogance to neglect the Application of my Correspondents, so far as not sometimes to insert their Animadversions upon my Paper; that of this Day shall be therefore wholly composed of the Hints which they have sent me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I SEND you this to congratulate your late Choice of a Subject, for treating on which you deserve publick Thanks; I mean that on those licensed Tyrants the School-masters.[4] If you can disarm them of their Rods, you will certainly have your old Age reverenced

by all the young Gentlemen of *Great Britain* who are now between seven and seventeen Years. You may boast that the incomparably wise *Quintilian* and you are of one Mind in this Particular. *Si cui est* (says he) *mens tam illiberalis ut objurgatione non corrigatur, is etiam ad plagas, ut pessima quœque mancipia, durabitur. If any Child be of so disingenuous a Nature, as not to stand corrected by Reproof; he, like the very worst of Slaves, will be hardned even against Blows themselves;* and afterwards, *Pudet dicere in quæ probra nefandi homines isto cædendi jure abutantur,* i.e. *I blush to say how shamefully those wicked Men abuse the Power of Correction*.[1]

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'I was bred my self, Sir, in a very great School,[2] of which the Master was a *Welchman,* but certainly descended from a *Spanish* Family, as plainly appear'd from his Temper as well as his Name. I leave you to judge what a sort of School-master a *Welchman* ingrafted on a *Spaniard* would make. So very dreadful had he made himself to me, that altho' it is above twenty Years since I felt his heavy Hand, yet still once a Month at least I dream of him, so strong an Impression did he make on my Mind. 'Tis a Sign he has fully terrified me waking, who still continues to haunt me sleeping.

'And yet I may say, without Vanity, that the Business of the School was what I did without great Difficulty; and I was not remarkably unlucky; and yet such was the Master's Severity, that once a Month, or oftner, I suffered as much as would have satisfied the Law of the Land for a *Petty Larceny.*

'Many a white and tender Hand, which the fond Mother has passionately kist a thousand and a thousand Times, have I seen whipped till it was covered with Blood; perhaps for smiling, or for going a Yard and half out of a Gate, or for writing an O for an A, or an A for an O: These were our great Faults! Many a brave and noble Spirit has been there broken; others have run from thence and were never heard of afterwards.

'It is a worthy Attempt to undertake the Cause of distrest Youth; and it is a noble Piece of *Knight-Errantry* to enter the Lists against so many armed Pædagogues. 'Tis pity but we had a Set of Men, polite in their Behaviour and Method of teaching, who should be put into a Condition of being above flattering or fearing the Parents of those they instruct. We might then possibly see Learning become

a Pleasure, and Children delighting themselves in that, which now they abhor for coming upon such hard Terms to them: What would be still a greater Happiness arising from the Care of such Instructors, would be, that we should have no more Pedants, nor any bred to Learning who had not Genius for it. I am, with the utmost Sincerity,

SIR,
Your most affectionate

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humble Servant.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Richmond,[1] *Sept.* 5th, 1711.

'I AM a Boy of fourteen Years of Age, and have for this last Year been under the Tuition of a Doctor of Divinity, who has taken the School of this Place under his Care. From the Gentleman's great Tenderness to me and Friendship to my Father, I am very happy in learning my Book with Pleasure. We never leave off our Diversions any further than to salute him at Hours of Play when he pleases to look on. It is impossible for any of us to love our own Parents better than we do him. He never gives any of us an harsh Word, and we think it the greatest Punishment in the World when he will not speak to any of us. My Brother and I are both together inditing this Letter: He is a Year older than I am, but is now ready to break his Heart that the Doctor has not taken any Notice of him these three Days. If you please to print this he will see it, and, we hope, taking it for my Brother's earnest Desire to be restored to his Favour, he will again smile upon him.

Your most obedient Servant,
T. S.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have represented several Sorts *of Impertinents* singly, I wish you would now proceed, and describe some of them in Sets. It often happens in publick Assemblies, that a Party who come thither together, or whose Impertinencies are of an equal Pitch, act in Concert, and are so full of themselves as to give Disturbance to all that are about them. Sometimes you have a Set of Whisperers, who

lay their Heads together in order to sacrifice every Body within their Observation; sometimes a Set of Laughers, that keep up an insipid Mirth in their own Corner, and by their Noise and Gestures shew they have no Respect for the rest of the Company. You frequently meet with these Sets at the Opera, the Play, the Water-works,[1] and other publick Meetings, where their whole Business is

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to draw off the Attention of the Spectators from the Entertainment, and to fix it upon themselves; and it is to be observ'd that the Impertinence is ever loudest, when the Set happens to be made up of three or four Females who have got what you call a Woman's Man[2] among them.

'I am at a Loss to know from whom People of Fortune should learn this Behaviour, unless it be from the Footmen who keep their Places at a new Play,[3] and are often seen passing away their Time in Sets at *All-fours*[4] in the Face of a full House, and with a perfect Disregard to People of Quality sitting on each Side of them.

'For preserving therefore the Decency of publick Assemblies, methinks it would be but reasonable that those who disturb others should pay at least a double Price for their Places; or rather Women

of Birth and Distinction should be inform'd, that a Levity of Behaviour in the Eyes of People of Understanding degrades them below their meanest Attendants; and Gentlemen should know that a fine Coat is a Livery, when the Person who wears it discovers no higher Sense than that of a Footman.

I am,
SIR,
Your most humble Servant.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Bedfordshire, Sept. 1st, 1711.

'I AM one of those whom every Body calls a Pocher,[1] and sometimes go out to course with a Brace of Greyhounds, a Mastiff, and a Spaniel or two; and when I am weary with Coursing, and have killed Hares enough, go to an Ale-house to refresh my self. I beg the Favour of you (as you set up for a Reformer) to send us Word how many Dogs you will allow us to go with, how many Full-Pots of Ale to drink, and how many Hares to kill in a Day, and you will do a great Piece of Service to all the Sports-men: Be quick then, for the Time of Coursing is come on.

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20 *Yours in Haste,*
Isaac Hedgeditch.'
T

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Horace, *Epistles,* 2. 1. 128: He shapes the mind by friendly precepts.

[4] No. 157.

[1] *De institutione oratoria, 1*. 3. 14, 17.

[2] Nichols identifies this as Eton, the master of which was Dr. Charles Roderick, afterwards provost of King's College, Cambridge.

[1] The school at Richmond was under the charge of Dr. Nicholas Brady, who with Tate versified the Psalms. He was rector of Richmond, Surrey, from 1696 until his death in 1726. 'The Doctor was a very amiable, ingenious man, but no great oeconomist; for which reason his circumstances obliged him to submit to the care of a school' (Nichols).

[1] 'The Famous Water Theater of the late Ingenious Mr. Winstanly', referred to in *Tatler* 74 and frequently advertised in the *Spectator,* stood 'at the lower End of Pickadilly, and it is known by the Windmill on the top of it'. In 1711 it had opened on 2 Apr. (advertisement in No. 28). Uffenbach describes a visit on 19 June 1710:

> In the afternoon we visited Henry Winstanley's Water Theatre. It is immediately behind St. James Park and is an ordinary theatre, in which all kinds of water effects are represented. They all depend on the vat that stands in the middle, but the inner mechanism could not be seen. All kinds of tubes may be set on the vat, just as one pleases, and pulled towards the end of the theatre, while some fellow blows into them from above. In the vat they have put a tea- and coffee-pot, from the top of which water is tapped, as though it were springing up out of it. Above on the ceiling there were pulleys, to which a coffee-tray was fastened with ropes, so that it could be drawn hither and thither in the theatre and offered to the people of highest rank. Finally all the jets played on the stage, and that, with the glass candle-sticks in which candles were burning, looked very well.

An advertisement in the *Evening Post* of 12 June 1711 lists among the new curiosities added this year '3 new Stages, Sea Gods and Goddesses, Nymphs, Mermaids, and Satirs, all of them playing of Water as suitable, and some Fire mingling with the Water, and Sea Triumphs round the Barrel that plays so many Liquors; all which is taken away after it hath perform'd its part, and the Barrel is broke in Pieces before the Spectators.' The final performance in

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1711 was on Saturday, 1 Sept., according to the *Daily Courant* of that date. It continued to be advertised in 1712, with new attractions. For Henry Winstanley (d. 1703) see *DNB.*

[2] Nos. 130, 156.

[3] Seats were not reserved and footmen were often sent to retain places. Cf. Dryden, *Prologue to Arviragus Reviv'd* (1684), line 12: 'Send lackeys early, to preserve your place.'

[4] A game of cards, played by two persons; so called from the four points (high, low, Jack, and the game). It was also applied to a game at dominoes, in which only four or its multiples counted.

[1] Cf. Luttrell, 15 Mar. 1707: 'Yesterday the lords past the bill for the preservation of the game, in which is a clause, that if any poulterer, after the 1st of May next, sells hare, pheasant, partridge &c. shall forfeit 5 *l* for every offence, unless he has a certificate from the lord of the mannor that they were not taken by poachers.'

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 169 Thursday, September 13, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 169
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

Sic vita erat: facile omnes perferre ac pati:
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his sese dedere,
Forum obsequi studiis: advorsus nemini;
Nunquam præponens se aliis. Ita facillime
Sine invidia invenias laudem. ...

Ter. And.

MAN is subject to innumerable Pains and Sorrows by the very Condition of Humanity, and yet, as if Nature had not sown

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Evils enough in Life, we are continually adding Grief to Grief, and aggravating the common Calamity by our cruel Treatment of one another. Every Man's natural weight of Affliction is still made more heavy by the Envy, Malice, Treachery or Injustice of his Neighbour. At the same time that the Storm beats upon the whole Species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the Misery of Human Life might be extinguished, would Men alleviate the general Curse they lye under, by mutual Offices of Compassion, Benevolence and Humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in our selves and others, than that Disposition of Mind which in our Language goes under the Title of Good-nature, and which I shall chuse for the Subject of this Day's Speculation.

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Good-nature is more agreeable in Conversation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance which [a] is more amiable than Beauty. It shows Virtue in the fairest Light, takes off in some measure from the Deformity of Vice, and makes even Folly and Impertinence supportable.

There is no Society or Conversation to be kept up in the World without Good-nature, or something which must bear its Appearance, and supply its Place. For this Reason Mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial Humanity, which is what we express by the Word *Good-Breeding.* For if we examine thoroughly the Idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an Imitation and Mimickry of Good-nature, or in other Terms, Affability, Complaisance and Easiness of Temper reduced into an Art.

These exterior Shows and Appearances of Humanity render a Man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like Hypocrisie in Religion, or a bare Form of Holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a Man more detestable than professed Impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us; Health, Prosperity and kind Treatment from the World are great Cherishers of it where they

find it, but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of it self. It is one of the Blessings of a happy Constitution, which Education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon[1] in the Life of his Imaginary Prince, whom he describes as a Pattern for Real ones, is always celebrating the *(Philanthropy)*[2] or Good-nature of his Hero, which he tells us he brought into the World with him, and gives many remarkable Instances of it in his Childhood, as well as in all the several parts of his Life. Nay, on his Death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his Soul returned to him who [a] made it, his Body should incorporate with the great Mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to Mankind. For which reason he gives his Sons a positive Order not to enshrine it in Gold or Silver, but to lay it in the Earth as soon as the Life was gone out of it.

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An Instance of such an overflowing of Humanity, such an exuberant Love to Mankind, could not have entred into the Imagination of a Writer, who had not a Soul filled with great Ideas, and a general Benevolence to Mankind.

In that celebrated Passage of *Salust*,[3] where *Casar* and *Cato* are placed in such beautiful, but opposite Lights; *Cæsar's* Character is chiefly made up of Good-nature, as it show'd it self in all its forms towards his Friends or his Enemies, his Servants or Dependants, the Guilty or the Distressed. As for *Cato's* Character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the Nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man. A Being who has nothing to Pardon in himself, may reward every Man according to his Works; but he whose very best Actions must be seen with grains of Allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous Characters in Human Nature, there is none so Odious, nor indeed so exquisitely Ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe Temper in a Worthless Man.

This part of Good-nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and over-looking of Faults, is to be exercised only in doing our selves Justice, and that too in the ordinary Commerce and Occur-

rences of Life, for in the Publick Administrations of Justice, Mercy to one may be Cruelty to others.[1]

It is grown almost into a Maxim, that Good-natured Men are not always Men of the most Wit. This Observation, in my Opinion, has no Foundation in Nature. The greatest Wits I have conversed with are Men eminent for their Humanity. I take therefore this Remark to have been occasioned by two Reasons. First, Because Ill-nature among ordinary Observers passes for Wit. A spightful Saying gratifies so many little Passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good Reception. The Laugh rises upon it, and the Man who utters it is look'd upon as a shrewd Satyrist. This may be one Reason why a great many pleasant Companions appear so surprisingly dull, when they have endeavour'd to be Merry in Print, the Publick being more just than private Clubs or Assemblies, in distinguishing between what is Wit and what is Ill-nature.

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Another Reason why the Good-natured Man may sometimes bring his Wit in Question is, perhaps, because [a] he is apt to be moved with Compassion for those Misfortunes or Infirmities, which another would turn into Ridicule, and by that means gain the Reputation of a Wit. The Ill-natured Man, though but of equal [b] Parts, gives himself a larger Field to expatiate in, he exposes those Failings in Human Nature which the other [c] would cast a Veil over, laughs at Vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to Reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon Friends or Enemies, exposes the Person who [d] has obliged him, and in short sticks at nothing that may establish his Character of a Wit. It is no wonder therefore he succeeds in it better than the Man of Humanity, as a Person who[e] makes use of indirect Methods is more likely to grow Rich than the Fair Trader. L

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Terence, *Andria,* 62–66: Such was his conversation, that he was never uneasy upon any occasion, nor would he ever spoil company, but closed with all humours, never thwarting others, nor assuming too much to himself. And I think this was the way to get reputation, and friends without envy.

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[1] See *Cyropaedia,* 8. 2; and also 8. 7. 25, where Cyrus says 'I have always been a friend to man'.

[2] The word was not new in English; examples are given in OED from the early seventeenth century.

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[3] *Bellum Catilinae* 54. Steele had used this passage in chap. i of *The Christian Hero.* It is quoted in Bayle's article 'Caesar', Remark L.

[1] Cf. Pharamond's observation in No. 97 (vol. i): 'Mercy to Particulars was Cruelty in the General.'

[a] is, perhaps, because] is, that *Fol.*

[b] though but of equal] though of equal *Fol.*

[c] the other] another *Fol.*

[d] who] that *Fol.*

[e] a Person who] the Person that *Fol.*

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 170, Friday, September 14, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 170
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

In amore hac omnia insunt vitia: injuria,
Suspiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rursum ...

Ter. Eun.

UPON looking over the Letters of my female Correspondents, I find several from Women complaining of jealous Husbands, and at the same time protesting their own Innocence; and desiring my Advice on this Occasion. I shall therefore take this Subject into my Consideration, and the more willingly, because I find that the Marquis of *Halifax,* who in his *Advice to a Daughter* has instructed a Wife how to behave herself towards a false, an intemperate, a cholerick, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly Husband, has not spoken one Word of a jealous Husband.[2]

Jealousy is that Pain which a Man feels from the Apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the Person whom he entirely loves. Now, because our inward Passions and Inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous Man to be throughly cured of his Suspicions. His Thoughts hang at best in a State of Doubtfulness and Uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any Satisfaction on the advantageous Side; so that his Enquiries are most successful when they discover nothing: His Pleasure arises from his Disappointments, and his Life is spent in Pursuit of a Secret that destroys his

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Happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent Love is always a strong Ingredient in this Passion; for the same Affection which [a] stirs up the jealous Man's Desires, and gives the Party beloved so beautiful [b] a Figure in his Imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same Passion in others, and appears as amiable to all Beholders. And as Jealousy thus arises from

an extraordinary Love, it is of so delicate a Nature that it scorns to take up with any thing less than an equal Return of Love. Not the warmest Expressions of Affection, the softest and most tender Hypocrisy, are able to give any Satisfaction, where we are not perswaded that the Affection is real and the Satisfaction mutual. For the jealous Man wishes himself a kind of Deity to the Person he loves: He would be the only Pleasure of her Senses, the Employment of her Thoughts; and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes Delight in, besides himself.

Phædria's Request to his Mistress upon his leaving her for three Days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sies:
Dies, noctesque me ames: me desideres:
Me somnies: me exspectes: de me cogites:
Me speres: me te oblectes: mecum tota sis:
Meus fac sis postremo animus, quando ego sum tuus.

Ter. Eun.[1]

The jealous Man's Disease is of so malignant a Nature, that it converts all he takes into its own Nourishment. A cool Behaviour sets him on the Rack, and is interpreted as an Instance of Aversion or Indifference; a fond one raises his Suspicions, and looks too much like Dissimulation and Artifice. If the Person he loves be cheerful, her Thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no Word or Gesture so insignificant but it gives him new Hints, feeds his Suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh Matters of Discovery: So that if we consider the Effects of this Passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate Hatred than an excessive Love; for cer-

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tainly none can meet with more Disquietude and Uneasiness than a suspected Wife, if we except the jealous Husband.

But the great Unhappiness of this Passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the Affection which it is so solicitous to engross; and that for these two Reasons, because it lays too great a Con-

straint on the Words and Actions of the suspected Person, and at the same time shews you have no honourable Opinion of her; both of which are strong Motives to Aversion.

Nor is this the worst Effect of Jealousy; for it often draws after it a more fatal Train of Consequences, and makes the Person you suspect guilty of the very Crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate Friend that will hear their Complaints, condole their Sufferings, and endeavour to sooth and asswage their secret Resentments. Besides, Jealousy puts a Woman often in Mind of an ill thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her Imagination with such an unlucky Idea, as in Time grows familiar, excites Desire, and loses all the Shame and Horrour which[a] might at first attend it. Nor is it a Wonder, if she who suffers wrongfully in a Man's Opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his Esteem, resolves to give him Reason for his Suspicions, and to enjoy the Pleasure of the Crime since she must undergo the Ignominy. Such probably were the Considerations that directed the wise Man in his Advice to Husbands; *Be not jealous over the Wife of thy Bosom, and teach her not an evil Lesson against thy self* Ecclus.[1]

And here, among the other Torments which this Passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater Mourners than jealous Men, when the Person who [b] provoked their Jealousy is taken from them. Then it is that their Love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the Mixtures of Suspicion which [c] choaked and smothered it before: The beautiful Parts of the Character rise uppermost in the jealous Husband's Memory, and upbraid him with the ill Usage of so divine a Creature as was once in his Possession; whilst all the little Imperfections that were before [d] so uneasy to him, wear off from his Remembrance, and shew themselves no more.

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We may see by what has been said, that Jealousy takes the deepest Root in Men of amorous Dispositions; and of these we may find three Kinds who are most over-run with it.

The First are those who are conscious to themselves of any Infirmity, whether it be Weakness, old Age, Deformity, Ignorance, or the like. These Men are so well acquainted with the unamiable

Part of themselves, that they have not the Confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own Merits, that all Fondness towards them puts them out of Countenance, and looks like a Jest upon their Persons. They grow suspicious on their first looking in a Glass, and are stung with Jealousy at the Sight of a Wrinkle. A handsome Fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their Thoughts upon their Wives.

A second Sort of Men, who are most liable to this Passion, are those of cunning, wary and distrustful Tempers. It is a Fault very justly found in Histories composed by Politicians, that they leave nothing to Chance or Humour, but are still for deriving every Action from some Plot and Contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual Scheme of Causes and Events, and preserving a constant Correspondence between the Camp and the Council-Table. And thus it happens in the Affairs of Love with Men of too refined a Thought. They put a Construction on a Look, and find out a Design in a Smile; they give new Senses and Significations to Words and Actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with Fancies of their own raising: They generally act in a Disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward Shows and Appearances for Hipocrisy in others; so that I believe no Men see less of the Truth and Reality of things, than these great Refiners upon Incidents, who are [a] so wonderfully subtile and over-wise in their Conceptions.

Now what these Men fancy they know of Women by Reflection, your lewd and vicious Men believe they have learn'd by Experience. They have seen the poor Husband so misled by Tricks and Artifices, and in the Midst of his Enquiries so lost and bewildered in a crooked Intreague, that they still suspect [b] an Under-plot in every female Action; and especially where they see any Resemblance in

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the Behaviour of two Persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same Design in both. These Men therefore bear hard upon the suspected Party, pursue her close through all her Turns and Windings, and are too well acquainted with the Chace to be flung off by any false Steps or Doubles: Besides, their Acquaintance and Conversation has lain wholly among the vicious Part of Womankind, and therefore it is no Wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole Sex as a Species of Impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private Experience, they can get over these Prejudices, and

entertain a favourable Opinion of some *Women;* yet their own loose Desires will stir up new Suspicions from another Side, and make them believe all *Men* subject to the same Inclinations with themselves.

Whether these or other Motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern Histories of *America,* as well as from our own Experience in this Part of the World, that Jealousy is no Northern Passion, but rages most in those Nations that lie nearest the Influence of the Sun.[1] It is a Misfortune for a Woman to be born between[a] the Tropicks, for there lie the hottest Regions of Jealousy, which as you come Northward cools all along with the Climate, till you scarce meet with any thing like it in the Polar Circle. Our own Nation is very temperately situated in this Respect, and if we meet with some few disordered with the Violence of this Passion, they are not the proper Growth of our Country, but are many Degrees nearer the Sun in their Constitutions than in their Climate.

After this frightful Account of Jealousy, and the Persons who [b] are most subject to it, it will be but fair to shew by what Means the Passion may be best allay'd, and those who are possessed with it set at Ease. Other Faults indeed are not under the Wife's Jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her Observation; but Jealousy calls upon her particularly for its Cure, and deserves all her Art and Application in the Attempt: Besides, she has this for her Encouragement, that her Endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the Affection of her Husband rising towards her in proportion as his Doubts and Suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a Mixture of Love in Jealousy as is well worth

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the separating. But this shall be the Subject of another Paper.

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NOTES

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[1] *Motto.* Terence, *Eunuchus,* 59–61: In love are all these evils: injuries, jealousies, quarrels, reconcilements, war, and peace again.

This motto was used again in No. 401 (vol. iii).

Except for the opening paragraph, this paper is transcribed, with some changes and additions, from the manuscript notebook first printed by J. Dykes Campbell (Glasgow, 1864) and now in the library of Harvard University. The present number occupies about half the manuscript essay, 'Of Jealousie', the remainder being used in No. 171.

[2] Halifax's *Advice to a Daughter.* See No. 37 (vol. i).

[b] beautiful] charming *Fol.*

[1] Terence, *Eunuchus,* 192–6. Phaedria, who is going into the country for two (not three) days, comes to say good-bye to his mistress Thais. When she asks whether there is any thing more he wishes her to do, he replies in the lines quoted here. 'When you are with your soldier, don't be with him at heart. Love me day and night, wish for me, dream of me, think of my return, meditate on me and hope for me, find your pleasure in me; and finally may your whole soul be mine, as mine is yours.' The quotation from Terence and the sentence introducing it, both in Addison's hand, have been added in the manuscript.

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[1] Ecclesiasticus 9. 1.

[b] who] that *Fol.*

[c] which] that *Fol.*

[d] before] formerly *Fol.*

[a] Incidents, who are] Incidents that will be *Fol.*

[b] suspect] expect *Fol.*

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[1] Cf. Miege (p. 222): ''Tis well that *Jealousy,* which occasions so many Outrages and Murders in hot Climates, is not a predominant Passion among the *English.* Who look upon a Jealous Man, without a Cause, as hypocondriack; and upon him who has Ground for it, as a Man who has made an unhappy Choice of an incurable Evil.' A letter signed Philo (Lillie, i. 314–15) comments on this paper and suggests that there is still room for further essays on other aspects of the subject. 'Jealousy may happen in friendship, in humanity, or in state, as well as in love.... I believe it would be the greatest service the Spectator could do to mankind, to shew when to think no evil; and no doubt, that good will to which you lay claim, will shew itself in exposing those ridiculous suspicions, which certainly disturb that man's quiet who entertains them, and are often fatal to common peace and happiness.'

[a] between] betwixt *Fol.*

[b] who] that *Fol.*

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Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 171
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Credula res amor est...

Ovid. Met.

HAVING in my Yesterday's Paper discovered the nature of Jealousie, and pointed out the Persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply my self to my Fair Correspondents, who desire to five well with a jealous Husband, and to ease his Mind of its unjust Suspicions.

The first Rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the Jealous Man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excell. A Jealous Man is very quick in his Applications, he knows how to find a double Edge in an Invective, and to draw a Satyr on himself out of a Panegyrick on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the Person, but to direct the Character; and is secretly pleased or confounded as he finds more or less of himself in it. The Commendation of any thing in another, stirs up his Jealousie, as it shows you have a Value for others, besides himself; but the Commendation of that which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shows that in some Respects you prefer others before him. Jealousie is admirably described in this view by *Horace* in his Ode[2] to *Lydia;*[a]

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi

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Cervicem roseam, & cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet; humor & in genas
Furtim labitur arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer Ignibus.[2]

When Telephus *his youthful Charms,*
His roste Neck and winding Arms,
With endless Rapture you recite,
And in the pleasing Name Might,
My Heart, inflam'd by Jealous Heats,
With numberless Resentments beats;
From my pale Cheek the Colour flies,
And all the Man within me Dies:
By turns my hidden Grief appears
In rising Sighs and falling Tears,
That show too well the warm Desires,
The silent, slow, consuming Fires,
Which [a] *on my inmost Vitals prey,*
And melt my very Soul away.

The Jealous Man is not indeed angry, if you dislike another; but if you find those Faults which [b] are to be found in his own Character, you discover not only your dislike of another but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of engrossing all your Love, that he is grieved at the want of any Charm, which, he believes, has power to raise it; and if he finds, by your Censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your Opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could Love him better, if he had other Qualifications, and that by Consequence your Affection does not arise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his Temper be Grave or Sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a Jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his Beauty be none of the best, you must be a profest Admirer of Prudence, or any other Quality he is Master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your

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Conversation with him, and to let in Light upon your Actions, to unravel all your Designs, and discover every Secret however trifling or indifferent. A jealous Husband has a particular Aversion to Winks and Whispers, and if he does not see to the Bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his Fears and Suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief Confident, and where he finds him-

self kept out of a Secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you preserve the Character of your Sincerity uniform and of a piece: for if he once finds a false gloss put upon any single Action, he quickly suspects all the rest; his working Imagination immediately takes a false hint, and runs off with it into several remote Consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own Misery.

If both these Methods fail, the best way will be to let him see, you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill Opinion he entertains of you, and the Disquietudes he himself suffers for your sake. There are many, who [a] take a kind of barbarous Pleasure in the Jealousie of those who [b] Love them, that insult over an aking Heart, and triumph in their Charms which are able to excite so much Uneasiness.

Ardeat ipsa licet tormentis gaudet Amantis. Juv.[1]

But these often carry the Humour so far, till their affected Coldness and Indifference quite kills all the Fondness of a Lover, and are then sure to meet in their turn with all the Contempt and Scorn that is due to so insolent a Behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable, a melancholy, dejected Carriage, the usual effects of injured Innocence, may soften the Jealous Husband into Pity, make him sensible of the Wrong he does you, and work out of his Mind all those Fears and Suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good Effect, that he will keep his Jealousie to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a Weakness, and will therefore hide it from your Knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill Effect it may produce, in cooling your Love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is still another Secret that can never fail, if you can once

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get it believ'd, and which is often practis'd by Women of greater Cunning than Virtue: This is to change Sides for a while with the Jealous Man, and to turn his own Passion upon himself; to take some Occasion of growing Jealous of him, and to follow the Example

he himself hath set you. This Counterfeited Jealousie will bring him a great deal of Pleasure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much Love goes along with this Passion, and will besides feel [a] something like the Satisfaction of a Revenge, in seeing you undergo all his own Tortures. But this, indeed, is an Artifice so difficult, and at the same time so dis-ingenuous, that it ought never to be put in Practice, but by such as have Skill enough to cover the Deceit, and Innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this Essay with the Story *of Herod*[1] and *Mariamne,* as I have collected it out of *Josephus,*[2] which may serve almost as an Example to whatever can be said on this Subject.

Mariamne had all the Charms that Beauty, Birth, Wit and Youth could give a Woman, and *Herod* all the Love that such Charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous Disposition. In the midst of this his Fondness for *Mariamne,* he put her Brother to Death, as he did her Father not many Years after. The Barbarity of the Action was represented to *Mark Antony,* who immediately summoned *Herod* into *Egypt,* to answer for the Crime that was there laid to his Charge. *Herod* attributed the Summons to *Antony's* Desire of *Mariamne,* whom therefore before his Departure he gave into the Custody of his Uncle *Joseph,* with private Orders to put her to Death, if any such Violence was offer'd to himself. This *Joseph* was much delighted with *Mariamne's* Conversation, and endeavour'd with all his Art and Rhetorick to set out the Excess of *Herod's* Passion for her; but when he still found her Cold and Incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain Instance of her Lord's Affection, the private Orders he had left behind him, which plainly show'd, according to *Joseph's* Interpretation, that he could neither Live nor Die without her. This Barbarous Instance of a wild unreasonable Passion quite put out, for a time, those little remains of Affection she still had for her Lord: Her Thoughts [b] were so wholly taken up with the Cruelty of his Orders, that she could not consider the Kindness that pro-

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duced them, and therefore represented him in her Imagination, rather under the frightful Idea of a Murderer than a Lover. *Herod*

was at length acquitted and dismissed by *Mark Antony,* when his Soul was all in Flames for his *Mariamne;* but before their Meeting he was not a little alarm'd at the Report he had heard of his Uncle's Conversation and Familiarity with her in his Absence. This therefore was the first Discourse he entertain'd her with, in which she found it no easie matter to quiet his Suspicions. But at last he appear'd so well satisfied of her Innocence, that from Reproaches and Wranglings he fell to Tears and Embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their Reconciliation, and *Herod* poured out his whole Soul to her in the warmest Protestations of Love and Constancy; when amidst all his Sighs and Languishings she ask'd him, whether the private Orders he left with his Uncle *Joseph* were an [a] Instance of such an inflamed Affection. The Jealous King was immediately roused at so unexpected a Question, and concluded lus Uncle must have been too Familiar with her, before he would have discover'd such a Secret. In short, he put his Uncle to Death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare *Mariamne.*

After this he was forced on a second Journey into *Egypt,* when he committed his Lady to the Care of *Sohemus,* with the same private Orders he had before given his Uncle if any Mischief befel himself. In the mean while *Mariamne* so won upon *Sohemus* by her Presents and obliging Conversation, that she drew all the Secret from him, with which *Herod* had entrusted him; so that after his return, when he flew to her with all the Transports of Joy and Love, she received him coldly with Sighs and Tears, and all the Marks of Indifference and Aversion. This Reception so stirred up his Indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own Hands, had not he fear'd he himself should have become the greater Sufferer by it. It was not long after this when he had another violent return of Love upon him, *Mariamne* was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible Conjugal Caresses and Endearments; but she declin'd his Embraces, and answer'd all his Fondness with bitter Invectives for the Death of her Father and her Brother. This Behaviour so incensed *Herod,* that he very hardly refrain'd from striking her; when in the heat of their Quarrel there came in a Witness, suborn'd by some of *Mariamne's* Enemies, who accused

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her to the King of a Design to poison him. *Herod* was now prepared to hear any thing in her Prejudice, and immediately ordered her Servant to be stretch'd upon the Rack; who in the extremity of his

Tortures confest, that his Mistress's Aversion to the King arose from something *Sohemus* [a] had told her; but as for any Design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least Knowledge of it. This Confession quickly proved fatal to *Sohemus,* who now lay under the same Suspicions and Sentence that *Joseph* had before him on the like Occasion. Nor would Herod rest here; but accused her with great Vehemence of a Design upon his Life, and by his Authority with the Judges, had her publickly Condemned and Executed. *Herod* soon after her Death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the Publick Administration of Affairs into a solitary Forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black Considerations which [b] naturally arise from a Passion made up of Love, Remorse, Pity and Despair. He used to rave for his *Mariamne,* and to call upon her in his distracted Fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his Thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an Object by Publick Storms, which at that time very nearly threatned him.[1]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* 7. 826: Love is a credulous thing. This paper consists of the second half of the manuscript essay 'Of Jealousie', introduced, as in No. 170, with a new opening paragraph.

[2] Horace, *Odes, 1.* 13. 1–8. The translation is Addison's own, although it is written in another hand in the manuscript. He had first printed it in the *Remarks on Italy* (1705), prefaced (p. 308) by the following sentence: 'I can't forbear observing here, that the Turn of the Neck and Arms is often commended in the *Latin* Poets among the Beauties of a Man, as in *Horace* we find both put together, in that charming Description of Jealousie.' In the second edition of the *Remarks* (1718) the change of *That* to *Which* in the next to the last line is made but not the other changes which are found in the present text.

[a] *Lydia;*] *Lydia,* part of which I find Translated to my Hand. *Fol.*

[a] *Which*] *That Fol.*

[b] which] that *Fol.*

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[b] who] that *Fol.*

[1] Juvenal, *Satires, 6.* 209:

For tho', perhaps, she loves with equal Fires,
To absolute Dominion she aspires. DRYDEN.

> Addison also wrote, and then deleted, at this point a line from Manilius (5. 156): '... amare parum est cupient et amare videri.' (To love is too little; they wish to appear to love.)

[a] with this Passion, and will besides feel] with it, and will receive *Fol.*

her Lord: Her Thoughts] her Lord, for now her Thoughts *Fol.*

[1] This is Herod the Great, King of Judaea from 40 to 4 B.C., perhaps best remembered for his part in the Massacre of the Innocents.

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[2] *Antiquities of the Jews,* book xv, chapters iv and xi. In *The Works of Josephus,* translated by Sir Roger L'Estrange, 1702 (a copy of which was in Addison's library), the material is found at pp. 420–1, 429–32.

[a] an] any *Fol.*

[a] something *Sohemus*] something that *Sohemus Fol.*

[b] which] that *Fol.*

[1] No. 547 (vol. iv) prints a testimonial, signed William Crazy, to these two papers on jealousy. In *Reflections on Courtship and Marriage: In two Letters to a Friend* (1759?) they are reprinted as an Appendix (pp. 68–83).

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 172 Monday, September 17, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 172
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

Non solum Scientia, quæ est remota a Justitia, Calliditas potius quam Sapientia est appellanda; verum etiam Animus paratus ad periculum, si sua cupiditate, non utilitate communi impellitur, Audacia potius nomen habeat, quam Fortitudinis.

Plato apud Tull.

THERE can be no greater Injury to humane Society, than that good Talents among Men should be held honourable to those

who are endowed with them, without any Regard how they are applied. The Gifts of Nature and Accomplishments of Art are valuable, but as they are exerted in the Interests of Virtue, or governed by the Rules of Honour. We ought to abstract our Minds from the Observation of any Excellence in those we converse with, till we have taken some Notice, or received some good Information of the Disposition of their Minds; otherwise the Beauty of their Persons, or the Charms of their Wit, may make us fond of those whom our Reason and Judgment will tell us we ought to abhor.

When we suffer our selves to be thus carried away by meer Beauty or meer Wit, *Omniamante*[1] with all her Vice will bear away as much of our good Will as the most innocent Virgin or discreetest Matron; and there cannot be a more abject Slavery in this World, than to doat upon what we think we ought to contemn: Yet this must be

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our Condition in all the Parts of Life, if we suffer our selves to approve any thing but what tends to the Promotion of what is good and honourable. If we would take true Pains with our selves to consider all things by the Light of Reason and Justice, though a Man were in the Height of Youth and amorous Inclinations, he would look upon a Coquet with the same Contempt or Indifference as he would upon a Coxcomb: The wanton Carriage in a Woman, would disappoint her of the Admiration which she aims at; and the vain Dress or Discourse of a Man, would destroy the Comliness of his Shape, or Goodness of his Understanding. I say the Goodness of his Understanding, for it is no less common to see Men of Sense commence Coxcombs, than beautiful Women become immodest. When this happens in either, the Favour we are naturally inclined to give to the good Qualities they have from Nature, should abate in proportion. But however just it is to measure the Value of Men by the Application of their Talents, and not by the Eminence of those Qualities abstracted from their Use; I say, however just such a Way of judging is, in all Ages, as well as this, the Contrary has prevailed upon the Generality of Mankind. How many lewd Devices have been preserved from one Age to another, which had perished as soon as they were made, if Painters and Sculptors had been esteemed as much for the Purpose as the Execution of their Designs? Modest and well-governed Imaginations, have by this Means lost the Representations often thousand charming Portraitures, filled with Images of innate Truth, generous Zeal, couragious Faith, and tender

Humanity; instead of which Satyrs, Furies, and Monsters, are recommended by those Arts to a shameful Eternity.

The unjust Application of laudable Talents, is tolerated in the general Opinion of Men, not only in such Cases as are here mentioned, but also in Matters which concern ordinary Life. If a Lawyer were to be esteemed only as he uses his Parts in contending for Justice, and were immediately despicable when he appeared in a Cause which he could not but know was an unjust one, how honourable would his Character be? And how honourable is it in such among us, who follow the Profession no otherwise than as labouring to protect the Injured, to subdue the Oppressor, to imprison the careless Debtor, and do Right to the painful Artificer? But many of this excellent Character are over-looked by the greater Number;

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who affect covering a weak Place in a Client's Title, diverting the Course of an Enquiry, or finding a skilful Refuge to palliate a Falshood: Yet it is still called Eloquence in the latter, tho' thus unjustly employed; but Resolution in an Assassin is according to Reason quite as laudable, as Knowledge and Wisdom exercised in the Defence of an ill Cause.

Were the Intention stedfastly considered, as the Measure of Approbation, all Falshood would soon be out of Countenance; and an Address in imposing upon Mankind, would be as contemptible in one State of Life as another. A Couple of Courtiers making Professions of Esteem, would make the same Figure after Breach of Promise, as two Knights of the Post[1] convicted of Perjury. But Conversation is fallen so low in point of Morality, that as they say in a Bargain, 'Let the Buyer look to it,' so in Friendship he is the Man in Danger who is most apt to believe: He is the more likely to suffer in the Commerce, who begins with the Obligation of being the more ready to enter into it.

But those Men only are truly great, who place their Ambition rather in acquiring to themselves the Conscience of worthy Enterprizes, than in the Prospect of Glory which attends them. These exalted Spirits would rather be secretly the Authors of Events which are serviceable to Mankind, than without being such, to have the publick Fame of it. Where therefore an eminent Merit is robbed by Artifice or Detraction, it does but encrease by such Endeavours of its Enemies: The impotent Pains which are taken to sully it, or diffuse it among a Crowd to the Injury of a single Person, will

naturally produce the contrary Effect; the Fire will blaze out, and burn up all that attempt to smother what they cannot extinguish.

There is but one thing necessary to keep the Possession of true Glory, which is, to hear the Opposers of it with Patience, and preserve the Virtue by which it was acquir'd. When a Man is thoroughly perswaded that he ought neither to admire, wish for, or pursue any thing but what is exactly his Duty, it is not in the Power of Seasons, Persons, or Accidents to diminish his Value: He only is a great Man who can neglect the Applause of the Multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its Favour. This is indeed an arduous Task; but it

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should comfort a glorious Spirit that it is the highest Step to which humane Nature can arrive. Triumph, Applause, Acclamation, are dear to the Mind of Man; but it is still a more exquisite Delight to say to your self, you have done well, than to hear the whole humane Race pronounce you glorious, except you your self can join with them in your own Reflexions. A Mind thus equal and uniform may be deserted by little fashionable Admirers and Followers, but will ever be had in Reverence by Souls like it self. The Branches of the Oak endure all the Seasons of the Year, tho' its Leaves fall off in Autumn; and these too will be restored with the returning Spring.

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Cicero, *De Officiis, 1*. 19. 63 (referring to Plato, *Menex.* 246E; *Laches,* 197B): As knowledge, without justice, ought to be called cunning, rather than wisdom; so a mind prepared to meet danger, if excited by its own eagerness, and not the public good, deserves the name of audacity, rather than of fortitude.

[1] No. 144.

[1] One who gets his living by giving false evidence and perjury.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 173 Tuesday, September 18, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 173
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... *Remove fera monstra, tuaque*
Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusa.

Ov. Met.

IN a late Paper[2] I mentioned the Project of an Ingenious Author for the erecting of several Handicraft Prizes to be contended for by our *British* Artizans, and the Influence[a] they might have towards[b] the Improvement of our several Manufactures. I have since that been very much surpriz'd by the following Advertisement which

I find in the *Post-Boy* of the nth Instant, and again repeated in the *Post-Boy* of the 15th.[1]

> ON the 9th of October next will be run for upon Coleshill-Heath in Warwickshire, a Plate of 6 Guineas value, 3 Heats, by any Horse, Mare or Gelding that hath not won above the Value of 5l. the winning Horse to be Sold for 10l. to carry 10 Stone weight, if 14 Hands high, if above or under, to carry or be allowed Weight for Inches, and to be entred Friday the 5th at the Swan in Coleshill, before 6 in the Evening. Also a Plate of less value to be run for by Asses. The same Day a Gold Ring to be Grinn'd for by Men.

The first of these Diversions, that is to be exhibited by the 10 *l*.

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Race-Horses, may probably have its use; but the two last, in which the Asses and Men are concern'd, seem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they should keep running Asses at *Coleshill,* or how making Mouths turns to account in *Warwickshire,* more than in any other parts *of England,* I cannot comprehend. I have look'd over all the Olympick Games, and do not find any thing in them like an Ass Race, or a Match at Grinning.[2] However it be, I am inform'd that several Asses are now kept in Body-Cloaths, and sweated every Morning upon the Heath, and that all the Country Fellows within ten Miles of the *Swan,* grinn an Hour or two in their Glasses every Morning, in order to qualifie themselves for the 9th of *October.* The Prize which is proposed to be grinn'd for, has raised such an Ambition among the Common People of Out-grinning one another, that many very discerning Persons are afraid it should spoil most of the Faces in the County; [a] and that a *Warwickshire* Man will be known by his Grinn, as Roman Catholicks imagine a *Kentish* Man is by his Tail.[3] The Gold Ring which is made the Prize of

Deformity, is just the Reverse of the Golden Apple that was formerly made the Prize of Beauty, and should carry for its Posie the old Motto inverted.

Detur tetriori.[1]

Or to accommodate it to the Capacity of the Combatants,

The frightfull'st Grinner,
Be the Winner.[2]

In the mean while I would advise a *Dutch* Painter[3] to be present at this great Controversy of Faces, in order to make a Collection of the most remarkable Grinns that shall be there exhibited.

I must not here omit an Account which I lately received of one of these Grinning Matches from a Gentleman, who upon reading the above-mention'd Advertisement, entertain'd a Coffee-house with the following Narrative. Upon the taking of *Namur*,[4] amidst other Publick Rejoicings made on [a] that Occasion, there was a Gold Ring given by a Whig Justice of Peace to be grinn'd for. The first Com-

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petitor that entred the Lists was a black swarthy *French* Man, who accidentally passed that way, and being a Man naturally of a wither'd Look, and hard Features, promised himself good Success. He was placed upon a Table in the great Point of View,[5] and looking upon the Company like *Milton's* Death,

Grinn'd horribly [b] *a Ghastly Smile—*[6]

His Muscles were so drawn together on each side of his Face, that he showed twenty Teeth at a Grinn, and put the County in some pain, least a Foreigner should carry away the Honour of the Day; but upon a further Tryal they found he was Master only of the Merry Grinn.

The next that mounted the Table was a Male-content in those

Days, and a great Master in the whole Art of Grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry Grinn. He did his Part so well that he is said to have made half a Dozen Women miscarry; but the Justice being apprised by one who stood near him, that the Fellow who Grinned in his Face was a *Jacobite,* and being unwilling that a Disaffected Person should win the Gold Ring, and be looked upon as the best Grinner in the Country, he ordered the Oaths to be tendered him upon his quitting the Table, which the Grinner refusing, he was set aside as an unqualified Person. There were several other Grotesque Figures that presented themselves, which it would be too tedious to describe. I must not however omit a Plowman who lived in the further Part of the Country, and being very lucky in a Pair of long Lanthorn-Jaws, wrung his Face into such an hideous Grimace that every Feature of it appeared under a different Distortion. The whole Company stood astonished at such a complicated Grinn, and were ready to assign the Prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his Antagonists that he had practised with Verjuice for some Days before, and had a Crab found upon him at the very time of Grinning, upon which the best Judges of Grinning declared it, as their Opinion, that he was not to be looked upon as a fair Grinner, and therefore ordered him to be set aside as a Cheat.

The Prize, it seems, fell at length upon a Cobler, *Giles Gorgon* by Name, who produced several new Grinns of his own Invention,

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having been used to cut Faces[1] for many Years together over his Last. At the very first Grinn he cast every Human Feature out of his Countenance; at the second he became the Face of a Spout; at the third a Baboon, at the fourth the Head of a Base-Viol, and at the fifth a Pair of Nut-Crackers. The whole Assembly wondered at his Accomplishments, and bestowed the Ring on him unanimously; but, what he esteemed more than all the rest, a Country Wench whom [a] he had wooed in vain for above five Years before, was so charmed with his Grinns and the Applauses which he received on all sides, that she Married him the Week following, and to this Day wears the Prize upon her Finger, the Cobler having made use of it as his Wedding Ring.

This Paper might perhaps seem very impertinent if it grew serious in the Conclusion. I would nevertheless leave it to the Considera-

tion of those who are the Patrons of this monstrous Tryal of Skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an Affront to their Species, in treating after this manner the *Human Face Divine,*[1] and turning that part of us, which has so great an Image impressed upon it, into the Image of a Monkey; whether the raising such silly Competitions among the Ignorant, proposing Prizes for such useless Accomplishments, filling the common Peoples Heads with such Senseless Ambitions, and inspiring them with such absurd Ideas of Superiority and Preheminence, has not in it something Immoral as well as Ridiculous.[2] L

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* 5. 216–17: That frightful monster thence remove; take away that petrifying Medusa-head of yours, whosoever she may be.

[2] No. 161.

[a] Influence] tendency *Fol.*

[a] towards] to *Fol.*

[1] The advertisement on the 15th changes the date of these diversions from the 9th to Friday, 12 Oct. Coleshill is a market-town in north-west Warwickshire.

[2] For grinning matches, 'or making ugly faces through horse collars', as one of the diversions in rural or village sports see N & Q clxxvi(1939), 226, 267, 303, 413. One correspondent (p. 413) quotes from a public notice, dated 22 May 1758, of annual diversions at Swalwell, in county Durham, to consist of 'dancing for ribands, grinning for tobacco, women running for smocks, ass races, foot courses by men ...'.

[a] County;] Country; *Fol.*

[3] For the legend that Kentish Men were called Long-Tails 'from the *Long Tails* which were sent 'em as a Punishment for the murder of *Thomas a Becket*' *(Tatler* 11) see Lambarde, *Perambulation of Kent,* ed. 1576, p. 315; and Robert Plot, *Natural History of Staffordshire* (Oxford, 1686).

[1] *Detur pulchriori* was the 'motto' of the golden apple which Paris awarded to Venus.

[2] Lord Boyle (afterwards 5th Earl of Orrery), in a letter to Mr. Salkeld of 29 July 1728, writes of the Princess Emilia: 'If she laughs ... we all grinn, remembering the good old Saying, "the frightfull'st Grinner, be the Winner"' *(Orrery Papers,* ed. by the Countess of Cork and Orrery, 1903, i. 81).

[3] For the 'wonderfully laboured' portraits of the Dutch painters cf. No. 83 (vol. i).

[4] William III took the town and castle of Namur, fortified by Vauban, in August 1695, after a siege of 64 days.

[a] on] upon *Fol*.

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[5] The earliest date for the phrase, *point of view,* in *OED* is 1727–41,

[b] *horribly*] *horridly Fol.*

[6]*Paradise Lost,* ii, 846 ('Grinn'd horrible').

[1] To cut faces, i.e. to make grimaces, distort the features.

[a] whom] that *Fol.*

[1] *Paradise Lost,* iii. 44.

[2] A letter signed Jonathan Regular, Coles-Hill, in Warwickshire, 13 Oct. 1711 (Lillie, ii. 72–73), announces that the grinning contest has been dropped as a result of this essay.

> It must not be concealed, that this deference to your judgment has been chiefly owing to your fair admirers, who as they are here in great numbers, so they are no where under greater concern for virtue, truth, and the Spectator. I have it in command from them, to thank you for preventing this folly, to congratulate you for curing many, and to beg that your influence may yet spread wider; that you will only attack the vices and follies of the age, and not suffer your self to be engaged in party-disputes. … P.S. The grinning-prize being not disposed of, pray direct what shall be done with it.

When the races upon Coleshill-Heath are advertised the next year, the latter part of the advertisement dealing with the ass race and the grinning-match is omitted *(Post Boy, 6* Sept. 1712).

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 174 Wednesday, September 19, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 174
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1711[3]

[STEELE]

Hac memini & victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.

Virg.

THERE is scarce any thing more common than Animosities between Parties that cannot subsist but by their Agreement: This was well represented in the Sedition of the Members of the human Body in the old *Roman* Fable.[4] It is often the Case of lesser

confederate States against a superiour Power, which are hardly held together though their Unanimity is necessary for their common Safety: And this is always the Case of the landed and trading Interest *of Great Britain;* the Trader is fed by the Product of the Land, and the landed Man cannot be cloathed but by the Skill of the Trader; and yet those Interests are ever jarring.

We had last Winter an Instance of this at our Club, in Sir ROGER DE COVERLY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, Opposition of Opinions. It happened that one of the Company, in an historical Discourse, was observing, that *Carthaginian* Faith was a proverbial Phrase to intimate Breach of Leagues.[1] Sir ROGER said it could hardly be otherwise: That the *Carthaginians* were the greatest Traders in the World; and as Gain is the chief End of such a People, they never pursue any other: The Means to it are never regarded; they will, if it comes

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easily, get Money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by Fraud or Cosenage: And indeed what is the whole Business of the Trader's Accompt, but to over-reach him who trusts to his Memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose Attention is for ever fixed upon ballancing his Books, and watching over his Expences? And at best, let Frugality and Parsimony be the Virtues of the Merchant, how much is his punctual Dealing below a Gentleman's Charity to the Poor, or Hospitality among his Neighbours?

Captain SENTRY observed Sir ANDREW very diligent in hearing Sir ROGER, and had a Mind to turn the Discourse, by taking Notice in general from the highest to the lowest Parts of human Society, there was a secret, tho' unjust Way among Men, of indulging the Seeds of ill Nature and Envy, by comparing their own State of Life to that of another, and grudging the Approach of their Neighbour to their own Happiness; and on the other Side, he who is the less

at his Ease repines at the other who, he thinks, has unjustly the Advantage over him. Thus the civil and military List look upon each other with much ill Nature; the Soldier repines at the Courtier's Power, and the Courtier rallies the Soldier's Honour; or to come to lower Instances, the private Men in the Horse and Foot of an Army, the Carmen and Coachmen in the City-streets, mutually look upon each other with ill Will, when they are in Competition for Quarters or the Way in their respective Motions.

It is very well, good Captain, interrupted Sir ANDREW: You may attempt to turn the Discourse, if you think fit, but I must however have a Word or two with Sir ROGER; who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the Merchant. I shall not, continued he, at this Time remind Sir ROGER of the great and noble Monuments of Charity and publick Spirit which have been erected by Merchants since the Reformation, but at present content my self with what he allows us, Parsimony and Frugality. If it were consistent with the Quality of so antient a Baronet as Sir ROGER, to keep an Accompt or measure things by the most infallible Way, that of Numbers, he would prefer our Parsimony to his Hospitality. If to drink so many Hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the Fame of that Virtue; but it would be worth while to

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consider, whether so many Artificers at work ten Days together by my Appointment, or so many Peasants made merry on Sir ROGER'S Charge, are the Men more obliged: I believe the Families of the Artificers will thank me, more than the Housholds of the Peasants shall Sir ROGER. Sir ROGER gives to his Men, but I place mine above the Necessity or Obligation of my Bounty. I am in very little Pain for the *Roman* Proverb upon the *Carthaginian* Traders; the *Romans* were their professed Enemies: I am only sorry no *Carthaginian* Histories have come to our Hands; we might have been taught perhaps by them some Proverbs against the *Roman* Generosity, in fighting for and bestowing other People's Goods. But since Sir ROGER has taken Occasion from an old Proverb to be out of Humour with Merchants, it should be no Offence to offer one not quite so old in their Defence. When a Man happens to break in *Holland,* they say of him that *he has not kept true Accompts.* This Phrase, perhaps, among us would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact Nation it bears the highest Reproach; for a Man to be mistaken in the Calculation of his Expence, in his Ability to answer future Demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his

Credit to too great Adventure, are all Instances of as much Infamy, as with gayer Nations to be failing in Courage or common Honesty.

Numbers are so much the Measure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the Success of any Action or the Prudence of any Undertaking without them. I say this in Answer to what Sir ROGER is pleased to say, That little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his Cash-book or ballancing his Accompts. When I have my Returns from abroad, I can tell to a Shilling by the Help of Numbers the Profit or Loss by my Adventure; but I ought also to be able to shew that I had Reason for making it, either from my own Experience or that of other People, or from a reasonable Presumption that my Returns will be sufficient to answer my Expence and Hazard; and this is never to be done without the Skill of Numbers. For Instance, if I am to trade to *Turkey,* I ought before-hand to know the Demand of our Manufactures there as well as of their Silks in *England,* and the customary Prices that are given for both in each Country. I ought to have a clear Knowledge of these Matters before-hand, that I may presume upon sufficient Returns to answer the Charge of the Cargo

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I have fitted out, the Freight and Assurance out and home, the Customs to the Queen, and the Interest of my own Money, and besides all these Expences a reasonable Profit to my self. Now what is there of Scandal in this Skill? What has the Merchant done that he should be so little in the good Graces of Sir ROGER? he throws down no Man's Enclosures, and tramples upon no Man's Corn; he takes nothing from the industrious Labourer; he pays the poor Man for his Work; he communicates his Profit with Mankind; by the Preparation of his Cargo and the Manufacture of his Returns, he furnishes Employment and Subsistance to greater Numbers than the richest Nobleman; and even the Nobleman is oblig'd to him for finding out foreign Markets for the Produce of his Estate, and for making a great Addition to his Rents; and yet 'tis certain that none of all these things could be done by him without the Exercise of his Skill in Numbers.

This is the Oeconomy of the Merchant, and the Conduct of the Gentleman must be the same, unless by scorning to be the Steward, he resolves the Steward shall be the Gentleman. The Gentleman no more than the Merchant is able without the Help of Numbers to account for the Success of any Action or the Prudence of any Adventure. If, for Instance, the Chace is his whole Adventure, his

only Returns must be the Stag's Horns in the great Hall, and the Fox's Nose upon the Stable Door. Without Doubt Sir ROGER knows the full Value of these Returns; and if before-hand he had computed the Charges of the Chace, a Gentleman of his Discretion would certainly have hang'd up all his Dogs, he would never have brought back so many fine Horses to the Kennel, he would never have gone so often like a Blast over Fields of Corn. If such too had been the Conduct of all his Ancestors, he might truly have boasted at this Day that the Antiquity of his Family had never been sullied by a Trade; a Merchant had never been permitted with his whole Estate to purchase a Room for his Picture in the Gallery of the COVERLYS, or to claim his Descent from the Maid of Honour.[1] But 'tis very happy for Sir ROGER that the Merchant paid so dear for his Ambition. 'Tis the Misfortune of many other Gentlemen to turn out of the Seats of their Ancestors, to make Way for such new Masters as have been more exact in their Accompts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the Estate a great deal better who has got

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it by his Industry, than he who has lost it by his Negligence.

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclogues,* 7. 69:

> These rhymes I did to memory commend,
>
> When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend. DRYDEN.

The motto in the original folio sheets was 'Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est' ('It is right that each should measure himself by his own rule and standard'), Horace, *Epistles,* 1. 7. 98 (which Steele had used as motto for *Tatler* 206).

[4] The fable of the interdependence of the parts of the body (Livy, *History,* 2. 32, and elsewhere) had been used recently by Defoe in the *Review (1* May 1711) to illustrate the same point: 'Your Land might go a begging but for Trade; and for the Landed Men to rail at Trade, is like the Members Mutinying against the Belly.' *The Medley* for 12 May 1712 (J. Baker issue) also applies it to show how the landed and trading interests 'are equally obliged to each other'. In L'Estrange's *Fables of Aesop* (1692) it is Fable No. 50. For the popularity of the story see Heinrich Gombel, *Die Fabel* '*Vom Magen und den Gliedern*' *in der Weltliteratur* (Halle, 1934).

[1] The Carthaginians 'are accounted a sort of faithless People in the World, to whom no Credit is to be given; from whence came the Proverb, *Punica fides, Punick Faith,* to signifie *Knavery,* or *a deceitful Promise*' (Danet). 'Punic faith' seems to be the common English form; this quotation is the only example given in *OED* of 'Carthaginian faith'.

[1] See No. 109 (vol. i). Sir Andrew Freeport's defence of the trading interests may be compared with that of Mr. Sealand in Steele's *Conscious Lovers* (iv. i).

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Eustace Budgell, The Spectator: No. 175 Thursday, September 20, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 175
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1711[2]

[BUDGELL]

Proximus à tectis ignis defenditur ægre: ...

Ov. Rem. Am.

I SHALL this Day entertain my Readers with two or three Letters I have receiv'd from my Correspondents: The first discovers to me a Species of Females which have hitherto escaped my Notice, and is as follows.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young Gentleman of a competent Fortune, and a sufficient Taste of Learning, to spend five or six Hours every Day very agreeably among my Books. That I might have nothing to divert me from my Studies, and to avoid the Noises of Coaches and Chair-

men, I have taken Lodgings in a very narrow Street, not far from *Whitehall*; but it is my Misfortune to be so posted, that my Lodgings are directly opposite to those of a *Jezebel.*[1] You are to know, Sir, that a *Jezebel* (so called by the Neighbourhood from displaying her pernicious Charms at her Window) appears constantly dress'd at her Sash, and has a thousand little Tricks and Fooleries to attract the Eyes of all the idle young Fellows in the Neighbourhood. I have seen more than six Persons at once from their several Windows observing the *Jezebel* I am now complaining of. I at first looked on

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her my self with the highest Contempt, could divert my self with her Airs for half an Hour, and afterwards take up my *Plutarch* with great Tranquility of Mind; but was a little vexed to find that in less than a Month she had considerably stoln upon my Time, so that I resolved to look at her no more. But the *Jezebel,* who, as I suppose, might think it a diminution to her Honour, to have the number of her Gazers lessen'd, resolv'd not to part with me so, and begun to play so many new Tricks at her Window, that it was impossible for me to forbear observing her. I verily believe she put her self to the Expence of a new Wax Baby on purpose to plague me; she used to dandle and play with this Figure as impertinently as if it had been a real Child: Sometimes she would let fall a Glove or a Pin Cushion in the Street, and shut or open her Casement three or four times in a Minute. When I had almost wean'd my self from this, she came in her Shift Sleeves, and dress'd at the Window. I had no way left but to let down my Curtains, which I submitted to, though it consider-ably darkned my Room, and was pleased to think that I had at last got the better of her; but was surpriz'd the next Morning to hear her talking out of her Window quite cross the Street, with another Woman that lodges over me: I am since informed, that she made her a Visit, and got acquainted with her within three Hours after the fall of my Window Curtains.

'Sir, I am plagued every moment in the Day one way or other in my own Chambers, and the *Jezebel* has the Satisfaction to know, that, tho' I am not looking at her, I am list'ning to her impertinent Dialogues that pass over my Head. I would immediately change my

Lodgings, but that I think it might look like a plain Confession that I am conquer'd; and besides this, I am told that most Quarters of the Town are infested with these Creatures. If they are so, I am sure 'tis such an Abuse, as a Lover of Learning and Silence ought to take notice of.

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c.'

I am afraid by some Lines in this Letter that my young Student is touched with a Distemper which he hardly seems to dream of, and is too far gone in it to receive Advice. However, I shall Animadvert

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in due time on the Abuse which he mentions, having my self observ'd a Nest of *Jezebels* near the *Temple,* who make it their Diversion to draw up the Eyes of young Templars, that at the same time they may see them stumble in an unlucky Gutter which runs under the Window.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE lately read the Conclusion of your forty seventh Speculation upon *Butts* with great Pleasure, and have ever since been throughly perswaded that one of those Gentlemen is extreamly necessary to enliven Conversation. I had an Entertainment last Week upon the Water for a Lady to whom I make my Addresses, with several of our Friends of both Sexes. To divert the Company in general, and to show my Mistress in particular my Genius for Raillery, I took one of the most celebrated *Butts* in Town along with me. It is with the utmost Shame and Confusion that I must acquaint you with the sequel of my Adventure: As soon as we were got into the Boat I played a Sentence or two at my *Butt* which I thought very smart, when my ill Genius, who I verily believe inspired him purely for my Destruction, suggested to him such a Reply, as got all the Laughter on his side. I was dashed at so unexpected a turn, which the *Butt* perceiving, resolved not to let me recover my self, and pursuing his Victory, rallied and tossed me in a most unmerciful and barbarous manner 'till we came to *Chelsea.* I had some small Success while we were eating Cheese-Cakes; but coming Home he renew'd his Attacks with his former good Fortune, and equal Diversion to the whole Company. In short, Sir, I must ingenuously own that I was never so handled in all my Life; and to compleat my Misfortune, I am since told that the *Butt,* flushed with his late Victory, has made a Visit or two to the dear Object of my

Wishes, so that I am at once in danger of losing all my Pretensions to Wit, and my Mistress into [a] the Bargain. This, Sir, is a true Account of my present Troubles, which you are the more obliged to assist me in, as you were your self in a great measure the Cause of them, by recommending to us an Instrument, and not instructing us at the same time how to play upon it.

'I have been thinking whether it might not be highly convenient,

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that all *Butts* should wear an Inscription affixed to some Part of their Bodies, shewing on which side they are to be come at, and that if any of them are Persons of unequal Tempers, there should be some Method taken to inform the World at what Time it is safe to attack them, and when you had best let them alone. But submitting these Matters to your more serious Consideration,

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c.'

I have, indeed, seen and heard of several young Gentlemen under the same Misfortune with my present Correspondent. The best Rule I can lay down for them to avoid the like Calamities for the future, is throughly to consider not only *Whether their Companions are weak,* but *Whether themselves are Wits.*

The following Letter comes to me from *Exeter*, and being credibly informed that what it contains is Matter of Fact, I shall give it my Reader as it was sent me.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Exeter, Sept.* 7.

'YOU were pleas'd in a late Speculation[1] to take notice of the Inconvenience we he under in the Country, in not being able to keep pace with the Fashion; but there is another Misfortune which we are subject to, and is no less grievous than the former, which has hitherto escaped your Observation. I mean the having things palmed upon us for *London* Fashions, which were never once heard of there.

'A Lady of this Place had some time since a Box of the newest Ribbons sent down by the Coach: Whether it was her own malicious Invention, or the Wantonness of a *London* Milliner, I am not able to inform you; but, among the rest, there was one Cherry-coloured Ribbon, consisting of about half a Dozen Yards, made up in the

Figure of a Small Head-dress. The foresaid Lady had the Assurance to affirm, amidst a Circle of Female Inquisitors, who were present at the opening of the Box, that this was the newest Fashion worn at Court. Accordingly the next *Sunday* we had several Females, who came to Church with their Heads dress'd wholly in Ribbons, and

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looked like so many Victims ready to be Sacrificed. This is still a reigning Mode among us. At the same time we have a Sett of Gentlemen, who take the Liberty to appear in all Publick Places without any Buttons to their Coats, which they supply with several little Silver Hasps; tho' our freshest Advices from *London* make no mention of any such Fashion; and we are something shy of affording Matter to the Button-makers for a second Petition.[1]

'What I would humbly propose to the Publick is, that there may be a Society erected in *London,* to consist of the most skilful Persons of both Sexes, for the *inspection of Modes and Fashions*; and that hereafter no Person or Persons shall presume to appear singularly habited in any Part of the Country, without a Testimonial from the foresaid Society that their Dress is answerable to the Mode at *London.* By this means, Sir, we shall know a little where about we are.

'If you could bring this Matter to bear, you would very much oblige great Numbers of your Country Friends, and among[a] the rest,

Your very Humble Servant,
Jack Modish.'

X

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Ovid, *Remedia amoris,* 625: To save your house from neighbouring fire is hard.

[1] A reply signed 'Jesebel' and dated 22 Sept. 1711 is printed in Lillie (ii. 74–75). She wonders why 'you should now disoblige your feamalle readors, to oblige a man, that is, for ought I know, scarse *compus mentus,* or grown lunatick whith his four or five hours studie in a day; he ought rather to be whipt for calling a young gentlewom Jesebel, for only playing whith her babie, or comeing to her window in her shift-slves, or such trifells he ought rather to have over-looked… .'

[a] into] in *Fol.*

[1] No. 119 (vol. i).

[1] On 21 Jan. 1709/10 a petition of the silkmen, throwsters, dyers, twisters, and winders of London was presented to Parliament for encouraging consumption of raw silk and mohair-yarn and regulating the making of buttons and button-holes (*Journal House of Commons,* xvi. 271). The bill was duly brought in and carried, and received the royal assent on 27 Feb. (ibid. xvi. 289, 340).

[a] Friends, and among] Friends, among *Fol.*

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 176 Friday, September 21, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 176
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

Parvula, pumilio, Χαρίτων μία, tota merum Sal.

Luc.

THERE are in the following Letter Matters which I, a Batchelor, cannot be supposed to be acquainted with; therefore shall not

pretend to explain upon it till further Consideration, but leave the Author of the Epistle to express his Condition his own Way.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I DO not deny but you appear in many of your Papers to under-
X stand humane Life pretty well; but there are very many things which you cannot possibly have a true Notion of, in a single Life, these are such as respect the married State; otherwise I cannot account for your having over-looked a very good sort of People, which are commonly called in Scorn the *Hen-peckt.* You are to under-
stand that I am one of those innocent Mortals, who suffer Derision under that Word, for being governed by the best of Wives. It would be worth your Consideration to enter into the Nature of Affection it self, and tell us, according to your Philosophy, why it is that our Dears shall do what they will with us, shall be froward, ill-natured,
assuming, sometimes whine, at others rail, then swoon away, then come to Life, have the Use of Speech to the greatest Fluency imagin-able, and then sink away again, and all because they fear we do not

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love them enough; that is, the poor things love us so heartily, that they cannot think it possible we should be able to love them in so great a Degree, which makes them take on so. I say, Sir, a true good-natur'd Man, whom Rakes and Libertines call *Hen-peckt,* shall fall into all these different Moods with his dear Life, and at the same time see they are wholly put on; and yet not be hard-hearted enough to tell the dear good Creature that she is an Hypocrite. This sort of good Man is very frequent in the populous and wealthy City of *London,* and is the true *hen-peckt* Man; the kind Creature cannot break through his Kindnesses so far as to come to an Explanation with the tender Soul, and therefore goes on to comfort her when nothing ails her, to appease her when she is not angry, and to give her his Cash when he knows she does not want it; rather than be uneasy for a whole Month, which is computed by hard-hearted Men the Space of Time which a froward Woman takes to come to herself if you have Courage to stand out.

'There are indeed several other Species of the *Hen-peckt,* and in my Opinion they are certainly the best Subjects the Queen has; and for that Reason I take it to be your Duty to keep us above Contempt.

'I do not know whether I make my self understood in the Representation of an hen-peckt Life, but I shall take Leave to give you an Account of my self and my own Spouse. You are to know that I am

reckoned no Fool, have on several Occasions been tried whether I will take ill Usage, and yet the Event has been to my Advantage; and yet there is not such a Slave in *Turkey* as I am to my Dear. She has a good Share of Wit, and is what you call a very pretty agreeable Woman. I perfectly doat on her, and my Affection to her gives me all the Anxieties imaginable but that of Jealousy. My being thus confident of her I take, as much as I can judge of my Heart, to be the Reason, that whatever she does, tho' it be never so much against my Inclination, there is still left something in her Manner that is amiable. She will sometimes look at me with an assumed Grandeur, and pretend to resent that I have not had Respect enough for her Opinion in such an Instance in Company. I cannot but smile at the pretty Anger she is in, and then she pretends she is used like a Child. In a Word, our great Debate is which has the Superiority in Point of Understanding. She is eternally forming an Argument of Debate;

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to which I very indolently answer, Thou art mighty pretty. To this she answers, All the World but you think I have as much Sense as your self. I repeat to her, Indeed you are pretty. Upon this there is no Patience; she will throw down any thing about her, stamp, and pull off her Head-Cloaths. Fie, my Dear, say I; how can a Woman of your Sense fall into such an intemperate Rage? This is an Argument which never fails. Indeed, my Dear, says she, you make me mad sometimes, so you do, with the silly Way you have of treating me like a pretty idiot. Well, what have I got by putting her into good Humour? Nothing but that I must convince her of my good Opinion by my Practice; and then I am to give her Possession of my little ready Money, and for a Day and half following dislike all she dislikes, and extol every thing she approves. I am so exquisitly fond of this Darling, that I seldom see any of my Friends, am uneasy in all Companies till I see her again; and when I come home she is in the Dumps, because she says she's sure I came so soon only because I think her handsome. I dare not upon this Occasion laugh; but tho' I am one of the warmest Churchmen in the Kingdom I am forced to rail at the Times, because she is a violent Whig. Upon this we talk Politicks so long, that she is convinc'd I kiss her for her Wisdom. It is a common Practice with me to ask her some Question concerning the Constitution, which she answers me in general out of *Harington's Oceana*:[1] Then I commend her strange Memory, and her

Arm is immediately locked in mine. While I keep her in this Temper she plays before me, sometimes dancing in the Midst of the Room, sometimes striking an Air at her Spinet, varying her Posture and her Charms in such a Manner that I am in continual Pleasure: She will play the Fool if I allow her to be wise, but if she suspects I like her for her trifling[a] she immediately grows grave.

'These are the Toils in which I am taken, and I carry off my Servitude as well as most Men; but my Application to you is in Behalf of the *Hen-peckt* in general, and I desire a Dissertation from you in Defence of us. You have, as I am informed, very good Authorities in our Favour, and hope you will not omit the Mention of the renowned *Socrates,* and his philosophick Resignation to his Wife *Xantippe.* This would be a very good Office to the World in general, for the *Hen-peckt* are powerful in their Quality and Numbers,

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not only in Cities but in Courts; in the latter they are ever the most obsequious, in the former the most wealthy of all Men. When you have considered Wedlock throughly, you ought to enter into the Suburbs of Matrimony, and give us an Account of the Thraldom of kind Keepers and irresolute Lovers; the Keepers who cannot quit their fair ones tho' they see their approaching Ruine; the Lovers who dare not marry, tho' they know they shall never be happy without the Mistresses whom they cannot purchase on other Terms. 'What will be a great Embellishment to your Discourse, will be, that you may find Instances of the Haughty, the Proud, the Frolick, the Stubborn, who are each of them in secret down-right Slaves to their Wives or Mistresses. I must beg of you in the last Place to dwell upon this, That the Wise and Valiant in all Ages have been *hen-peckt*; and that the sturdy Tempers who are not Slaves to Affection, owe that Exemption to their being enthraled by Ambition, Avarice, or some meaner Passion. I have ten thousand thousand things more to say, but my Wife sees me writing, and will, according to Custom, be consulted if I do not seal this immediately.

Yours,

Nathaniel Henroost.'[1]

T

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Lucretius, *De rerum natura,* 4. 1162: A little pretty, witty, charming She!

[1] Harrington's *Oceana* (1656) was republished in 1700, with Harrington's other works, by John Toland.

[a] for her trifling] for trifling *Fol.*

[1] No. 547 (vol. iv) contains a testimonial in praise of this letter.

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NO. 177

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus
Arcanâ, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala? ...

Juv.

IN one of my last Week's Papers[2] I treated of Good-nature, as it is the effect of Constitution, I shall now speak of it as it is a Moral Virtue. The first may make a Man easie in himself, and agreeable to others, but implies no Merit in him that is possessed of it. A Man is no more to be praised upon this Account, than because he has a regular Pulse or a good Digestion. This Good-nature however in the Constitution, which Mr. *Dryden* somewhere calls a *Milkiness of Blood,*[3] is an admirable Ground-work for the other. In order therefore to try our Good-nature, whether it arises from the Body or the Mind, whether it be founded in the Animal or Rational Part of our Nature, in a word, whether it be such as is entituled to any other Reward, besides that secret Satisfaction and Contentment of Mind which is essential to it, and the kind Reception it procures us in the World, we must examine it by the following Rules.

First, Whether it acts with Steadiness and Uniformity in Sickness and in Health, in Prosperity and in Adversity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as nothing else but an Irradiation of the Mind from

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some new Supply of Spirits, or a more kindly Circulation of the Blood. Sir *Francis Bacon* mentions a cunning Sollicitor, who[a] would never ask a Favour of a great Man before Dinner; but took care to prefer his Petition at a time when the Party petitioned had his Mind free from Care, and his Appetites in good Humour.[4] Such a transient Temporary Good-nature as this, is not that *Philanthropie*,[5] that Love of Mankind, which deserves the Title of a Moral Virtue.

The next way of a Man's bringing his Good-nature to the Test is, to consider whether it operates according to the Rules of Reason

and Duty: For if, notwithstanding its general Benevolence to Mankind, it makes no distinction between its Objects, if it exerts it self promiscuously towards the Deserving and the Undeserving, if it relieves alike the Idle and the Indigent, if it gives it self up to the first Petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by Accident than Choice, it may pass for an amiable Instinct, but must not assume the Name of a Moral Virtue.

The third Tryal of Good-nature will be the examining our selves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own Disadvantage, and employ it on proper Objects, notwithstanding any little Pain, Want or Inconvenience which [a] may arise to our selves from it: In a word, whether we are willing to risque any part of our Fortune, our Reputation, our Health or Ease, for the Benefit of Mankind. Among all these Expressions of Good-nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general Name of Charity, as it consists in relieving the Indigent; that being a Tryal of this kind which offers it self to us almost at all Times, and in every Place.

I should propose it as a Rule to every one, who is provided with any Competency of Fortune more than sufficient for the Necessaries of Life, to lay aside a certain proportion of his Income for the use of the Poor. This I would look upon as an Offering to him who has a Right to the whole, for the use of those, whom, in the Passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his own Representatives upon Earth. At the same time we should manage our Charity with such Prudence and Caution, that we may not hurt our own Friends or Relations, whilst we are doing good to those who are Strangers

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to us.

This may possibly be explained better by an Example than by a Rule.

Eugenius is a Man of an Universal Good-nature, and Generous beyond the Extent of his Fortune, but withal so prudent in the Oeconomy of his Affairs, that what goes out in Charity is made up by Good Management. *Eugenius* has what the World calls Two hundred Pounds a Year; but never values himself above[b] Ninescore, as not thinking he has a right to the Tenth Part, which he always appropriates to charitable Uses. To this Sum he frequently makes other voluntary Additions, insomuch that in a good Year, for such he accounts those in which he has been able to make greater Bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that Sum to the Sickly and

Indigent. *Eugenius* prescribes to himself many particular Days of Fasting and Abstinence, in order to encrease his private Bank of Charity, and sets aside what would be the current Expences of those Times for the use of the Poor. He often goes afoot where his Business calls him, and at the end of his Walk has given a Shilling, which in his ordinary Methods of Expence would have gone for Coach-hire, to the first necessitous Person that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a Play, or an Opera, divert the Mony which was design'd for that purpose, upon an Object of Charity whom he has met with in the Street, and afterwards pass his Evening in a Coffee-house, or at a Friend's Fireside, with much greater Satisfaction to himself than he could have receiv'd from the most exquisite Entertainments of the Theatre. By these means he is generous without Impoverishing himself, and enjoys his Estate by making it the Property of others.

There are few Men so cramped in their private Affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any Disadvantage to themselves, or Prejudice to their Families. It is but sometimes sacrificing a Diversion or Convenience to the Poor, and turning the usual Course of our Expences into a better Channel. This is, I think, not only the most prudent and convenient, but the most meritorious Piece of Charity, which we can put in practice. By this method we in some measure share the Necessities of the Poor at the same time

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that we relieve them, and make our selves not only their Patrons,[a] but their Fellow-Sufferers.

Sir *Thomas Brown* in the last Part of his *Religio Medici,* in which he describes his Charity in several heroic Instances, and with a noble heat of Sentiments mentions that Verse in the Proverbs of *Solomon, He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.*[1] 'There is more Rhetorick in that one Sentence, says he, than in a Library of Sermons; and indeed if those Sentences were understood by the Reader, with the same Emphasis as they are delivered by the Author, we needed not those Volumes of Instructions, but might be honest by an Epitome.'[2]

This Passage in Scripture is indeed wonderfully persuasive, but I think the same Thought is carried much further in the New Testament,[3] where our Saviour tells us in a most pathetick manner

that he shall hereafter regard the cloathing of the naked, the feeding of the hungry, and the visiting of the imprisoned, as Offices done to himself, and reward them accordingly. Pursuant to those Passages in Holy Scripture, I have some where met with the Epitaph of a charitable Man which has very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the Words, but the Sense of it is to this purpose. What I spent I lost. What I possessed is left to others. What I gave away remains with me.[1]

Since I am thus insensibly engaged in Sacred Writ, I cannot forbear making an Extract of several Passages which I have always read with great Delight in the Book of *Job.*[2] It is the Account which that Holy Man gives of his Behaviour in the Days of his Prosperity, and if considered only as a human Composition, is a finer Picture of a charitable and good-natured Man than is to be met with in any other Author.

Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me: When his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness: When the Almighty was yet with me; when my Children were about me: When I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oyl.

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When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Did not I weep for him that was in trouble, was not my soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even ballance, that God may know mine integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man-

servant or of my maid servant when they contended with me. What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the Womb, make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have with-held the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail; or have eaten my morsel my self alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: If I have seen any perish for want of cloathing, or any poor without covering: If his loyns have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: If I have lift up my hand against the fatherless when I saw my help in the gate: Then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the Destruction of him that hated me, or lift up my self when evil found him. Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul. The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain: If I have eaten the fruits thereof without many, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life: Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.[1]

L

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Juvenal, *Satires,* 15. 140–2 (altered): For what good man, one worthy of the mystic torch and such as the priest of Ceres would wish him to be, believes himself unconcerned in any human ills?

[2] No. 169.

[3] Dryden, *Cleomenes,* I. i. 119–20.

a who] that *Fol.*

[4] Cf. the essay 'Of Negociating'.

[5] See No. 169.

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[b] above] at above *Fol.*

a their Patrons,] the Patrons of the Indigent, *Fol.*

[1] Prov. xix. 17.

[2] Browne, *Religio Medici*, II. xiii (Everyman edition, p. 87).

[3] Matt. xxv. 42–43. The passage is quoted in No. 232.

[1] According to Nichols the epitaph 'is (or was) in St. George's church at Doncaster in Yorkshire'. Writers in *N* & L have pointed out from time to time various epitaphs written in much the same language. A memorial brass dated 1584 in St. Olave's Hart Street is said to have had similar lines (*London Topographical Record,* v. 31). Hatton (p. 137) quotes the following from St. Augustine's Church:

As I was: So are ye.
As I am: You shall be.
That I had: That I gave.
That I gave: That I have.
Thus I end all my cost:
That I left: That I lost.

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See also Camden, *Remains concerning Britain* (ed. 1674), pp. 519–20, and W[illiam] W[instanley], *The New Help to Discourse* (4th ed., 1695), pp. 178–9. Perhaps the earliest expression of the idea occurs in Seneca, *De Beneficiis,* 6. 3. 1, in a line ascribed to Mark Antony: *Hoc habeo, quodcumque dedi* (whatever I have given, that I still possess).

[2] Job xxix. 2–3, 5–6, 11–13, 15–16; xxx. 25; xxxi. 6, 13–17, 19–22, 29–30, 32, 38–40.

[1] For a testimonial in praise of this number see No. 547 (vol. iv).

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 178 Monday, September 24, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 178
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

Comis in Uxorem . . .

Hor.

I cannot defer taking Notice of this Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM but too good a Judge of your Paper of the 15th Instant, which is a Master-piece; I mean that of Jealousy: But I think it unworthy of you to speak of that Torture in the Breast of a Man, and not to mention also the Pangs of it in the Heart of a Woman. You have very judiciously, and with the greatest Penetration imaginable, considered it as Woman is the Creature of whom the Diffidence[3] is raised; but not a Word of a Man who is so unmerciful

as to move Jealousy in his Wife, and not care whether she is so or not. It is possible you may not believe there are such Tyrants in the World; but alass I can tell you of a Man who is ever out of Humour in his Wife's Company, and the pleasantest Man in the World every where else; the greatest Sloven at home when he appears to none but his Family, and most exactly well-dressed in all other Places. Alass, Sir, is it of Course, that to deliver one's self wholly into a Man's Power without Possibility of Appeal to any other Jurisdiction but to his own Reflections, is so little an Obligation to a Gentleman that he can be offended and fall into a Rage, because my Heart

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swells Tears into my Eyes when I see him in a cloudy Mood? I pretend to no Succour, and hope for no Relief but from himself; and yet he that has Sense and Justice in every thing else, never reflects, that to come home only to sleep off an Intemperance, and spend all the Time he is there as if it were a Punishment, cannot but give the Anguish of a jealous Mind. He always leaves his Home as if he were going to Court, and returns as if he were entering a Jail. I could add to this, that from his Company and his usual Discourse, he does not scruple being thought an abandoned Man as to his Morals. Your own Imagination will say enough to you concerning the Condition of me his Wife; and I wish you would be so good as to represent to him, for he is not ill-natured and reads you much, that the Moment I hear the Door shut after him, I throw my self upon my Bed and drown the Child he is so fond of with my Tears, and often frighten it with my Cries; that I curse my Being; that I run to my Glass all over-bathed in Sorrows, and help the Utterance of my inward Anguish by beholding the Gush of my own Calamities as my Tears fall from my Eyes. This looks like an imagined Picture to tell you, but indeed this is one of my Pastimes. Hitherto I have only told you the general Temper of my Mind, but how shall I give you an Account of the Distraction of it? Could you but conceive how cruel I am one Moment in my Resentment, and, at the ensuing Minute, when I place him in the Condition my Anger would bring him to, how compassionate; It would give you some Notion how miserable I am, and how little I deserve it. When I remonstrate with the greatest Gentleness that is possible against unhandsome Appearances, and that married Persons are under particular Rules; when he is in the best Humour to receive this, I am answered only, That I expose my own Reputation and Sense if I appear jealous. I wish, good Sir, you would take this into serious Consideration,

and admonish Husbands and Wives what Terms they ought to keep towards each other. Your Thoughts on this important Subject will have the greatest Reward, that which descends on such as feel the Sorrows of the Afflicted. Give me Leave to subscribe my self,

Your unfortunate
humble Servant,

CELINDA.'[1]

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I had it in my Thoughts, before I received the Letter of this Lady, to consider this dreadful Passion in the Mind of a Woman; and the Smart she seems to feel, does not abate the Inclination I had to recommend to Husbands a more regular Behaviour, than to give the most exquisite of Torments to those who love them, nay whose Torment would be abated if they did not love them.

It is wonderful to observe how little is made of this inexpressible Injury, and how easily Men get into an Habit of being least agreeable where they are most obliged to be so. But this Subject deserves a distinct Speculation, and I shall observe for a Day or two the Behaviour of two or three happy Pair I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a System of Conjugal Morality. I design in the first Place to go a few Miles out of Town, and there I know where to meet one who practises all the Parts of a fine Gentleman in the Duty of an Husband. When he was a Batchelour much Business made him particularly negligent in his Habit; but now there is no young Lover living so exact in the Care of his Person. One who asked why he was so long washing his Mouth, and so delicate in the Choice and Wearing of his Linnen? was answered, because there is a Woman of Merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her Inclination go along with her Duty.

If a Man would give himself leave to think, he would not be so unreasonable as to expect Debauchery and Innocence could live in Commerce together; or hope that Flesh and Blood is capable of so strict an Allegiance, as that a fine Woman must go on to improve her self till she is as good and impassive as an Angel, only to preserve a Fidelity to a Brute and a Satyr. The Lady who desires me for her Sake to end one of my Papers with the following Letter, I am perswaded thinks such a Perseverance very impracticable.

Husband,

'STAY more at home. I know where you visited at Seven of Clock on *Thursday*-Evening. The Collonel whom you charged me to see no more, is in Town.

Martha Housewife.'

T

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Horace, *Epistles,* 2. 2. 133: Kind to his wife.

[3] Want of confidence or faith in someone. Now *rare* or *Obs.* (*OED*).

[1] A letter signed Sy—r, dated 1 Nov. 1711, is printed in Lillie (ii. 76–78) commenting on Celinda's case.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 179 Tuesday, September 25, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 179
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austera Poëmata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

Hor.

I MAY cast my Readers under two general Divisions, the *Mercurial* and the *Saturnine.* The first are the gay part of my Disciples, who require Speculations of Wit and Humour; the others are those of a more solemn and sober Turn, who find no Pleasure but in Papers of Morality and sound Sense; the former call every thing that is Serious Stupid. The latter look upon every thing as Impertinent that is Ludicrous. Were I always Grave one half of my Readers would fall off from me: Were I always Merry I should lose the other. I make it therefore my endeavour to find out Entertainments of both kinds, and by that means perhaps consult the good of both more than I should do, did I always write to the particular Taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly Reader, who takes up my Paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable Course of Thinking; as on the contrary the Thoughtful Man, who perhaps may hope to find something Solid, and full of deep Reflection, is very often insensibly betrayed into a Fit of Mirth. In a word, the Reader sits down to my Entertainment without knowing his Bill of Fare,

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and has therefore at least the Pleasure of hoping there may be a Dish to his Palate.

I must confess, were I left to my self, I should rather aim at Instructing than Diverting; but if we will be useful to the World, we must take it as we find it. Authors of professed Severity discourage the looser part of Mankind from having any thing to do with their Writings. A Man must have Virtue in him, before he will enter upon the Reading of a *Seneca* or an *Epictetus.* The very Title of a Moral Treatise has something in it Austere and Shocking to the Careless and Inconsiderate.

For this reason several unthinking Persons fall in my way, who would give no attention to Lectures delivered with a Religious Seriousness or a Philosophic Gravity. They are insnared into Sentiments of Wisdom and Virtue when they do not think of it; and if by that means they arrive only at such a degree of Consideration as may dispose them to listen to more studied and elaborate Discourses, I shall not think my Speculations useless. I might likewise observe, that the Gloominess in which sometimes the Minds of the best Men are involved, very often stands in need of such little incitements to Mirth and Laughter, as are apt to disperse Melancholy, and put our Faculties in good Humour. To which some will add, that the *British* Climate, more than any other, makes Entertainments of this nature in a manner necessary.[1]

If what I have here said does not recommend, it will at least excuse, the Variety of my Speculations. I would not willingly Laugh but in order to Instruct, or if I sometimes fail in this Point, when my Mirth ceases to be Instructive, it shall never cease to be Innocent. A Scrupulous Conduct in this Particular has, perhaps, more Merit in it than the generality of Readers imagine; did they know how many Thoughts occur in a point of Humour, which a discreet Author[2] in Modesty suppresses; how many Stroaks of Raillery

present themselves, which could not fail to please the ordinary Taste of Mankind, but are stifled in their Birth by reason of some remote Tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the Minds of those who read them, did they know how many glances of Ill-nature are industriously avoided for fear of doing Injury to the

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Reputation of another, they would be apt to think kindly of those Writers who endeavour to make themselves diverting without being Immoral. One may apply to these Authors that Passage in *Waller,*

Poets lose half the Praise they would have got,
Were it but known what they discreetly blot.[1]

As nothing is more easie than to be a Wit with all the above-mentioned Liberties, it requires some Genius and Invention to appear such without them.

What I have here said is not only in regard to the Publick, but with an Eye to my particular Correspondent who has sent me the following Letter, which I have castrated in some places upon these Considerations.

SIR,

'HAVING lately seen your Discourse upon a Match of Grinning, I cannot forbear giving you an account of a Whistling Match,[2] which, with many others, I was entertained with about three Years since at the *Bath.* The Prize was a Guinea, to be conferred upon the ablest Whistler, that is, on him who could Whistle clearest, and go through his Tune without Laughing, to which at the same time he was provoked[a] by the Antick Postures of a *Merry-Andrew,*[3] who was to stand upon the Stage and play his Tricks in the Eye of the Performer. There were three Competitors for the Ring. The first was a Plowman of a very promising Aspect; his Features were steady, and his Muscles composed in so inflexible

a stupidity, that upon his first appearance every one gave the Guinea for lost. The Pickled-Herring[1] however found the way to shake him, for upon his Whistling a Country Jigg this unlucky Wagg[2] danced to it with such a variety of Distortions and Grimaces, that the Country Man could not forbear smiling upon him, and by that means spoiled his Whistle and lost the Prize.

'The next that mounted the Stage was an Under-Citizen of the

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Bath, a Person remarkable among the inferior People of that Place for his great Wisdom and his broad Band. He contracted his Mouth with much Gravity, and, that he might dispose his Mind to be more serious than ordinary, begun the Tune of *the Children in the Wood,*[3] and went through part of it with good Success, when on a sudden the Wit at his Elbow, who had appeared wonderfully grave and attentive for some time, gave him a touch upon the left Shoulder, and stared him in the Face with so bewitching a Grinn, that the Whistler relaxed his Fibres into a kind of Simper, and at length burst out into an open Laugh. The third who entered the Lists was a Footman, who in defiance of the *Merry-Andrew,* and all his Arts, whistled a *Scotch* Tune and an *Italian* Sonata, with so setled a Countenance, that he bore away the Prize, to the great Admiration of some Hundreds of Persons, who, as well as my self, were present at this Tryal of Skill. Now, Sir, I humbly conceive, whatever you have determined of the Grinners, the Whistlers ought to be encouraged, not only as their Art is practised without Distortion, but as it improves Country Musick, promotes Gravity, and teaches ordinary People to keep their Countenances, if they see any thing ridiculous in their Betters; besides that it seems an Entertainment very particularly adapted to the *Bath,* as it is usual for a Rider to Whistle to his Horse when he would make his Waters pass.[4]

I am, SIR, &c.'

POSTSCRIPT.

'After having dispatched these two important Points of Grinning and Whistling, I hope you will oblige the World with some Reflections upon Yawning, as I have seen it practised on a Twelfth-Night, among other *Christmas* Gambols, at the House of a very worthy Gentleman, who always entertains his Tenants at that time of the Year. They Yawn for a *Cheshire* Cheese, and begin about Midnight, when the whole Company is disposed to be drowsie. He that Yawns widest, and at the same time so naturally as to produce the most Yawns among his Spectators, carries home the Cheese. If you handle this Subject as you ought, I question not but your Paper will set half the Kingdom a Yawning, tho' I dare promise you it will never make any Body fall asleep.' L

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Ars poetica,* 341–4:

Old age is only fond of moral truth,
Lectures too grave disgust aspiring youth;
But he who blends instruction with delight,
Wins every reader, nor in vain shall write.

[1] The cold and fog of England, inducing seriousness and melancholy, is commented on by most visitors. See Ascoli, i. 292–5. Miege (p. 219) notes that the temper of the English is suitable to their climate: 'They are for the most part *Reserved,* and less Communicative than the *French* ... Their *Flegm* is of great Use to relent that Fire, which makes Men volatile, and prompts 'em to Rashness.'

[2] In one of his letters to Joshua Dawson (29 Nov. 1709) Addison mentions a story 'about the Lieutenant General & the Irish Lucretia very archly told & designed for the Tatler', which Addison prevented from being published, 'out of my respect to the General' (*Correspondence,* ed. Graham, p. 194). The statements in this paragraph suggest a similar restraining influence on his part in the *Spectator.* In Tickell's manuscript notes for his biographical sketch of Addison, now among the Tickell papers in the possession of Major-General Sir Eustace F. Tickell, is the following passage:

'Love of Fame—Suppress many satirical pieces v. Spect. Occasioned the reputation of several Writers. Some made bad returns.'

[1] Waller, *Upon the Earl of Roscommon's Translation of Horace De Arte Poetica,* 41–42:

Poets lose half the Praise they shou'd have got,
Cou'd it be known what they discreetly blot.

[2] *The Daily Courant* of Saturday, 31 May 1707, advertises: 'On Monday next, being Whit-Monday, at Barnet-Wells will be Whistling for Gloves; and for the farther Entertainment of Gentlemen and Ladies Mr. Clinch will be in the Town, and pe rform as usual.'

[a] to which ... provoked] which at the same time he was provoked to *Fol.*

[3] Ned Ward's *London Spy,* part x, describes the antics of the Merry Andrew at Bartholomew Fair.

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[1] See No. 47 (vol. i).

[2] *Tatler* 79 comments on the 'Fellow you call a *Wag.* This ingenious Person is the usual Life of all Feasts and Merriments, by speaking Absurdities, and putting every Body of Breeding and Modesty out of Countenance.'

[3] See No. 85 (vol. i).

P. 207, note 4: See also British *Apollo*, 8 June 1709.

[4] For whistling to a horse to make him drink see *OED.* The association with Bath is continued in the following quotations, from the conclusion of Young's *Love of Fame,* Satire i and Pope's *Dunciad* (iii. 155–6):

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,
At Bath, in *summer,* chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly *whistles* as the *waters* pass?

Each cygnet sweet of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass.

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Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 180
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1711[1]

[MARTYN?]

... *Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

Hor.

THE following Letter[2] has so much Weight and good Sense, that I cannot forbear inserting it, tho' it relates to an hardened Sinner whom I have very little Hopes of reforming, *viz. Lewis* XIV. of *France.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AMIDST the Variety of Subjects of which you have treated, I could wish it had fallen in your Way to expose the Vanity of Conquests. This Thought would naturally lead one to the *French* King, who has been generally esteemed the greatest Conquerour of our Age, till Her Majesty's Armies had torn from him so many of his Countries, and depriv'd him of the Fruit of all his former Victories. For my own Part, if I were to draw his Picture, I should be for taking him no lower than to the Peace of *Reswick,*[1] just at the End of his Triumphs, and before his Reverse of Fortune; and even then I should not forbear thinking his Ambition had been vain and unprofitable to himself and his People.

'As for himself, it is certain he can have gained nothing by his Conquests, if they have not rendered him Master of more Subjects, more Riches, or greater Power. What I shall be able to offer upon

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these Heads, I resolve to submit to your Consideration.

'To begin then with his Increase of Subjects. From the Time he came of Age, and has been a Manager for himself, all the People he had acquir'd were such only as he had reduc'd by his Wars, and were left in his Possession by the Peace; he had conquer'd not above one Third Part of *Flanders,* and consequently no more than one Third Part of the Inhabitants of that Province.

'About 100 Years ago the Houses in that Country were all numbered, and by a just Computation the Inhabitants of all sorts could not then exceed 750000 Souls. And if any Man will consider the Desolation by almost perpetual Wars, the numerous Armies that have liv'd almost ever since at Discretion upon the People, and how much of their Commerce has removed for more Security to other Places, he will have little Reason to imagine that their Numbers have since increased; and therefore with one Third Part of that Province that Prince can have gained no more than one Third Part of the Inhabitants, or 250000 new Subjects, even though it should be supposed they were all contented to live still in their native Country, and transfer their Allegiance to a new Master.

'The Fertility of this Province, its convenient Situation for Trade and Commerce, its Capacity for furnishing Employment and Subsistence to great Numbers, and the vast Armies that have been maintained here, make it credible that the remaining two Thirds

of *Flanders* are equal to all his other Conquests; and consequently by all he cannot have gained more than 750000 new Subjects, Men, Women, and Children, especially if a Deduction shall be made of such as have retired from the Conqueror to live under their old Masters.

'It is Time now to set his Loss against his Profit, and to shew for the new Subjects he had acquir'd how many old ones he had lost in the Acquisition. I think that in his Wars he has seldom brought less into the Field in all Places than 200000 fighting Men, besides what have been left in Garrisons; and I think the common Computation is, that of an Army, at the latter End of a Campaign, without Sieges or Battle, scarce four Fifths can be muster'd of those that came into the Field at the Beginning of the Year. His Wars at

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several Times till the last Peace have held about 20 Years; and if 40000 yearly lost, or a fifth Part of his Armies are to be multiply'd by 20, he cannot have lost less than 800000 of his old Subjects, all able-body'd Men, a greater Number than the new Subjects he had acquir'd.

'But this Loss is not all: Providence seems to have equally divided the whole Mass of Mankind into different Sexes, that every Woman may have her Husband, and that both may equally contribute to the Continuance of the Species. It follows then that for all the Men that have been lost as many Women must have liv'd single, and it were but Charity to believe they have not done all the Service they were capable of doing in their Generation. In so long a Course of Years great Part of them must have dy'd, and all the rest must go off at last without leaving any Representatives behind. By this Account he must have lost not only 800000 Subjects, but double that Number, and all the Increase that was reasonably to be expected from it.

'It is said in the last War there was a Famine in his Kingdom which swept away two Millions of his People.[1] This is hardly credible; if the Loss was only of one Fifth Part of that Sum it was very great. But 'tis no Wonder there should be Famine where so much of the People's Substance is taken away for the King's use that they have not sufficient left to provide against Accidents, where so many of the Men are taken from the Plough to serve the King in his Wars, and a great Part of the Tillage is left to the weaker Hands of

so many Women and Children. Whatever was the Loss, it must undoubtedly be plac'd to the Account of his Ambition.

'And so must also the Destruction or Banishment of 3 or 400000 of his reform'd Subjects; he could have no other Reasons for valuing those Lives so very cheap, but only to recommend himself to the Bigotry of the *Spanish* Nation.

'How should there be Industry in a Country where all Property is precarious? What Subject will sow his Land that his Prince may reap the whole Harvest? Parsimony and Frugality must be Strangers to such a People; for will any Man save to Day what he has Reason

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to fear will be taken from him To-morrow? And where is the Encouragement for marrying? Will any Man think of raising Children without any Assurance of Cloathing for their Backs, or so much as Food for their Bellies? And thus by his fatal Ambition he must have lessened the Number of his Subjects, not only by Slaughter and Destruction, but by preventing their very Births, he has done as much as was possible towards destroying Posterity it self.

'Is this then the great, the invincible *Lewis*? This the immortal Man, the *tout puissant*, or the Almighty, as his Flatterers have called him? Is this the Man that is so celebrated for his Conquests? For every Subject he has acquired, has he not lost three that were his Inheritance? Are not his Troops fewer, and those neither so well fed, or cloathed, or paid, as they were formerly, tho' he has now so much greater Cause to exert himself? And what can be the Reason of all this, but that his Revenue is a great deal less, his Subjects are either poorer, or not so many to be plundered by constant Taxes for his Use?

'It is well for him he had found out a Way to steal a Kingdom;[1] if he had gone on conquering as he did before, his Ruin had been long since finished. This brings to my Mind a Saying of King *Pyrrhus,*[2] after he had a second Time beat the *Romans* in a pitched Battle, and was complimented by his Generals, *Yes,* says he, *such another Victory and I am quite undone.* And since I have mentioned

Pyrrhus, I will end with a very good though a known Story of this ambitious mad Man: When he had shewn the utmost Fondness for his Expedition against the *Romans, Cyneas* his chief Minister asked him what he proposed to himself by this War? Why, says *Pyrrhus,* to conquer the *Romans,* and reduce all *Italy* to my Obedience. What then? says *Cyneas*; To pass over in to *Sicily,* says *Pyrrhus,* and then all the *Sicilians* must be our Subjects. And what does your Majesty intend next? Why truly, says the King, to conquer *Carthage,* and make my self Master of all *Africa.* And what Sir, says the Minister, is to be the End of all your Expeditions? Why then, says the King, for the rest of our Lives we'll sit down to good Wine. How Sir, replyed *Cyneas,* to better than we have now before us? Have we not already as much as we can drink?

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'Riot and Excess are not the becoming Characters of Princes; but
15 if *Pyrrhus* and *Lewis* had debauched like *Vitellius*[1] they had been less hurtful to their People.

Your humble Servant,
PHILARITHMUS.'

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NOTES

[1] Motto. Horace, *Epistles,* 1. 2. 14: Whatever folly the kings commit, the Achaeans suffer.

[2] Philarithmus has been identified (by Nichols) as Henry Martyn, named by Steele in No. 555 as a contributor, and Nichols's attribution has been generally accepted. Steele may have modified or added to the letter. 'Brother Whigg Martyn', as Steele calls him in a letter of 24 Aug. 1710 (*Correspondence,* ed. Blanchard, p. 265), was a lawyer who wrote on 'political arithmetic' and who seems to have been largely responsible for opposing the ratification of the commercial treaty made at Utrecht, in a paper called *The British Merchant, or Commerce Preserved,* written in reply to Defoe's *Mercator, or Commerce Retrieved.* He was later made inspector general of exports and imports, and died on 25 Mar. 1721 at Blackheath. (See Ward's *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College,* quoted in Drake, iii. 285–8.) Ward says of Martyn that 'he was the author of many of those ingenious papers which in the years 1711 and 1712 were published weekly in the Spectator, and by their agreeable mixture of the *utile dulci* afforded no less instruction than entertainment to the public'.

[1] The Treaty of Ryswick signed in 1697 at Ryswick, two miles south-east of The Hague.

[1] For the extreme cold and famine in the year 1709, which nearly put an end to French resistance against the allies, see Trevelyan, iii. 1–5.

[1] By accepting the conditions of the famous will of Charles II of Spain (d. Nov. 1700), Louis XIV committed the French to defending the rights of his grandson Philip to the entire Spanish empire. In the eyes of the English, particularly the Whigs, this was a new way to steal a kingdom. See Trevelyan, i. 131–6.

[2] The two anecdotes are from Plutarch's *Life of Pyrrhus,* 21. 9–10 and 14. 2–7. Steele uses the second in *Tatler* 202. See also Montaigne, 'Of the Inequality amongst us' (*Essays,* trans. Cotton, 1685, i. 523); L'Estrange, *Fables and Stories Moraliz'd* (1699), pp. 27–28, &c.

[1] The Roman emperor who ruled for a few months after the death of Otho in April 69 A.D., and who was noted for his gluttony and debauchery.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 181 Thursday, September 27, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 181
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

His lacrymis vitam damus, & miserescimus ultro.

Virg.

I AM more pleased with a Letter that is filled with Touches of Nature than of Wit. The following one is of this kind.

SIR,

'AMONG all the Distresses which happen in Families, I do not remember that you have touched upon the Marriage of Children without the Consent of their Parents. I am one of these[a] unfortunate Persons. I was about Fifteen when I took the Liberty to chuse for my self, and have ever since languished under the

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Displeasure of an inexorable Father, who, though he sees me happy in the best of Husbands, and blessed with very fine Children, can never be prevailed upon to forgive me. He was so kind to me before this unhappy Accident, that indeed it makes my Breach of Duty, in some measure, inexcusable; and at the same time creates in me such a Tenderness towards him, that I love him above all things, and would die to be reconciled to him. I have thrown my self at his Feet, and besought him with Tears to pardon me, but he always pushes me away, and spurns me from him; I have written several Letters to him, but he will neither open nor receive them. About two Years ago I sent my little Boy to him, dressed in a new Apparel,

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but the Child returned to me crying, because he said his Grandfather would not see him, and had ordered him to be put out of his House. My Mother is won over to my side, but dares not mention me to my Father for fear of provoking him. About a Month ago he lay sick upon his Bed, and in great Danger of his Life; I was pierced to the Heart at the News, and could not forbear going to enquire after his Health. My Mother took this Opportunity of speaking in my behalf: She told him with abundance of Tears that I was come to see him, that I could not speak to her for weeping, and that I should certainly break my Heart if he refused at that time to give me his Blessing, and be reconciled to me. He was so far from relenting towards me, that he bid her speak no more of me, unless she had a Mind to disturb him in his last Moments; for, Sir, you must know that he has the Reputation of an honest and religious Man, which makes my Misfortune so much the greater. God be thanked he is since recovered, but his severe Usage has given me such a Blow that I shall soon sink under it, unless I may be relieved by any Impressions which the reading of this in your Paper may make upon him.

I am, &c.'

Of all Hardnesses of Heart, there is none so inexcusable as that of Parents towards their Children. An obstinate, inflexible, unforgiving Temper, is odious upon all Occasions, but here it is unnatural. The Love, Tenderness and Compassion, which are apt to arise in us towards those who[a] depend upon us, is that by which the whole World of Life is upheld. The Supreme Being, by the transcendent Excellency and Goodness of his Nature, extends his Mercy

towards all his Works; and because his Creatures have not such a spontaneous Benevolence and Compassion towards those who are under their Care and Protection, he has implanted in them an Instinct, that supplies the Place of this inherent Goodness. I have illustrated this kind of Instinct in former Papers,[1] and have shown how it runs through all the Species of Brute Creatures, as indeed the whole Animal Creation subsists by it.

This Instinct in Man is more general and uncircumscribed than in Brutes, as being enlarged by the Dictates of Reason and Duty.

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For if we consider our selves attentively, we shall find that we are not only enclined to Love those who descend from us, but that we bear a kind of (στοργὴ)[2] or natural Affection to every thing which[a] relies upon us for its Good and Preservation. Dependance is a perpetual Call upon Humanity, and a greater Incitement to Tenderness and Pity than any other Motive whatsoever.

The Man therefore who, notwithstanding any Passion or Resentment, can overcome this powerful Instinct, and extinguish natural Affection, debases his Mind even below Brutality, frustrates, as much as in him lies, the great Design of Providence, and strikes out of his Nature one of the most Divine Principles that is planted in it.

Among innumerable Arguments[b] which[3] might be brought against such an unreasonable Proceeding, I shall only insist on one. We make it the Condition of our Forgiveness that we Forgive others. In our very Prayers we desire no more than to be treated by this kind of Retaliation. The Case therefore before us seems to be what they call *a Case in point*; the relation between the Child and Father, being what comes nearest to that between a Creature and its Creator. If the Father is inexorable to the Child who has offended, let the Offence be of never so high a Nature, how will he address himself to the Supreme Being, under the tender Appellation of a Father, and desire of him such a Forgiveness as he himself refuses to grant?

To this I might add many other Religious, as well as many Prudential Considerations; but if the last-mentioned Motive does not prevail, I despair of succeeding by any other, and shall therefore conclude my Paper with a very remarkable Story, which is recorded in an old Chronicle published by *Freher* among the Writers of the *German* History.[1]

Eginhart, who was Secretary to *Charles* the Great, became exceeding Popular by his Behaviour in that Post. His great Abilities gained him the Favour of his Master, and the Esteem of the whole Court. *Imma,* the Daughter of the Emperor, was so pleased with his Person and Conversation, that she fell in Love with him. As she was one of the greatest Beauties of the Age, *Eginhart* answer'd her with a more than equal Return of Passion. They stifled their Flames for some time, under apprehension of the fatal Consequences that might

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ensue. *Eginhart* at length resolving to hazard all, rather than live deprived of one whom his Heart was so much set upon, convey'd himself one Night into the Princess's Apartment, and knocking gently at the Door, was admitted as a Person who[a] had something to communicate to her from the Emperor. He was with her in private most part of the Night; but upon his preparing to go away about Break of Day, he observed that there had fallen a great Snow during his stay with the Princess: This very much perplexed him, least the prints of his Feet in the Snow might make Discoveries to the King, who often used to visit his Daughter in the Morning. He acquainted the Princess *Imma* with his Fears, who after some Consultations upon the Matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the Snow upon her own Shoulders. It happen'd, that the Emperor not being able to sleep, was at that time up and walking in his Chamber, when upon looking through the Window he perceiv'd his Daughter tottering under her burden, and carrying his first Minister across the Snow; which she had no sooner done, but she returned again with the utmost speed to her own Apartment. The Emperor was extreamly troubled and astonished at this Accident; but resolved to speak nothing of it 'till a proper Opportunity. In the mean time *Eginhart* knowing that what he had done could not be long a Secret, determined to retire from Court, and in

order to it begged the Emperor that he would be pleased to dismiss him, pretending a kind of Discontent at his not having been rewarded for his long Services. The Emperor would not give a direct Answer to his Petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed[a] a certain Day when he would let him know his Pleasure. He then called together the most faithful of his Counsellors, and acquainting them with his Secretary's Crime, ask'd them their Advice in so delicate an Affair. They most of them gave their Opinion, that the Person could not be too severely Punished, who had thus dishonoured his Master. Upon the whole Debate, the Emperor declared it was his Opinion, that *Eginhart*'*s* Punishment would rather encrease than diminish the Shame of his Family; and that therefore he thought it the most adviseable to wear out the Memory of the Fact, by Marrying him to his Daughter. Accordingly *Eginhart* was called in, and acquainted by the Emperor, that he should no longer have any Pretence of complaining his Services were not rewarded, for

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that the Princess *Imma* should be given him[b] in Marriage, with a Dower suitable to her Quality; which was soon after performed accordingly. L

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aenei d*, 2. 145: Moved by these tears, we grant life and pity him esides.

a these] those *Fol.*

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[1] Nos. 120, 121 (vol. i).

[2] The word is found in English as *storgé* from 1637 (*OED*). The Greek word, 'which no other Language has a proper word for' (Cowley, *Essays,* ed. Waller, p. 258), is used by M. Martin (*A Late Voyage to St. Kilda*, 1698, p. 67) to apply to wild fowls' natural affection for their offspring. Blackstone, in the *Commentaries* (book i, chap. xvi), describes it as that 'insuperable degree of affection' in the breast of every parent 'which not even the deformity of person or mind, not even the wickedness, ingrati- tude, and rebellion of children, can totally suppress or extinguish' (Oxford, 1765, i. 435).

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[b] which] that *Fol.*

[3] For a reply to this number see Defoe's *Review*, 2 Oct. 1711. See also No. 189.

[1] The incident is related in Bayle, art. Eginhart, Remark B.

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[a] appointed] fixed on *Fol*.

[b] given him] given to him *Fol.*

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Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 182
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Plus aloes quam mellis habet ...

Juv.

AS all Parts of humane Life come under my Observation, my Reader must not make uncharitable Inferences from my speaking knowingly of that sort of Crime which is at present treated of. He will, I hope, suppose I know it only from the Letters of Correspondents, two of which you shall have as follow.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is wonderful to me, that among the many Enormities which you have treated of you have not mentioned that of Wenching, and particularly the insnaring Part; I mean, that it is a thing very

fit for your Pen to expose the Villany of the Practice of deluding Women. You are to know, Sir, that I my self am a Woman who have been one of the Unhappy that have fallen into this Misfortune, and that by the Insinuation of a very worthless Fellow who served others in the same Manner both before my Ruine and since that Time. I had, as soon as the Rascal left me, so much Indignation and Resolution, as not to go upon the Town,[1] as the Phrase is, but took to work for my Living in an obscure Place, out of the Knowledge of all with whom I was before acquainted.

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'It is the ordinary Practice and Business of Life with a Set of idle Fellows about this Town, to write Letters, send Messages, and form Appointments with little raw unthinking Girls, and leave them after Possession of them without any Mercy to Shame, Infamy, Poverty, and Disease. Were you to read the nauseous Impertinencies which are written on these Occasions, and to see the silly Creatures sighing over them, it could not but be Matter of Mirth as well as Pity. A little Prentice Girl of mine has been for some Time applied to by an *Irish* Fellow, who dresses very fine, and struts in a lac'd Coat, and is the Admiration of Semstresses who are under Age in Town. Ever since I have had some Knowledge of the Matter, I have debarred my Prentice from Pen, Ink, and Paper. But the other Day he bespoke some Cravats of me: I went out of the Shop, and left his Mistress to put them up into a Band-box in order to be sent to him when his Man called. When I came into the Shop again I took Occasion to send her away, and found in the Bottom of the Box written these Words, *Why would you ruine a harmless Creature that loves you?* then in the Lid, *There is no resisting* Strephon: I searched a little further, and found in the Rim of the Box, *At eleven of Clock at Night come in an Hackney-Coach at the End of our Street.* This was enough to alarm me; I sent away the things, and took my Measures accordingly. An Hour or two before the appointed Time I examined my young Lady, and found her Trunk stuffed with impertinent Letters, and an old Scrole of Parchment in *Latin,* which her Lover had sent her as a Settlement of fifty Pounds a Year; among other things there was also the best Lace I had in my Shop to make him a Present for Cravats. I was very glad of this last Circumstance, because I could very conscientiously swear against him that he had enticed my Servant away, and was her Accomplice in robbing me.

I procured a Warrant against him accordingly. Every thing was now prepared, and the tender Hour of Love approaching, I who had acted for my self in my Youth the same senseless Part, knew how to manage accordingly. Therefore after having locked up my Maid, and not being so much unlike her in Height and Shape, as in a huddled way not to pass for her, I delivered the Bundle designed to be carryed off to her Lover's Man, who came with the Signal to receive them. Thus I followed after to the Coach, where when I saw his Master take them in, I cryed out Thieves! Thieves! and the Constable with his Attendants seized my expecting Lover. I kept

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my self unobserved till I saw the Crowd sufficiently encreased, and then appeared to declare the Goods to be mine; and had the Satisfaction to see my Man of Mode[1] put into the Round-house[2] with the stolen Wares by him, to be produced in Evidence against the next Morning. This Matter is notoriously known to be Fact, and I have been contented to save my Prentice, and take a Year's Rent of this mortifyed Lover not to appear further in the Matter. This was some Penance; but, Sir, is this enough for a Villany of much more pernicious Consequence than the Trifles for which he was to have been Indicted? Should not you, and all Men of any Parts or Honour, put things upon so right a Foot, as that such a Rascal should not laugh at the Imputation of what he was really guilty, and dread being accused of that for which he was arrested?

'In a Word, Sir, it is in the Power of you, and such as I hope you are, to make it as infamous to rob a poor Creature of her Honour as her Cloaths. I leave this to your Consideration, only take Leave, (which I cannot do without sighing) to remark to you, that if this had been the Sense of Mankind thirty Years ago, I should have avoided a Life spent in Poverty and Shame.

I am,
SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Alice Threadneedle.'

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Round-house, Sept. 9.*

'I AM a Man of Pleasure about Town, but by the Stupidity of a dull Rogue of a Justice of Peace and an insolent Constable, upon the Oath of an old Harridan, am imprisoned here for Theft

when I designed only Fornication. The Midnight Magistrate as he conveyed me along had you in his Mouth, and said this would make a pure[1] Story for the SPECTATOR. I hope, Sir, you won't pretend to Wit, and take the Part of dull Rogues of Business. The World is so alter'd of late Years, that there was not a Man who would knock down a Watchman in my Behalf, but I was carried off with as much Triumph as if I had been a Pickpocket. At this Rate there is an End of all the Wit and Humour in the World. The Time was when all the honest Whore-masters in the Neighbourhood, would have rose

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against the Cuckolds to my Rescue. If Fornication is to be scandalous, half the fine things that have been writ by most of the Wits of the last Age may be burnt by the common Hangman. Harkee, SPEC do not be queer; after having done some things pretty well, don't begin to write at that Rate that no Gentleman can read thee. Be true to Love, and burn your *Seneca.*[2] You do not expect me to write my Name from hence, but I am

Your unknown humble, &c.'

T[3]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Juvenal, *Satires*, 6. 181: It has more of the bitter than the sweet.

[1] Cf. No. 266, 'come upon the town', the earliest quotation of the phrase in *OED.*

[1] Possibly an allusion to Etherege's play. Cf. No. 65 (vol. i).

[2] A guard or watch-house with stocks beside it, situated at the south end of St. Martin's Lane, opposite the Church of St. Martin's in the Fields.

[1] A colloquial term of appreciation, marked 'now rare or *Obs*.' by *OED.*

[2] Cf. Nos. 93 (vol. i), 157, 158, 163, and 179.

[3] For a testimonial to this number see No. 547 (vol. iv). A letter signed Philo-Mac (Lillie, ii. 93–96) objects to the outspoken nature of this essay and regrets that Britons 'are resolved to allow no one good quality in the Irish'.

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NO. 183

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1711[4]

[ADDISON]

ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,
ἴδμεν δ᾽ εὖτ᾽ ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.

Hes.

FABLES were the first pieces of Wit that made their appearance in the World, and have been still highly valued, not only in times of the greatest Simplicity, but among the most polite Ages of Mankind.[5] *Jotham's* Fable of the Trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time.[6]

Nathan's Fable of the poor Man and his Lamb[1] is likewise more Ancient than any that is extant, besides the above-mentioned, and had so good an effect as to convey Instruction to the Ear of a King without offending it, and to bring the Man after God's own Heart to a right Sense of his Guilt and his Duty. We find *Æsop*[2] in the most distant Ages of *Greece*; and if we look into the very beginnings of the Commonwealth of *Rome*, we see a Mutiny among the Common People appeased by a Fable of the Belly and the Limbs,[3] which was indeed very proper to gain the Attention of an incensed Rabble, at a time when perhaps they would have torn to Pieces any Man who[a] had Preached the same Doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As Fables took their Birth in the very Infancy of Learning, they never flourished more than when Learning was at its greatest

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height. To justifie this Assertion, I shall put my Reader in mind of *Horace,*[4] the greatest Wit and Critick in the Augustan Age; and of *Boileau,*[5] the most correct Poet among the Moderns: Not to mention *la Fontaine,*[6] who by this way of Writing is come more into Vogue than any other Author of our times.

The Fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon Brutes and Vegetables, with some of our own Species mixt among them, when the Moral hath so required. But besides this kind of Fable there is another in which the Actors are Passions, Virtues, Vices, and other imaginary Persons of the like Nature. Some of the Ancient Criticks will have it that the Iliad and Odissey of *Homer* are Fables of this nature;[7] and that the several Names of Gods and

Heroes are nothing else but the Affections of the Mind in a visible Shape and Character. Thus they tell us, that *Achilles*, in the first Iliad, represents Anger, or the Irascible part of Human Nature: That upon drawing his Sword against his Superior in a full Assembly, *Pallas* is only another Name for Reason, which checks and advises him upon that occasion; and at her first Appearance touches him upon the Head, that part of the Man being looked upon as the Seat of Reason. And thus of the rest of the Poem. As for the Odissey, I think it is plain that *Horace* considered it as one of these Allegorical Fables, by the Moral which he has given us of several parts of it.[1] The greatest *Italian* Wits have applied themselves to the Writing of this latter kind of Fables: As *Spencer's Fairy-Queen* is one continued Series of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable Work.[2] If we look into the finest Prose-Authors of Antiquity, such as *Cicero, Plato, Xenophon,* and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their favourite kind of Fable. I shall only further observe upon it, that the first of this sort that made any considerable figure in the World was that of *Hercules* meeting with Pleasure and Virtue,[3] which was Invented by *Prodicus,* who lived before *Socrates,* and in the first Dawnings of Philosophy. He used to Travel through *Greece* by vertue of this Fable, which procured him a kind Reception in all the Market Towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an Audience about him.

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After this short Preface, which I have made up of such Materials as my Memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my Reader with[a] a Fable of this kind, which I design as the Entertainment of the present Paper, I must in a few Words open the occasion of it.

In the Account which *Plato* gives us of the Conversation and Behaviour of *Socrates* the Morning he was to Die, he tells the following Circumstance.

> When *Socrates* his Fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the Day that the Condemn'd Person was to be Executed)
>
>
>
> being seated in the midst of his Disciples, and laying one of his Legs over the other, in a very unconcerned Posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the Iron; and whether it was to show the Indifference with which he entertained the Thoughts of his approaching Death, or after his usual manner, to take every occasion of Philosophizing upon some useful Subject, he observed the Pleasure of that Sensation which now arose in those very parts of his Leg, that just before had been so much pained by the Fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of Pleasure and Pain in general, and how constantly they succeed one another. To this he added, that if a Man of a good Genius for a Fable were to represent the Nature of Pleasure and Pain in that way of Writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any Place, without being followed by the other.[1]

It is possible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at such a time to describe *Socrates* launching out into a Discourse which[a] was not of a piece with the Business of the Day, he would have enlarged upon this Hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful Allegory or Fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one my self in the Spirit of that Divine Author.

There were two Families which from the beginning of the World were as opposite to each other as Light and Darkness. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngest Descendant of the first Family was Pleasure, who was the Daughter of Happiness, who was the Child of

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Virtue, who was the Offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their Habitation in Heaven. The youngest of the opposite Family was Pain, who was the Son of Misery, who was the Child of Vice, who was the Offspring of the Furies. The Habitation of this Race of Beings was in Hell.

The middle Station of Nature between these two opposite Extreams was the Earth, which was inhabited by Creatures of a middle kind, neither so Virtuous as the one, nor so Vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad Qualities of these two opposite Families. Jupiter *considering that this Species, commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a Distinction between the Good and the Bad, ordered the two youngest of the abovementioned Families, Pleasure*

who was the Daughter of Happiness, and Pain who was the Son of Misery, to meet one another upon this part of Nature which lay in the half way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the Division of it, so as to share Mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new Habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should take Possession of the Virtuous, and Pain of the Vicious part of that Species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any Individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a Right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old places of Residence, there was no Person so Vicious who had not some Good in him, nor any Person so Virtuous who had not in him some Evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon Search, that in the most vicious Man Pleasure might lay a claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous Man Pain might come in for at least two thirds. This they saw would occasion endless Disputes between them, unless they could come to some Accommodation. To this end there was a Marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: By this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant Yoke-fellows, and that they either make their Visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into an Heart he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this Marriage was very convenient for the two Parties, it did not seem to answer the Intention of Jupiter *in sending them among Mankind. To remedy therefore this Inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by Article, and confirmed by the consent of each Family, that*

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notwithstanding they here possessed the Species indifferently; upon the Death of every single Person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of Evil, he should be dispatched into the Infernal Regions by a Passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice, and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of Good, he should be dispatched into Heaven by a Passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue and the Gods. L

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NOTES

[4] *Motto.* Hesiod, *Theogony,* 27–28: We know how to speak many false things as though they were true; but we know, when we will, to utter true things.

[5] In *Guardian* 152 Addison discusses the fable or allegory and praises Spenser for his accomplishments in this genre.

[6] See Judges ix. 8–15.

[1] 2 Sam. xii. 1–4.

[2] In No. 100 is advertised:

Æsop Naturaliz'd: Being a Collection of Fables from Æsop, Locman, &c. The 3d Edition, with the Addition of above 50 new Fables, 8vo. Printed for D. Mid-winter at the three Crowns in St. Paul's Church-yard.

[3] No. 174.

a who] that *Fol.*

[4] Although Horace did not write fables, his *Epistles* inculcated moral truths through anecdote and story, in the fashion described here.

[5] Boileau does not discuss the fable in his *Art poétique* (1674), although La Fontaine's first collection of fables had appeared by that date. Boileau himself wrote two short fables, *La Mort et le bûcheron* (1668) and *L'huître et les deux plaideurs* (1669).

[6] La Fontaine's first collection of *Fables* (books i-vi) appeared in 1668 and was added to later (book xii, the last, in 1694). In the sale catalogue of Addison's library is listed a two-volume collection of La Fontaine's *Fables* published at Lyons in 1698.

[7] Horace (*Epistles*, 1. 2) makes this point about the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Dacier, in discussing Aristotle, chap, ix, observes that when Homer wrote of Achilles 'he had no design to describe that Man alone who bore that Name, but to set before our Eyes, what Violence and Anger could make all Men of that Character, say, or do. *Achilles* is then an Universal Person, General and Allegorical ...' (p. 144).

[1] *Epistles,* 1. 2. 17–31.

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[2] In the *Account of the Greatest English Poets* (1694), 25–26, Addison had written:

The long-spun allegories fulsom grow,
While the dull moral lyes too plain below.

[3] Xenophon, *Memorabilia,* 2. 1. 21–34. This 'noble Allegory' is related at length in *Tatler* 97.

[a] present my Reader with] give my Reader *Fol.*

[1] *Pbaedo,* 60.

[a] which] that *Fol.*

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NO. 184
MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

...Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

Hor.[a]

WHEN a Man has discovered a new Vein of Humour, it often carries him much further than he expected from it. My Correspondents take the Hint I give them, and pursue it into Speculations which I never thought of at my first starting it. This has been the Fate of my Paper on the Match of Grinning,[2] which has already produced a second Paper on parallel Subjects, and brought me the following Letter by the last Post. I shall not premise any thing to it further than that it is built on Matter of Fact, and is as follows.

SIR,

'YOU have already obliged the World with a Discourse upon Grinning, and have since proceeded to Whistling, from whence you are at length come to Yawning; from this I think you may make a very natural Transition to Sleeping. I therefore recommend to you for the Subject of a Paper the following Advertisement,[3] which

about two Months ago was given into every Bodies Hands, and

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may be seen with some Additions in the *Daily Courant* of *August* the Ninth.

'Nicholas Hart, *who slept last Tear in St.* Bartholomew'*s Hospital, intends to sleep this Tear at the* Cock *and* Bottle *in* Little Britain.

'Having since enquired into the Matter of Fact, I find that the above-mentioned *Nicholas Hart* is every Year seized with a periodical Fit of Sleeping, which begins upon the Fifth of *August,* and ends on the Eleventh of the same Month: That

'On the First of that Month he grew dull;

'On the Second appeared drowsy;

'On the Third fell a yawning;

'On the Fourth began to nod;

'On the Fifth dropped asleep;

'On the Sixth was heard to snore;

'On the Seventh turned himself in his Bed;

'On the Eighth recovered his former Posture;

'On the Ninth fell a stretching;

'On the Tenth about Midnight awaked;

'On the Eleventh in the Morning called for a little Small-Beer.

'This Account I have extracted out of the Journal of this sleeping Worthy, as it has been faithfully kept by a Gentleman of *Lincoln*'*s-Inn* who has undertaken to be his Historiographer. I have sent it to you, not only as it represents the Actions of *Nicholas Hart,* but as it seems a very natural Picture of the Life of many an honest *English* Gentleman, whose whole History very often consists of Yawning, Nodding, Stretching, Turning, Sleeping, Drinking, and the like extraordinary Particulars. I do not question, Sir, that if you pleased

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you could put out an Advertisement not unlike the[a] above-mentioned of several Men of Figure, that Mr. *John* such a one, Gentleman, or *Thomas* such a one, Esquire, who slept in the Country last Summer, intends to sleep in Town this Winter. The worst of it is, that the drowsy Part of our Species is chiefly made up of very honest Gentlemen, who live quietly among their Neighbours without ever disturbing the publick Peace: They are Drones without Stings. I could heartily wish that several turbulent, restless, ambitious Spirits would for a while change Places with these good Men, and enter themselves into[b] *Nicholas Hart*'*s* Fraternity. Could one but lay asleep a few busy Heads which[c] I could name, from the first of *November* next to the first of *May* ensuing, I question not but it would very much redound to the Quiet of particular Persons as well as to the Benefit of the Publick.[1]

'But to return to *Nicholas Hart*: I believe, Sir, you will think it a very extraordinary Circumstance for a Man to gain his Livelihood by Sleeping, and that Rest should procure a Man Sustenance as well as Industry; yet so it is that *Nicholas* got last Year enough to support himself for a Twelve-month. I am likewise informed that he has this Year had a very comfortable Nap. The Poets value themselves very much for sleeping on *Parnassus,* but I never heard they got a Groat by it: On the contrary, our Friend *Nicholas* gets more by Sleeping than he could by Working, and may be more properly said, than ever *Homer* was, to have had Golden Dreams.[2] *Juvenal*[3] indeed mentions a drowzy Husband who[d] raised an Estate by Snoring, but then he is represented to have slept what the Common People call a Dog's Sleep;[4] or if his Sleep was real, his Wife was awake and about her Business. Your Pen which[e] loves to moralize upon all Subjects, may raise something mcthinks on this Circumstance also, and point out to us those Sets of Men, who instead of growing rich by an honest Industry, recommend themselves to the Favours of the Great, by making themselves agreeable Companions in the Participations of Luxury and Pleasure.

'I must further acquaint you, Sir, that one of the most eminent Pens in *Grub-street* is now employ'd in writing the Dream of this miraculous Sleeper, which I hear will be of a more than ordinary

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Length, as it must contain all the Particulars that are supposed to have passed in his Imagination during so long a Sleep. He is said to have gone already through three Days and three Nights[a] of it, and to have comprised in them the most remarkable Passages of the four first Empires of the World. If he can keep free from Party-Strokes his Work may be of use; but this I much doubt, having been inform'd by one[b] of his Friends and Confidents that he has spoken some things of *Nimrod* with too great Freedom.[1]

I am ever, Sir, &c.'

L[c]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Ars poetica,* 360: In long works sleep will sometimes surprise.

[a] Motto. Hor.] *om. in Folio* (*corrected in Errata*, No. 185)

[2] Nos. 173, 179.

[3] The advertisement appeared in the *Daily Courant* of 7 Aug. 1711 ('This Day is Publish'd') and on the 9th ('Just Publish'd'):

> A Full Account of the Life and Visions of Nicholas Hart: Who has every Year of his Life past, on the 5th of August, fall'n into a Deep Sleep, and cannot be awaked till Five Days and Nights are expired, and then gives a surprizing Relation of what he hath seen in the Other World. Taken from his own Mouth, in September last; after he had slept five Days in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the August before. By William Hill, of Lincolns-Inn, Gent. The Truth of all which the said Nicholas Hart hath attested under his Hand, the 3d Day of August, 1711. before several credible Witnesses; and declar'd his Readiness to make Oath of the same. He began to Sleep as usual, the 5th Day of this Instant August, 1711. at Mr. Dixies, at the Cock and Bottle in Little-Britain. Entred according to Law. Printed for J. Baker, at the Black-Boy in Pater-noster-Row. Price 2d.

The pamphlet itself states that Hart was born at Leyden on 5 Aug. 1689, that his parents had ten children, who were all born on 5 Aug. in ten successive years, and that he had been at sea since he was twelve. At Hart's birth

> his Mother had been 24 Hours in a Trance, and was not sensible when she was deliver'd, and continued in that Trance two or three Days and Nights after his Birth; ... on every 5th Day of *August*, since, he always falls into a Trance, or dead Sleep, so as not to be awaked for five Days and Nights together, which he can no ways help or avoid; and always knows and foretels, and his Father (who is a great Astronomer) also foretold it of him, and that he should not expire in any of his Trances (p. 4).

The pamphlet describes Hart's experiences as a sleeper, and in particular a vision he had while a patient at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1710. He states that in Sept. 1710 he had the honour of being introduced to the Queen at St. James's. The pamphlet is signed 'this 14th Day of *December,* 1710' by '*Wm. Hill,* Sen. (No. 1.) in Lincolns-Inn'. A postscript, dated 3 Aug. 1711, states that Hart having heard all this read over to him, acknowledges before

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witnesses that it is true, 'and says that he certainly expects to begin to sleep, according to his usual Manner, on *Sunday* next, being the 5th of August, 1711. about Noon. To the Truth of all which he hath also set his Mark.'

See also *British Apollo,* 4 Sept. 1710, where a question is asked regarding this 'most Strange and Wonderful Relation'. Here the sleeper's name is given, however, as Simon Wolf.

[a] the] that *Fol.*

[b] into] in *Fol.*

[c] which] that *Fol.*

[1] An allusion to the session of Parliament.

[2] Cf. *Tatler* 112: 'The best Critick that ever wrote, speaking of some Passages in *Homer* which appear extravagant or frivolous, says indeed they are Dreams but the Dreams of *Jupiter.*'

[3] *Satires,* 1. 55. The allusion is to a husband who winks at his wife's infidelities.

[d] who] that *Fol.*

[4] A dog's sleep, i.e. a feigned or pretended sleep. This is the last quotation in OED for this obsolete sense.

[e] which] that *Fol.*

[a] and three Nights] and Nights *Fol.*

[b] one] some *Fol.*

[1] Possibly a current political allusion. Not long before this date Swift had written to Stella (31 July): The Queen 'drives furiously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod'.

[c] *No. 184 signed* T *in Folio* (*corrected in Errata, No. 185*)

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 185 Tuesday, October 2, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 185
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

... *Tantœne animis cœlestibus iræ?*

Virg.

THERE is nothing in which Men more deceive themselves than in what the World calls Zeal. There are so many Passions which hide themselves under it, and so many Mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the Benefit of Mankind if it had never been reckoned in the Catalogue of Virtues. It is certain where it is once Laudable and Prudential it is an hundred times Criminal and Erroneous, nor can it be otherwise if we consider that it operates with equal Violence in all Religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the Sub-divisions of each Religion in particular.

We are told by some of the *Jewish Rabbins,* that the first Murder was occasioned by a Religious Controversie;[1] and if we had the whole History of Zeal from the Days of *Cain* to our own Times, we should see it filled with so many Scenes of Slaughter and Bloodshed, as would make a wise Man very careful how he suffers himself to be actuated by such a Principle, when it only regards Matters of Opinion and Speculation.

I would have every Zealous Man examine his Heart throughly, and, I believe, he will often find that what he calls a Zeal for his

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Religion is either Pride, Interest, or Ill-nature. A Man who[a] differs from another in Opinion sets himself above him in his own Judgment, and in several Particulars pretends to be the wiser Person. This is a great Provocation to the Proud Man, and gives a very keen Edge to what he calls his Zeal. And that this is the Case very often, we may observe from the Behaviour of some of the most Zealous for Orthodoxy, who have often great Friendships and Intimacies with vitious immoral Men, provided they do but agree with them in the same Scheme of Belief. The Reason is, Because the vitious Believer gives the Precedency to the virtuous Man, and allows the good Christian to be the worthier Person, at the same time that he cannot come up to his Perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite Passage which we see quoted in almost every System of Ethics, tho' upon another Occasion,

... Video meliora proboque
Deteriora sequor ... Ov.[2]

On the contrary, it is certain if our Zeal were true and genuine, we should be much more angry with a Sinner than a Heretick, since there are several Cases which[b] may excuse the latter before his great Judge, but none which[c] can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great Inflamer, and sets a Man on Persecution under the Colour of Zeal. For this Reason we find none are so forward to promote the true Worship by Fire and Sword, as those who

find their present account in it. But I shall extend the Word Interest to a larger Meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our Spiritual Safety and Welfare, as well as to our Temporal. A Man is glad to gain Numbers on his side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private Opinions. Every Proselyte is like a new Argument for the Establishment of his Faith. It makes him believe that his Principles carry Conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the Reason of others, as well as to his own. And that this Temper of Mind deludes a Man very often into an Opinion of his Zeal, may appear from the common Behaviour of the Atheist, who maintains and spreads his Opinions with as much heat as those who believe they do it only out of

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a Passion for God's Glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful Imitator of Zeal. Many a good Man may have a Natural Rancour and Malice in his Heart, which[a] has been in some measure quelled and subdued by Religion; but if it finds any Pretence of breaking out, which does not seem to him inconsistent with the Duties of a Christian, it throws off all Restraint, and rages in its full Fury. Zeal is therefore a great Ease to a malicious Man, by making him believe he does God Service, whilst he is gratifying the bent of a perverse revengeful Temper. For this Reason we find that most of the Massacres and Devastations which[b] have been in the World, have taken their Rise from a furious pretended Zeal.

I love to see a Man zealous in a good matter, and especially when his Zeal shows it self for advancing Morality, and promoting the Happiness of Mankind: But when I find the Instruments he works with are Racks and Gibbets, Gallies and Dungeons; when he Imprisons Mens Persons, Confiscates their Estates, Ruins their Families, and Burns the Body to save the Soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such a one, that (whatever he may think of his Faith and Religion) his Faith is vain, and his Religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false Zealots in Religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous Species of Men, who one would not think had any Existence in Nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary Conversation, I mean the Zealots in Atheism. One would fancy that these Men, though they fall short, in every other respect, of those who make a Profession of Religion, would at least outshine them in this Particular, and be exempt from that single

Fault which seems to grow out of the Imprudent Fervours of Religion; but so it is, that Infidelity is propagated with as much Fierce ness and Contention, Wrath and Indignation, as if the Safety of Mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of Zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper Colours. They are a sort of Gamesters who[a] are eternally upon the Fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teizing their Friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get any thing

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by the Bargain. In short, the Zeal of spreading Atheism is, if possible, more absurd than Atheism it self.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable Zeal which appears in Atheists and Infidels, I must further observe that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the Spirit of Bigottry. They are wedded to Opinions full of Contradiction and Impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest Difficulty in an Article of Faith as a sufficient Reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common Reason[b] of Mankind, that are conformable to the Sense of all Ages, and all Nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happiness of Societies, or of particular Persons, are exploded as Errors and Prejudices, and Schemes erected in their stead that are altogether Monstrous and Irrational, and require the most extravagant Credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these bigotted Infidels, supposing all the great Points of Atheism, as the casual or eternal Formation of the World, the Materiality of a thinking Substance, the Mortality of the Soul, the fortuitous Organization of the Body, the Motions and Gravitation of Matter, with the like Particulars, were laid together and formed in a kind of Creed, according to the Opinions of the most celebrated Atheists, I say, supposing such a Creed as this were formed and imposed upon any one People in the World, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of Faith than any Sett of Articles which they so violently oppose.[1] Let me therefore advise this Generation of Wranglers, for their own and for the Publick good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with Zeal for Irreligion and with Bigottry[c] for Nonsense. C

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid*, 1. 11:

> Can Heav'nly Minds such high resentment show? DRYDEN.

[1] The material here is based on Bayle, art. Abel. Speaking of the murder of Abel, Bayle writes, 'Some say, their Quarrel was a Dispute about Religion', and in Remark A he discusses this at some length, citing various rabbinical authorities.

[a] A Man who] The Man that *Fol.*

[2] Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* 7. 20–21:

I see the right, and I approve it too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue. TATE.

[b] which] that *Fol.*

[c] which] that *Fol.*

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[b] which] that *Fol.*

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[b] Reason] *12mo*; Reasons *Fol., 8vo*

[1] Addison in *Freeholder* 14 writes: 'It has been very well observed, that the most credulous man in the world is the atheist, who believes the universe to be the production of chance.'

[c] and with Bigottry] and Bigottry *Fol.*

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Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 186
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia ...

Hor.

UPON my Return to my Lodgings last Night, I found a Letter from my worthy Friend the Clergy-man, whom I have given some Account of in my former Papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleased with the latter Part of my Yesterday's Speculation; and at the same Time enclosed the following Essay, which he desires me to publish as the Sequel of that Discourse. It consists partly of uncommon Reflections, and partly of such as have been already used, but now set in a stronger Light.

'A Believer may be excused by the most hardened Atheist for endeavouring to make him a Convert, because he does it with an Eye to both their Interests. The Atheist is inexcusable who tries to gain over a Believer, because he does not propose the doing himself or Believer any Good by such a Conversion.[2]

'The Prospect of a future State is the secret Comfort and Refreshment of my Soul; it is that which makes Nature look gay about me; it doubles all my Pleasures, and supports me under all my Afflictions. I can look at Disappointments and Misfortunes, Pain and Sickness, Death it self, and, what is worse than Death, the Loss of those who are dearest to me, with Indifference, so long as I keep in view the

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Pleasures of Eternity, and the State of Being in which there will be no Fears nor Apprehensions, Pains nor Sorrows, Sickness nor Separation. Why will any Man be so impertinently officious, as to tell me all this is only Fancy and Delusion? Is there any Merit in being the Messenger of ill News? If it is a Dream let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and better Man.

'I must confess I do not know how to trust a Man who[a] believes neither Heaven nor Hell, or in other Words, a future State of Rewards and Punishments. Not only natural Self-love, but Reason

directs us, to promote our own Interest above all things. It can never be for the Interest of a Believer to do me a Mischief, because he is sure upon the Ballance of Accompts to find himself a Loser by it. On the contrary, if he considers his own Welfare in his Behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the Good he can, and at the same Time restrain him from doing me an Injury. An Unbeliever does not act like a reasonable Creature, if he favours me contrary to his present Interest, or does not distress me when it turns to his present Advantage. Honour and Good-nature may indeed tie up his Hands; but as these would be very much strengthened by Reason and Principle, so without them they are only Instincts, or wavering unsettled Notions which[a] rest on no Foundation.

'Infidelity has been attack'd with so good Success of late Years, that it is driven out of all its Outworks. The Atheist has not found his Post tenable, and is therefore retired into Deism, and a Disbelief of revealed Religion only. But the Truth of it is, the greatest Number of this Set of Men, are those who for want of a virtuous Education, or examining the Grounds of Religion, know so very little of the Matter in question, that their Infidelity is but another Term for their Ignorance.

'As Folly and Inconsiderateness are the Foundations of Infidelity, the great Pillars and Supports of it are either a Vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of Mankind, or an Ostentation of Courage in despising the Terrours of another World, which have so great an Influence on what they call weaker Minds; or an Aversion to a Belief that must cut them off from many of those Pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them with Remorse for many of those

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they have already tasted.

'The great receiv'd Articles of the Christian Religion, have been so clearly proved from the Authority of that Divine Revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have Ears to hear and Eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it possible for any thing in the Christian Faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill Consequences in adhering to it. The great Points of the Incarnation and Sufferings of our Saviour, produce naturally such Habits of Virtue in the Mind of Man, that, I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the Infidel himself must at least allow that no other System of Religion could so effectually contribute to the heightening of Morality. They give us great Ideas

of the Dignity of humane Nature, and of the Love which[a] the supreme Being bears to his Creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest Acts of Duty towards our Creator, our Neighbour, and our selves. How many noble Arguments has Saint *Paul* raised from the chief Articles of our Religion, for the advancing of Morality in its three great Branches? To give a single Example in each Kind: What can be a stronger Motive to a firm Trust and Reliance on the Mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of Mankind, more than the Thought that Christ died for him? Or what dispose us to set a stricter Guard upon the Purity of our own Hearts, than our being Members of Christ, and a Part of the Society of which that immaculate Person is the Head? But these are only a Specimen of those admirable Enforcements of Morality which the Apostle has drawn from the History of our blessed Saviour.

'If our modern Infidels considered these Matters with that Candour and Seriousness which they deserve, we should not see them act with such a Spirit of Bitterness, Arrogance, and Malice: They would not be raising such insignificant Cavils, Doubts, and Scruples, as may be started against every thing that is not capable of mathematical Demonstration; in order to unsettle the Minds of the Ignorant, disturb the publick Peace, subvert Morality, and throw all things into Confusion and Disorder. If none of these Reflections can have any Influence on them, there is one that perhaps may; because it is adapted to their Vanity, by which they seem to be

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guided much more than their Reason. I would therefore have them consider that the wisest and best of Men in all Ages of the World, have been those who lived up to the Religion of their Country, when they saw nothing in it opposite to Morality, and to the best[b] Lights they had of the divine Nature. *Pythagoras's* first Rule[1] directs

us to worship the Gods *as it is ordained by Law,* for that is the most natural Interpretation of the Precept. *Socrates,* who was the most renowned among the Heathens both for Wisdom and Virtue, in his last Moments desires his Friends to offer a Cock to *Æsculapius*; doubtless out of a submissive Deference to the established Worship of his Country.[1] *Xenophon* tells us, that his Prince (whom he sets forth as a Pattern of Perfection) when he found his Death approaching, offered Sacrifices on the Mountains to the *Persian Jupiter* and the Sun, *according to the Custom of the Persians*; for those are the Words of the Historian.[2] Nay, the *Epicureans* and Atomical Philosophers shewed a very remarkable Modesty in this Particular; for though the Being of a God was entirely repugnant to their Schemes of natural Philosophy, they contented themselves with the Denial of a Providence, asserting at the same Time the Existence of Gods in general; because they would not shock the common Belief of Mankind, and the Religion of their Country. L

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes,* 1. 3. 38: We seek heaven itself in our folly.

[2] The arguments here may be compared with those in John Scott's *The Christian Life,* pt. ii, vol. i, chap, iii: 'Of the inexcusable folly and unreasonableness of atheism.'

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[b] and to the best] and the best *Fol.*

[1] 'The Golden Verses of Pythagoras, translated from the Greek by Mr. Rowe', begin:

First to the Gods thy humble Homage pay;
The greatest this, and first of Laws obey.

See A. Dacier's *Life of Pythagoras* (1707), p. 151. Addison had used the Greek verse as the motto for No. 112 (vol. i). Dacier's book is advertised in No. 57:

> The Life of Pythagoras, with his Symbols and Golden Verses. Together with the Life of Hierocles, and his Commentaries upon the Verses. Collected out of the choicest Manuscripts and Translated into French, with Annotations, by M. Dacier; now done into English. The Golden Verses translated from the Greek by N. Rowe, Esq; Printed for J. Tonson at Shakespeare Head over against Catherine-street in the Strand.

[1] Plato, *Phaedo,* 118.

[2] *Cyropaedia,* 8. 7. 3.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 187 Thursday, October 4, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 187
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1711[3]

[STEELE]

... *Miseri quibus*
Intentata nites ...

Hor.

THE Intelligence given by this Correspondent is so important and useful, in order to avoid the Persons he speaks of, that I shall insert his Letter at length.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I DO not know that you have ever touched upon a certain Species of Women, whom we ordinarily call Jilts.[4] You cannot possibly go upon a more useful Work, than the Consideration of these dangerous Animals. The Coquet[5] is indeed one degree towards the

Jilt; but the Heart of the former is bent upon admiring her self, and giving false Hopes to her Lovers, but the latter is not contented to be extreamly Amiable, but she must add to that Advantage a certain Delight in being a Torment to others. Thus when her Lover is in the full Expectation of Success, the Jilt shall meet him with a sudden Indifference, an Admiration in her Face at his being surprised that he is received like a Stranger, and a Cast of her Head another way with a pleasant Scorn of the Fellow's Insolence. It is very probable the Lover goes home utterly astonished and dejected,

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sits down to his Scrutore,[1] sends her Word, in the most abject Terms, That he knows not what he has done, that all which was desirable in this Life is so suddenly vanished from him, that the Charmer of his Soul should withdraw the vital Heat from the Heart which pants for her. He continues a Mournful Absence for some time pining in secret, and out of Humour with all things which he meets with. At length he takes a Resolution to try his Fate, and explain with her resolutely upon her unaccountable Carriage. He walks up to her Apartment, with a thousand Inquietudes and Doubts in what manner he shall meet the first Cast of her Eye; when upon his first Appearance she flies towards him, wonders where he has been, accuses him of his Absence, and treats him with a Familiarity as surprising as her former Coldness. This good Correspondence continues till the Lady observes the Lover grows happy in it, and then she interrupts it with some new Inconsistency of Behaviour. For (as I just now said) the Happiness of a Jilt consists only in the Power of making others Uneasie. But such is the Folly of this Sect of Women, that they carry on this pretty skittish Behaviour, 'till they have no Charms left to render it supportable. *Corinna,* that used to torment all who conversed with her with false Glances, and little heedless unguarded Motions, that were to betray some Inclination towards the Man she would ensnare, finds at present all she attempts that way unregarded; and is obliged to indulge the Jilt in her Constitution, by laying Artificial Plots, writing perplexing Letters from unknown Hands, and making all the young Fellows in Love with her, 'till they find out who she is. Thus as before she gave Torment by disguising her Inclination, she now is obliged to do it by hiding her Person.

'As for my own part, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, it has been my Unhappy Fate to be Jilted from my Youth upward, and as my Taste has been very much towards Intreague, and having Intelligence with Women of Wit, my whole Life has passed away in a Series of Impositions. I shall, for the benefit of the present Race of young Men, give some account of my Loves. I know not whether you have ever heard of the famous Girl about Town called *Kitty*; this Creature (for I must take Shame upon my self) was my Mistress in the Days when Keeping was in Fashion. *Kitty*, under the Appearance of being Wild, Thoughtless and Irregular in all her Words and Actions, concealed

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the most accomplish'd Jilt of her time. Her Negligence had to me a Charm in it like that of Chastity, and want of Desires seemed as great a Merit as the Conquest of them. The Air she gave her self was that of a Romping Girl, and whenever I talked to her with any turn of Fondness, she would immediately snatch off my Perriwig, try it upon her self in the Glass, clap her Arms a Kimbow, draw my Sword, and make Passes on the Wall, take off my Cravat, and seize it to make some other use of the Lace, or run into some other unaccountable Rompishness, 'till the time I had appointed to pass away with her was over: I went from her full of Pleasure at the Reflection that I had the keeping of so much Beauty in a Woman, who as she was too heedless to please me, was also too unattentive to form a design to wrong me. Long did I divert every Hour that hung heavy upon me in the Company of this Creature, whom I looked upon as neither Guilty or Innocent, but could laugh at my self for my unaccountable Pleasure in an Expence upon her, 'till in the end it appeared my pretty Insensible[1] was with Child by my Footman.

'This Accident roused me into a Disdain against all Libertine Women, under what Appearance soever they hid their Insincerity, and I resolved after that time to converse with none but those who lived within the Rules of Decency and Honour. To this End, I formed my self into a more regular Turn of Behaviour, and began to make Visits, frequent Assemblies, and lead out Ladies from the Theatres, with all the other insignificant Duties which the professed Servants of the Fair place themselves in constant readiness to perform. In a very little time, (having a plentiful Fortune) Fathers and Mothers began to regard me as a good Match, and I found easie Admittance into the best Families in Town to observe their

Daughters; but I, who was born to follow the Fair to no purpose, have by the force of my ill Stars made my Application to Three Jilts successively.

'*Hyœna* is one of those who form themselves into a melancholy and indolent Air, and endeavour to gain Admirers from their Inattention to all around them. *Hyœna* can loll in her Coach, with something so fixed in her Countenance, that it is impossible to conceive her Meditation is employed only on her Dress and her Charms in

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that Posture. If it were not too coarse a Simile, I should say *Hyœna,* in the Figure she affects to appear in, is a Spider in the midst of a Cobweb, that is sure to destroy every Fly that approaches it. The Nett *Hyœna* throws is so fine, that you are taken in it before you can observe any Part of her Work. I attempted her for a long and weary Season; but I found her Passion went no further than to be admired, and she is of that unreasonable Temper as not to value the Inconstancy of her Lovers, provided she can boast she once had their Addresses.

'*Biblis* was the second I aimed at, and her Vanity lay in purchasing the Adorers of others, and not in rejoicing in their Love it self. *Biblis* is no Man's Mistress, but every Woman's Rival. As soon as I found this, I fell in Love with *Chloe,* who is my present Pleasure and Torment. I have writ to her, danced with her, and fought for her, and have been her Man in the sight and expectation of the whole Town this three Years, and thought my self near the end of my Wishes, when the other Day she called me into her Closet, and told me, with a very grave Face, that she was a Woman of Honour, and scorned to deceive a Man who loved her with so much Sincerity as she saw I did, and therefore she must inform me that she was by Nature the most inconstant Creature breathing, and begged of me not to Marry her: If I insisted upon it, I should; but that she was lately fallen in Love with another. What to do or say I know not, but desire you to inform me, and you will infinitely Oblige,

SIR,
Your Most Humble Servant,
Charles Yellow.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Sly,[1] *Haberdasher of Hats at the Corner of Devereux Court in the Strand, gives notice, that he has prepared very neat Hats, Rubbers and Brushes,*

for the use of Young Tradesmen in their last Year of Apprentiship, at reasonable rates. T

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes,* 1. 5. 12–13: Unhappy they by whom thy charms are seen, but not thy wiles.

[4] The *British Apollo* of 9 Mar. 1711 gives the following definition: '*Jilt* we take for an opprobrious Term, since generally conferr'd upon a Woman, who consents to a dishonourable Amour and is false to her Assignation.'

[5] Isaac Bickerstaff held a similar view of the relationship of coquette and jilt. 'A Coquet is a chast Jilt, and differs only from a common One, as a Soldier who is perfect in Exercise, does from one that is actually in Service' (*Tatler* 107).

[1] The older form of escritoire. A scrutore is one of the pieces offered for sale among the household goods of Joseph Flower, deceased, 'at a House between Warwick-Court and Brownlow-street', in No. 252.

[1] The last date given in *OED* for this use is 1802.

[1] The hatter and tobacconist, and a good friend of Steele. Bishop Hoadly's son, John Hoadly, in a letter to Joseph Warton of 29 Mar. 1772, relates the following anecdote of one of the Whig meetings at the Trumpet in Sheer Lane: '*John Sly the Hatter,* of facetious Memory, was in the House, and when pretty mellow took it into his Head to come into y [e] Company on his Knees, with a Tankard of Ale in his Hand; to drink it off to ye *immortal Memory*, & to retire in y [e] same Manner. Steele sitting next to my Father, whisper'd him, Do, laugh.—'Tis Humanity to laugh' (Add. MS. 32,329, f. 50). The following item ('Just Publish'd') occurs in a list of fictitious advertisements in the *British Journal,* 14 Dec. 1723:

> The Art of Laughing, and of making Puns and Beavers. By Mr. John Sly, Tobacconist and Haberdasher of Hats, at the Sign of George's Coffee-House without Temple-Bar.

Sly died on 14 Apr. 1729. 'Monday Night died, of a Mortification in his Leg, after a long Time enduring the same, Mr. *John Sly,* the late famous Haberdasher of Hats without Temple-Bar, so often mention'd in the *Spectators* and *Tatlers* as a great Joker' (*Universal Spectator, Sat.,* 19 Apr. 1729).

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 188 Friday, October 5, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 188
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Lætus sum Laudari a te Laudato viro.

Tull.

HE is a very unhappy Man who sets his Heart upon being admired by the Multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing Applause among Men. What pious Men call the Testimony of a good Conscience, should be the Measure of our Ambition in this Kind; that is to say, a Man of Spirit should contemn the Praise of the Ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own Heart he deserves. Besides which, the Character of the Person who commends you is to be considered, before you set a Value upon his Esteem. The Praise of an ignorant Man is only Good-will, and you should receive his Kindness as he is a good Neighbour in Society, and not as a good Judge of your Actions in Point of Fame and Reputation. The Satyrist said very well of popular Praise and Acclamations, *Give the Tinkers and Coblers their Presents again, and learn to live of your self*.[2] It is an Argument of a loose and ungoverned Mind, to be affected with the promiscuous Approbation of the Generality of Mankind; and a Man of Virtue should be too delicate for so coarse an Appetite of Fame. Men of

Honour should endeavour only to please the Worthy, and the Man of Merit should desire to be tried only by his Peers. I thought it a noble Sentiment which I heard Yesterday uttered in Conversation,

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I know, said a Gentleman, *a Way to be greater than any Man: If he has Worth in him I can rejoyce in his Superiority to me; and that Satisfaction is a greater Act of the Soul in me, than any in him which can possibly appear to me.* This Thought could not proceed but from a candid[1] and generous Spirit, and the Approbation of such Minds is what may be esteemed true Praise. For with the common Rate of Men there is nothing commendable but what they themselves may hope to be Partakers of or arrive at; but the Motive truly glorious is, when the Mind is set rather to do things laudable than to purchase Reputation. Where there is that Sincerity as the Foundation of a good Name, the kind Opinion of virtuous Men will be an unsought but a necessary Consequence. The *Lacedemonians,* tho' a plain People, and no Pretenders to Politeness, had a certain Delicacy in their Sense of Glory, and sacrificed to the Muses when they entered upon any great Enterprize.[2] They would have the Commemoration of their Actions be transmitted by the purest and most untainted Memorialists. The Din which attends Victories and publick Triumphs, is by far less eligible, than the Recital of the Actions of great Men by honest and wise Historians. It is a frivolous Pleasure to be the Admiration of gaping Crowds; but to have the Approbation of a good Man in the cool Reflections of his Closet, is a Gratification worthy an heroick Spirit. The Applause of the Crowd makes the Head giddy, but the Attestation of a reasonable Man makes the Heart glad.

What makes the Love of popular or general Praise still more ridiculous, is, that it is usually given for Circumstances which are foreign to the Persons admired. Thus they are the ordinary Attendants on Power and Riches, which may be taken out of one Man's Hands and put into another's: The Application only, and not the Possession, makes those outward things honourable. The Vulgar and Men of Sense agree in admiring Men for having what they themselves would rather be possessed of; the wise Man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; the rest of the World, him who is most wealthy.

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When a Man is in this Way of Thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monstrous than to see Persons of Ingenuity address their Services and Performances to Men no Way addicted

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to liberal Arts: In these Cases, the Praise on one Hand and the Patronage on the other, are equally the Objects of Ridicule. Dedications[1] to ignorant Men, are as absurd as any of the Speeches of *Bulfinch*[2] in the Drol: Such an Address one is apt to translate into other Words; and when the different Parties are thoroughly considered, the Panegyrick generally implies no more than if the Author should say to the Patron, My very good Lord, You and I can never understand one another, therefore I humbly desire we may be intimate Friends for the future.

The Rich may as well ask to borrow of the Poor, as the Man of Virtue or Merit hope for Addition to his Character from any but such as himself. He that commends another, engages so much of his own Reputation as he gives to that Person commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himself, is not of Ability to be such a Surety. The wise *Phocion* was so sensible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the Multitude approved, that upon a general Acclamation made when he was making an Oration, he turned to an intelligent Friend who stood near him, and asked, in a surprized Manner, What Slip have I made?[3]

I shall conclude this Paper with a Billet which has fallen into my Hands, and was written to a Lady from a Gentleman whom she had highly commended. The Author of it had formerly been her Lover. When all Possibility of Commerce between them on the Subject of Love was cut off, she spoke so handsomely of him, as to give Occasion for this Letter.

Madam,

'I SHOULD be insensible to a Stupidity, if I could forbear making you my Acknowledgments for your late Mention of me with so much Applause. It is, I think, your Fate to give me new Sentiments;

as you formerly inspired me with the true Sense of Love, so do you now with the true Sense of Glory. As Desire had the least Part in the Passion I heretofore professed towards you, so has Vanity no Share in the Glory to which you have now raised me. Innocence, Knowledge, Beauty, Virtue, Sincerity and Discretion, are the constant Ornaments of her who has said this of me. Fame is a Babbler,

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but I have arrived at the highest Glory in this World, the Commendation of the most deserving Person in it.

T[a]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Adapted from Cicero, *Epistulae ad Familiares,* 15. 6. 1: I am happy to be praised by you, whom all men praise.

[2] Persius, *Satires,* 4. 51–52.

[1] Candid, i.e. favourably disposed, kindly, 'free from malice; not desirous to find faults' (Johnson). The last quotation in *OED* in this sense is dated 1800.

[2] Plutarch, 'Ancient Customs of the Spartans', *Moralia,* 238B-C; *Life of Lycurgus,* 21. 4.

[1] *Guardian* 4, by Pope, attacks 'the common Practice of Dedications' as a prostitution of praise.

[2] Mr. Apprehension Bulfinch, in Richard Brome's *The Northern Lass, or the Nest of Fools* (11. vi), who is made to speak nonsense. Another character says of him, 'What a *Bulfinch* is this! sure 'tis his Language they call Bull-speaking'. *The Northern Lass* was given at Drury Lane, 13 Feb. 1711, with Estcourt as Bulfinch. Cf. No. 468 (vol. iv).

[3] Plutarch, 'Sayings of Kings', *Moralia,* 188A; *Life of Phocion,* 745c. A similar remark is attributed to Antisthenes by Diogenes Laertius, *Lives of the Philosophers, 6.* 5 and 8.

[a] *No. 188 signed* L *in Folio*

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NO. 189
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... *Patriæ pietatis imago.*

Virg.

THE following Letter being written to my Bookseller, upon a Subject of which I treated some time since, I shall Publish it in this Paper, together with the Letter that was inclosed in it.

Mr. *Buckley,*

'MR. SPECTATOR having of late[2] descanted upon the Cruelty of Parents to their Children, I have been induced (at the Request of several of Mr. SPECTATOR'S Admirers) to enclose this Letter, which I assure you is the Original from a Father to his own Son, notwithstanding the latter gave but little or no Provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to the World, if Mr. SPECTATOR would give his Opinion of it, in some of his Speculations, and particularly to

(Mr. *Buckley*)
Your Humble Servant.'

SIRRAH,

'YOU are a sawcy audacious Rascal, and both Fool and Mad, and I care not a Farthing whether you comply or no; that does not raze out my Impressions of your Insolence, going about Railing

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at me, and the next Day to sollicit my Favour: These are Inconsistencies, such as discover thy Reason depraved. To be brief, I never desire to see your Face; and, Sirrah, if you go to the Work-house, it's no Disgrace to me for you to be supported there; and if you Starve in the Streets, I'll never give any thing underhand in your behalf. If I have any more of your scribling Nonsense, I'll break your Head, the first time I set Sight on you: You are a stubborn Beast; is this your Gratitude for my giving you Mony? You Rogue, I'll better your Judgment, and give you a greater Sense of your Duty to (I regret to say) your Father, *&c.*

P.S.

'It's Prudence for you to keep out of my Sight; for to reproach me, that Might overcomes Right, on the outside of your Letter, I shall give you a great knock on the Skull for it.'

Was there ever such an Image of Paternal Tenderness! It was usual among some of the *Greeks* to make their Slaves drink to excess, and then expose them to their Children, who by that means conceived an early Aversion to a Vice which makes Men appear so monstrous and irrational.[1] I have exposed this Picture of an unnatural Father with the same Intention, that its Deformity may deter others from its Resemblance. If the Reader has a mind to see a Father of the same Stamp represented in the most exquisite stroaks of Humour, he may meet with it in one of the finest Comedies that ever appeared upon the *English* Stage: I mean the Part of Sir *Sampson*[2] in *Love for Love.*

I must not however engage my self blindly on the side of the Son, to whom the fond Letter above-written was directed. His Father calls him a *sawcy and audacious Rascal* in the first Line, and I am afraid upon Examination he will prove but an ungracious Youth. *To go about Railing* at his Father, and to find no other place but *the outside of his Letter* to tell him *that Might overcomes Right,* if it does not discover *his Reason to be depraved,* and *that he is either Fool or Mad,* as the Cholerick old Gentleman tells him, we may at least allow that the Father will do very well in endeavouring to *better his Judgment, and give him a greater Sense of his Duty.* But whether this may be brought about *by breaking his Head,* or *giving him a great knock on the Skull,* ought

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I think to be well considered. Upon the whole, I wish the Father has not met with his Match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a Son, as the Mother in *Virgil.*

… Crudelis tu quoque mater:
Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.[1]

Or like the Crow and her Egg in the *Greek* Proverb.

Κακοῦ κόρακος κακὸν ᾠόν.[2]

I must here take Notice of a Letter which I have received from an unknown Correspondent, upon the Subject of my Paper, upon which the foregoing Letter is likewise founded. The Writer of it seems very much concerned least that Paper should seem to give Encouragement to the Disobedience of Children towards their Parents; but if the Writer of it will take the Pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his Apprehensions will vanish. Pardon and Reconciliation are all the Penitent Daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her behalf, and in this case I may use the Saying of an eminent Wit, who upon some great Mens pressing him to forgive his Daughter who[a] had Married against his Consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their Instances, but that he would have them remember there was Difference between *Giving* and *Forgiving.*

I must confess, in all Controversies between Parents and their Children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The Obligations on that side can never be acquitted, and I think it is one of the greatest Reflections upon Human Nature that Paternal Instinct should be a stronger Motive to Love than Filial Gratitude; that the receiving of Favours should be a less Inducement to Good-will, Tenderness and Commiseration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking Care of any Person should endear the Child or Dependant more to the Parent or Benefactor, than the Parent or Benefactor to the Child or Dependant; yet so it happens, that for

one cruel Parent we meet with a thousand undutiful Children. This

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is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly observed)[1] for the Support of every living Species; but at the same time that it shows the Wisdom of the Creator, it discovers the Imperfection and Degeneracy of the Creature.

The Obedience of Children to their Parents is the Basis of all Government, and set forth as the measure of that Obedience which we owe to those whom Providence hath placed over us.

It is Father *Le Comte,* if I am not mistaken, who tells us how want of Duty in this Particular is punished among the *Chinese,* insomuch that if a Son should be known to kill or so much as to strike his Father, not only the Criminal, but his whole Family would be rooted out, nay the Inhabitants of the Place where he lived would be put to the Sword, nay the Place it self would be razed to the Ground, and its Foundations sown with Salt: For, say they, there must have been an utter Depravation of Manners in that Clan or Society of People, who could have bred up among them so horrible an Offender.[2] To this I shall add a Passage out of the first Book of *Herodotus.* That Historian in his Account of the *Persian* Customs and Religion tells us, it is their Opinion that no Man ever killed his Father, or that it is possible such a Crime should be in Nature; but that if any thing like it should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed Son must have been Illegitimate, Supposititious, or begotten in Adultery.3 Their Opinion in this Particular shews sufficiently what a Notion they must have had of Undutifulness in general.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid, 9.* 294; 10. 824: The image of filial love.

[2] No. 181.

[1] Plutarch, 'Ancient Customs of the Spartans', *Moralia* 239A; *Life of Demetrius,* 1; *Life of Lycurgus,* 28; Plato, *Laws* 816E.

[2] Sir Sampson Legend, in Congreve's *Love for Love.* The play had been given at Drury Lane on 27 Sept., with Estcourt in this role.

[1] Virgil, *Eclogues* 8. 48–50. The Mother struck the blow; Inhuman she; but more inhuman thou. DRYDEN.

[2] 'Evil crow, evil egg.' Zenobius 4. 82 (*Paroemiographi Graeci,* ed. Leutsch and Schneidewin, Göttingen, 1839, i. 107).

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[1] No. 120 (vol. i).

[2] See Louis Le Comte, *Memoirs and Observations … made in a late Journey through the Empire of China* (1697), p. 268. 3 Herodotus, *History,* 1. 137.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 190 Monday, October 8, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 190
MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1711[4]

[STEELE]

Servitus crescit nova.

Hor.

SINCE I made some Reflections[5] upon the general Negligence used in the Case of Regard toward Women, or, in other Words,

since I talked of Wenching, I have had Epistles upon that Subject, which I shall, for the present Entertainment, insert as they lye before me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS your Speculations are not confined to any Part of humane Life, but concern the Wicked as well as the Good, I must desire your favourable Acceptance of what I, a poor stroling Girl about Town, have to say to you. I was told by a Roman-Catholick Gentleman who picked me up last Week, and who, I hope, is absolved for what passed between us; I say, I was told by such a Person, who endeavoured to convert me to his own Religion, that in Countries where Popery prevails, besides the Advantage of licensed Stews, there are large Endowments given for the *Incurabili*,[1] I think he called them, such as are past all Remedy, and are allowed such Maintenance and Support, as to keep them without further Care till they expire. This Manner of treating poor Sinners, has, methinks, great Humanity in it; and as you are a Person who pretend to carry

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your Reflections upon all Subjects, whatever occur to you, with Candour, and act above the Sense of what Misinterpretation you may meet with, I beg the Favour of you to lay before all the World the unhappy Condition of us poor Vagrants, who are really in a Way of Labour instead of Idleness. There are Crowds of us whose Manner of Livelihood has long ceased to be pleasing to us; and who would willingly lead a new Life, if the Rigour of the Virtuous did not for ever expel us from coming into the World again. As it now happens, to the eternal Infamy of the Male Sex, Falshood among you is not reproachful, but Credulity in Women is infamous.

'Give me Leave, Sir, to give you my History. You are to know that I am Daughter of a Man of good Reputation, Tenant to a Man of Quality. The Heir of this great House took it in his Head to cast a favourable Eye upon me, and succeeded. I do not pretend to say he promised me Marriage: I was not a Creature silly enough to be taken by so foolish a Story: But he ran away with me up to this Town; and introduced me to a grave Matron, with whom I boarded for a Day or two with great Gravity, and was not a little pleased with the Change of my Condition, from that of a Country-Life to the finest Company, as I believed, in the whole World. My humble Servant made me to understand that I should be always kept in the

plentiful Condition I then enjoyed; when, after a very great Fondness towards me, he one Day took his Leave of me for four or five Days. In the Evening of the same Day my good Landlady came to me, and observing me very pensive began to comfort me, and with a Smile told me I must see the World. When I was deaf to all she could say to divert me, she began to tell me with a very frank Air that I must be treated as I ought, and not take these squeamish Humours upon me, for my Friend had left me to the Town; and, as their Phrase is, she expected I would see Company, or I must be treated like what I had brought my self to. This put me into a Fit of Crying: And I immediately, in a true Sense of my Condition, threw my self on the Floor, deploring my Fate, calling upon all that was good and sacred to succour me. While I was in all this Agony, I observed a decrepid old Fellow come into the Room, and looking with a Sense of Pleasure in his Face at all my Vehemence and Transport. In a Pause of my Distress I heard him say to the shameless old Woman who stood by me, She is certainly a new Face, or else she

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acts it rarely. With that the Gentlewoman, who was making her Market of me, in all the Turn of my Person, the Heaves of my Passion, and the suitable Changes of my Posture, took Occasion to commend my Neck, my Shape, my Eyes, my Limbs. All this was accompanied with such Speeches as you may have heard Horse-coursers make in the Sale of Nags when they are warranted for their Soundness.[1] You understand by this Time that I was left in a Brothel, and exposed to the next Bidder that could purchase me of my Patroness. This is so much the Work of Hell; the Pleasure in the Possession of us Wenches, abates in Proportion to the Degrees we go beyond the Bounds of Innocence; and no Man is gratified, if there is nothing left for him to debauch. Well, Sir, my first Man, when I came upon the Town, was Sir *Jeoffrey Foible,* who was extremely lavish to me of his Money, and took such a Fancy to me that he would have carried me off, if my Patroness would have taken any reasonable Terms for me: But as he was old, his Covetousness was his strongest Passion, and poor I was soon left exposed to be the common Refuse of all the Rakes and Debauchees in Town. I cannot tell whether you will do me Justice or no, 'till I see whether you print this or not; otherwise, as I now live with *Sal*,[2] I could give you

a very just Account of who and who is together in this Town. You perhaps won't believe it; but I know of one who pretends to be a very good Protestant who lies with a Roman-Catholick: But more of this hereafter, as you please me. There do come to our House the greatest Politicians[1] of the Age; and *Sal* is more shrewd than any Body thinks: No Body can believe that such wise Men could go to Baudy-houses out of idle Purposes; I have heard them often talk of *Augustus Cœsar*, who had Intrigues with the Wives of Senators, not out of Wantonness but Stratagem.[2]

'It is a thousand Pities you should be so severely virtuous as I fear you are; otherwise, after one Visit or two, you would soon understand that we Women of the Town are not such useless Correspondents as you may imagine: You have undoubtedly heard that it was a Courtesan who discovered *Cataline's* Conspiracy.[3] If you print this I'll tell you more; and am in the mean time,

SIR,

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Your most humble Servant,

REBECCA NETTLETOP.'[4]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM an idle young Woman that would work for my Livelihood, but that I am kept in such a Manner as I cannot stir out. My Tyrant is an old jealous Fellow, who allows me nothing to appear in. I have but one Shooe and one Slipper; no Head-dress, and no upper Petticoat. As you set up for a Reformer, I desire you would take me out of this wicked Way, and keep me your self.

EVE AFTERDAY.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM to complain to you of a Set of impertinent Coxcombs, who visit the Apartments of us Women of the Town, only, as they call it, to see the World. I must confess to you, this to Men of Delicacy might have an Effect to cure them; but as they are stupid, noisy, and drunken Fellows, it tends only to make Vice in themselves, as they think, pleasant and humourous, and at the same Time nauseous to us. I shall, Sir, hereafter from Time to Time give you the Names of these Wretches who pretend to enter our Houses meerly as Spectators. These Men think it Wit to use us ill: Pray tell them however worthy we are of such Treatment, it is unworthy them to be guilty of it towards us. Pray, Sir, take Notice of this, and pity the Oppressed: I wish we could add to it the Innocent.'

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NOTES

[4] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes,* 2. 8. 18: A new band of slaves is increasing.

[5] No. 182.

[1] Sir Nicholas Gimcrack in Shadwell's *Virtuoso* (iv. i) had 'administred to the incurable in *Italy,* and never fail'd of Success'.

[1] In Steele's *Conscious Lovers* (111. i) Cimberton surveys Lucinda in this manner.

[2] According to Nichols, 'a celebrated courtesan and procuress of those times'. For Sarah Priddon (or Prydden), alias Sally Salisbury, see *Authentick Memoirs of the Life, Intrigues and Adventures of the celebrated Sally Salisbury. With True Characters of her most Considerable Gallants,* by Capt. Charles Walker (London: Printed in the Year 1723). In the third edition of his *Poems on Several Occasions* (1729) Henry Carey prefixes the following statement (p. 127) to 'Sally in Our Alley':

> A Vulgar Error having long prevailed among many Persons, who imagine *Sally Salisbury* the Subject of this Ballad, the Author begs leave to undeceive and assure them it has not the least allusion to her, he being a stranger to her very Name at the time this Song was composed.

[1] 'This is doubtless a fling at Mr. Secretary St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, who was in his youth a noted rake, especially with regard to women; and who during his ministry was known to divide his hours between the cares of his office and the dissipation of a brothel' (Percy).

[2] Cf. Suetonius, *Lives of the Twelve Caesars* (1692), p. 134:

> That he was addicted to the Crime of Adultery, his Friends themselves do not deny, though they palliate and excuse it, by alledging that what he did was not so much for the satisfaction of his Lust, as out of Reason of State, as designing to discover the Contrivances of the Husbands by his familiarity with their Wives.

[3] This was Fulvia. See Sallust, *Bellum Catilinae,* 23. 3–5.

[4] For a testimonial in praise of this letter see No. 547 (vol. iv).

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 191 Tuesday, October 9, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 191
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... οὖλον ὄνειρον.

Hom.

SOME ludicrous Schoolmen have put the case, that if an Ass were placed between two bundles of Hay, which affected his Senses equally on each side, and tempted him in the very same degree, whether it would be possible for him to Eat of either.[2] They generally determine this Question to the Disadvantage of the Ass, who they say would Starve in the midst of Plenty, as not having a single Grain of Freewill to determine him more to the one than to the other. The bundle of Hay on either side striking his Sight and Smell in the same proportion, would keep him in a perpetual Suspence, like the two Magnets which Travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the Roof, and the other in the Floor of *Mahomet's* Burying Place[3] at *Mecca,* and by that means, say they,

pull the Impostor's Iron Coffin with such an equal Attraction, that it hangs in the Air between both of them. As for the Ass's Behaviour in such nice Circumstances, whether he would Starve sooner than violate his Neutrality to the two bundles of Hay, I shall not presume to determine; but only take Notice of the Conduct of our own Species in the same Perplexity. When a Man has a mind to venture his Mony in a Lottery, every Figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of its fellows.[1] They all of them have

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the same Pretensions to good Luck, stand upon the same foot of Competition, and no manner of Reason can be given why a Man should prefer one to the other before the Lottery is drawn. In this Case therefore Caprice very often acts in the Place of Reason, and forms to it self some Groundless Imaginary Motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning Man that is very well pleased to risque his good Fortune upon the Number 1711, because it is the Year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a Tacker that would give a good deal for the Number 134.[2] On the contrary I have been told of a certain Zealous Dissenter who being a great Enemy to Popery, and believing that bad Men are the most fortunate in this World, will lay two to one on the Number 666[a]

against any other Number, because, says he, it is the Number of the Beast.[1] Several would prefer the Number 12000 before any other, as it is the Number of the Pounds in the great Prize. In short, some are pleased to find their own Age in their Number; some that they have got a Number which makes a pretty Appearance in the Cyphers, and others because it is the same Number that succeeded in the last Lottery. Each of these, upon no other Grounds, thinks he stands fairest for the great Lot,[2] and that he is possessed of what may not be improperly called the *Golden Number.*[3]

These Principles of Election are the Pastimes and Extravagances of Human Reason, which is of so busie a Nature, that it will be exerting it self in the meanest Trifles, and working even when it wants Materials. The wisest of Men are sometimes acted by such unaccountable Motives, as the Life of the Fool and the Superstitious is guided by nothing else.

I am surprized that none of the Fortune-tellers, or as the *French* call them, the *Diseurs de bonne avanture,* who Publish their Bills in every Quarter of the Town, have turned[a] our Lotteries to their Advantage; did any of them set up for a Caster of Fortunate Figures, what might he not get by his pretended Discoveries and Predictions?

I remember among the Advertisements in the *Post-Boy* of *September* the 27th, I was surprized to see the following one.

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This is to give Notice, That Ten Shillings over and above the Market Price, will be given for the Ticket in the 1500000 1. *Lottery, No.* 132, *by Nath. Cliff*[4] *at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside.*

This Advertisement has given great Matter of Speculation to Coffee-house Theorists. Mr. *Cliff*'s Principles and Conversation have been canvassed upon this Occasion, and various Conjectures made, why he should thus set his Heart upon Number 132. I have examined all the Powers in those Numbers, broken them into Fractions, extracted the Square and Cube Root, divided and multiplied them all ways, but could not arrive at the Secret till about three Days ago, when I received the following Letter from an unknown Hand; by which I find that Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff* is only the Agent, and not the Principal, in this Advertisement.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM the Person that lately advertised I would give ten Shillings more than the Current Price for the Ticket No 132 in the Lottery now Drawing, which is a Secret I have communicated to some Friends, who rally me incessantly upon that account. You must know I have but one Ticket, for which Reason, and a certain Dream I have lately had more than once, I was resolved it should be the Number I most approved. I am so positive I have pitched upon the great Lot, that I could almost lay all I am worth of it. My Visions are so frequent and strong upon this Occasion, that I have not only possessed the Lot, but disposed of the Mony which in all probability it will sell for. This Morning, in particular, I set up an Equipage which I look upon to be the gayest in the Town. The Liveries are very Rich, but not Gaudy.[1] I should be very glad to see a Speculation or two upon Lottery Subjects, in which you would oblige all People concerned, and in particular

Your most humble Servant,
George Gossling.

P.S. 'Dear SPEC, If I get the 12000 Pound I'll make thee a handsome Present.'

After having wished my Correspondent good Luck, and thanked

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him for his intended Kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the Subject of the Lottery, and only observe that the greatest part of Mankind are in some degree guilty of my Friend *Gossling*'s Extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future Prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in Possibility. We live up to our Expectations, not to our Possessions, and make a Figure proportionable to

what we may be, not what we are. We out-run our present Income, as not doubting to disburse[1] our selves out of the Profits of some future Place, Project or Reversion, that we have in view. It is through this Temper of Mind, which is so common among us, that we see Tradesmen break, who have met with no Misfortunes in their Business, and Men of Estates reduced to Poverty, who have never suffered from Losses or Repairs, Tenants, Taxes or Lawsuits. In short, it is this foolish sanguine Temper, this depending upon Contingent Futurities that occasions Romantick Generosity, Chymerical Grandure, Senseless Ostentation, and generally ends in Beggary and Ruin. The Man, who will live above his present Circumstances, is in great Danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or as the *Italian* Proverb runs, The Man who lives by Hope will die by Hunger.[2]

It should be an indispensable Rule in Life, to contract our Desires to our present Condition, and, whatever may be our Expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an Estate when it comes into our Hands; but if we anticipate our good Fortune we shall lose the Pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon. L

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Homer, *Iliad,* 2. 6: A deluding dream.

[2] A case popularly attributed to Jean Buridan, the fourteenth-century nominalist philosopher. It is discussed at length by Bayle, art. Buridan, Remark B.

[3] Jean de Thévenot, *Travels into the Levant* (part i, book ii, chap, xix): 'Nor can I tell neither whence the Fable may have arisen, which is believed by many, that *Mahomet's* Tomb is in a Room, the Walls whereof are all faced with Loadstone; and that his Shrine, which is of iron, hangs in the Air by the vertue of the Loadstone that equally attracts it on all hands: For not only it is not so, but indeed, never was; and when I made mention of it to Turks, I set them a laughing, and they jeered me for it ...' (1687, i. 154). Although without foundation the story is frequently mentioned, e.g. in *Hudibras,* III. ii. 605. See also Bayle, art. Mahomet, Remark DD.

[1] In order to relieve the financial distress caused by the war, the Parliament of 1709–10 revived the state lotteries which had been illegal since 1699. 'Ten-pound shares, represented by "tickets", were to be bought, and any ticket might prove in the draw to be a lucky number, carrying extra annuities. But even the blank tickets registered sound claims on government' (Trevelyan, iii. 46). In the *Journal to Stella,* 15 Sept. 1710, Swift describes a visit to the lottery drawing at Guildhall in company with Addison. In 1711 two lotteries were organized, one for £1,500,000 and one for £2,000,000. For details of these, with lists of some of the winners, see C. L'Estrange Ewen, *Lotteries and Sweepstakes* (1932), pp. 134–8. An advertisement in No. 132 gives a list of thirteen coffee-houses where holders of tickets may see 'an exact account of all the numbers now drawing (at Guild-hall) in the two Million Adventure'. The Royal £1,500,000 lottery is advertised in No. 133 from 'the joynt Adventurers Office' kept at Mr. West's, Goldsmith, at the Seven Stars, Clare Street, Clare Market. Share tickets at 111 are offered, entitling the holder to one-twentieth part of one Royal Lottery Ticket. The prizes are listed as ranging from £12,000 down to £20. See also advertisements in Nos. 153, 155, 163, 168, 183, and 185. Two months after the publication of this number Addison himself 'drew a prize of a thousand pound in the Lottery' (letter to Joshua Dawson, 18 Dec. 1711; *Letters*, ed. Graham, p. 266). See also *Tatlers* 124, 170, and 203.

[2] When the Bill against Occasional Conformity was introduced into the House of Commons in 1704 it was tacked to a money bill, so that it might more surely pass the House of Lords. A large majority, however, opposed it, and the bill was thrown out. The minority numbered 134. See Trevelyan, ii. 14–16.

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[a] 666] *12mo*; 1666 *Fol*., *8vo*

[1] The anti-Catholic reference here (to 'six hundred threescore and six' as the 'number of the beast' in Rev. xiii. 18) points to the 12mo reading as correct. Bayle, art. Bedell, Remark I, cites an equation of the name of Pope Paul V with the number 666. For examples see James Edward Clarke, *Dissertation on the Dragon, Beast, and False-Prophet* (*1814*). Actually, 1666 was also a superstitious number among the more extreme dissenters, who foretold the ruin of Rome in this year and who then saw the work of the papists in the fire of London of that year. See *The Turkish Spy,* vol. vi, book iv, letter 15 (ed. 1702, vi. 255). Robert South (*First Sermon on Romans 8. 14*) calls the prophecies of 1666 'the first Article of the Fanaticks Creed, till that Year came at length, and fired them out of it' (*Twelve Sermons,* 1724, v. 301).

[2] This and 'the chief lot' were phrases equivalent to 'the highest prize'. Cf. *Tatler* 203: 'One said this Morning, That the chief Lot he was confident would fall upon some Puppy … .'

[3] The number of any year in the Metonic lunar cycle of nineteen years, used in arriving at the date of Easter.

[a] have turned] *12mo*; have not turned *Fol*., *8vo*

[4] A bookseller, whose shop was at the Bible and Three Crowns near Mercer's Chapel. The *Post Boy* of 7 Apr. 1711 had announced that the proposals for the lottery might be had gratis 'of Nath. Cliff, Bookseller, at the Bible and 3 Crowns in Cheapside'.

[1] *Hamlet,* 1. iii. 71.

[1] Disburse, i.e. reimburse, though this meaning does not seem to be recorded in *OED.*

[2] Cf. Orlando Pescetti, *Proverbi Italiani* (Venice, 1629), p. 26v: 'La speranza è il pan de' miseri.' Apperson records examples of the proverb in English from 1623.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 192 Wednesday, October 10, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 192
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1711[3]

[STEELE]

... Uno ore omnes omnia
Bona dicere, & Laudare fortunas meas,
Qui Gnatum haberem tali ingenio prœditum.

Ter.

I STOOD the other Day and beheld a Father sitting in the Middle of a Room with a large Family of Children about him; and methought I could observe in his Countenance different Motions

of Delight, as he turned his Eye towards the one and the other of them. The Man is a Person moderate in his Designs for their Preferment and Welfare; and as he has an easy Fortune, he is not sollicitous to make a great one. His eldest Son is a Child of a very towardly Disposition, and as much as the Father loves him I dare say he will never be a Knave to improve his Fortune. I do not know any Man who has a juster Relish of Life than the Person I am speaking of, or keeps a better Guard against the Terrours of Want or the Hopes of Gain. It is usual, in a Crowd of Children, for the Parent to name out of his own Flock all the future great Officers of the Kingdom. There is something so very surprizing in the Parts of a Child of a Man's own, that there is nothing too great to be expected from his Endowments. I know a good Woman who has but three Sons, and there is, she says, nothing she expects with more Certainty than that she shall see one of them a Bishop,[a] the other a Judge, and the third

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a Court Physician. The Humour is, that any thing which can happen to any Man's Child, is expected by every Man for his own: But my Friend whom I was going to speak of, does not flatter himself with such vain Expectations, but has his Eye more upon the Virtue and Disposition of his Children, than their Advancement or Wealth. Good Habits are what will certainly improve a Man's Fortune and Reputation; but on the other Side, Affluence of Fortune will not as probably produce good Affections of the Mind.

It is very natural for a Man of a kind Disposition to amuse himself with the Promises his Imagination makes to him of the future Condition of his Children, and to represent to himself the Figure they shall bear in the World after he has left it. When his Prospects of this Kind are agreeable, his Fondness gives as it were a longer Date to his own Life; and the Survivorship of a worthy Man in[b] his Son, is a Pleasure scarce inferior to the Hopes of the Continuance of his own Life. That Man is happy who can believe of his Son, that he will escape the Follies and Indiscretions of which he himself was guilty, and pursue and improve every thing that was valuable in him. The Continuance of his Virtue is much more to be regarded than that of his Life; but it is the most lamentable of all Reflexions, to think that the Heir of a Man's Fortune is such a one as will be a Stranger to his Friends, alienated from the same Interests, and a Promoter of every thing which he himself disapproved. An Estate in Possession

of such a Successor to a good Man, is worse than laid waste; and the Family of which he is the Head, is in a more deplorable Condition than that of being extinct.

When I visit the agreeable Seat of my honoured Friend *Ruricola*, and walk from Room to Room revolving many pleasing Occurrences, and the Expressions of many just Sentiments I have heard him utter, and see the Booby his Heir in Pain while he is doing the Honours of his House to the Friend of his Father, the Heaviness it gives one is not to be expressed. Want of Genius is not to be imputed to any Man; but Want of Humanity is a Man's own Fault. The Son of *Ruricola* (whose Life[a] was one continued Series of worthy Actions and gentleman-like Inclinations) is the Companion of drunken Clowns, and knows no Sense of Praise but in the Flattery he receives from his own Servants; his Pleasures are mean and inordinate, his

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Language base and filthy, his[b] Behaviour rough and absurd. Is this Creature to be accounted the Successor of a Man of Virtue, Wit, and Breeding? At the same time that I have this melancholy Prospect at the House where I miss my old Friend, I can go to a Gentleman's not far off it, where he has a Daughter who is the Picture both of his Body and Mind; but both improved with the Beauty and Modesty peculiar to her Sex. It is she who supplies the Loss of her Father to the World: She without his Name or Fortune is a truer Memorial of him, than her Brother who succeeds him in both. Such an Offspring as the eldest Son of my Friend, perpetuates his Father in the same Manner as the Appearance of his Ghost would: It is indeed *Ruricola*, but it is *Ruricola* grown frightful.

I know not to what to attribute the brutal Turn which this young Man has taken, except it may be to a certain Severity and Distance which his Father used towards him; and might, perhaps, have occasioned a Dislike to those Modes of Life which were not made amiable to him by Freedom and Affability.

We may promise our selves that no such Excrescence will appear in the Family of the *Cornelii*,[1] where the Father Uves with his Sons

like their eldest Brother, and the Sons converse with him as if they did it for no other Reason but that he is the wisest Man of their Acquaintance. As the *Cornelii* are eminent Traders, their good Correspondence with each other is useful to all that know them as well as to themselves: And their Friendship, Good-will, and kind Offices, are disposed of joyntly as well as their Fortune; so that no one ever obliged one of them, who had not the Obligation multiplied in Returns from them all.

It is the most beautiful Object the Eyes of Man can behold, to see a Man of Worth and his Son Uve in an entire unreserved Correspondence. The mutual Kindness and Affection between them give an inexpressible Satisfaction to all who know them. It is a sublime Pleasure which encreases by the Participation. It is as sacred as Friendship, as pleasurable as Love, and as joyful as Religion. This State of Mind does not only dissipate Sorrow, which would be extream without it, but enlarges Pleasures which would otherwise be contemptible. The most indifferent thing has its Force and

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Beauty when it is spoke by a kind Father, and an insignificant Trifle has its Weight when offered by a dutiful Child. I know not how to express it, but I think I may call it a transplanted Self-love. All the Enjoyments and Sufferings which a Man meets with, are regarded only as they concern him in the Relation he has to another. A Man's very Honour receives a new Value to him, when he thinks that when he is in his Grave it will be had in Remembrance that such an Action was done by such a one's Father. Such Considerations sweeten the old Man's Evening, and his Soliloquy delights him when he can say to himself, No Man can tell my Child his Father was either unmerciful or unjust. My Son shall meet many a Man who shall say to him, I was obliged to thy Father, and be my Child a Friend to his Child for ever.

It is not in the Power of all Men to leave illustrious Names or

great Fortunes to their Posterity, but they can very much conduce to their having Industry, Probity, Valour, and Justice. It is in every Man's Power to leave his Son the Honour of descending from a virtuous Man, and add the Blessings of Heaven to whatever he leaves him. I shall end this Rhapsody with a Letter to an excellent young Man of my Acquaintance who has lately lost a worthy Father.

Dear Sir,

'I KNOW no Part of Life more impertinent than the Office of administring Consolation: I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your Grief. The virtuous Principles you had from that excellent Man whom you have lost, have wrought in you as they ought, to make a Youth of Three and Twenty incapable of Comfort upon coming into Possession of a great Fortune. I doubt not but you will honour his Memory by a modest Enjoyment of his Estate; and scorn to triumph over his Grave by employing in Riot, Excess, and Debauchery, what he purchased with so much Industry, Prudence, and Wisdom. This is the true Way to show the Sense you have of your Loss, and to take away the Distress of others upon the Occasion. You cannot recall your Father by your Grief, but you may revive him to his Friends by your Conduct.'

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Terence, *Andria,* 96–98: They fell in one and all and said a hundred fine things, I warrant ye, what a blessed father I am to have such a towardly son.

[a] one of them a Bishop] *12mo*; one a Bishop, *Fol*., *8vo*

[b] in] *12mo*; to *Fol*., *8vo*

[a] whose Life] whose whole Life *Fol.*

[b] filthy, his] filthy, and his *Fol.*

[1] By the Cornelii, the Spectator is supposed to mean the family of the EYLES's, merchants of distinction: of whom Francis Eyles, Esq. the father, who was a Director of the East-Indian Co. and Alderman of London, was created a Baronet 1 Geo. 1. His eldest surviving son, Sir John Eyles, Bart, was afterwards Lord Mayor in 1727; and another of his sons, Sir Joseph Eyles, Knt. was Sheriff of London in [1725] (Percy).

Francis Eyles, haberdasher, was one of the great merchants of London, for many years a Director of the East India Company and of the Bank of England, of which he was Governor in 1709; he was created a Baronet on 1 Dec. 1714, and died on 24 May 1716, at his seat at Streatham in Surrey. His 'Integrity, Sincerity, and a Readiness to serve his Friends, shone thro' all his Actions. He left a great Fortune to his Son, now Sir *John Eyles,* Bart a Member in the present Parliament' (*Political State of Great Britain*, May 1716, p. 643). He was one of the subscribers to the collected edition of the *Spectator*; his son John's name is in the list of subscribers to the collected edition of the *Tatler.*

On 5 Dec. 1712 Pope wrote to his friend John Caryll: 'I was very much put in mind of you both [i.e. Caryll and his son], by a passage in the *Spectator* I chanced to read yesterday. 'Tis in the 3d Vol. Number 192, which I desire you to turn to.—By the way I could be glad to know whether you take in the *Spectators* or not' (*Correspondence*, ed. Sherburn, i. 162).

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 193 Thursday, October 11, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 193
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit œdibus undam.

Virg.

WHEN we look round us, and behold the strange variety of Faces and Persons which fill the Streets with Business and Hurry, it is no unpleasant Amusement to make Guesses at their different Pursuits, and judge by their Countenances what it is that so anxiously engages their present Attention. Of all this busie Crowd there are none who would give a Man inclined to such Enquiries

better Diversion for his Thoughts, than those whom we call good Courtiers, and such as are assiduous at the Levées of Great Men. These Worthies are got into an habit of being Servile with an Air, and enjoy a certain Vanity in being known for understanding how the World passes. In the pleasure of this they can rise early, go abroad sleek and well dressed, with no other Hope or Purpose but to make a Bow to a Man in Court Favour, and be thought, by some insignificant[a] Smile of his, not a little engaged in his Interests and Fortunes. It is wondrous that a Man can get over the Natural Existence and Possession of his own Mind so far, as to take delight either in paying or receiving such cold and repeated Civilities. But what maintains the Humour is, that outward Show is what most Men pursue, rather than real Happiness. Thus both the Idol and Idolater

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equally impose upon themselves in pleasing their Imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her Majesty's good Subjects who are extreamly uneasie at their own Seats in the Country, where all from the Skies to the Center of the Earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to shine in Courts, or be Partners in the Power of the World; I say, for the benefit of these, and others who hanker after being in the Whisper[1] with great Men, and vexing their Neighbours with the Changes they would be capable of making in the appearance at a Country Sessions, it would not methinks be amiss to give an Account of that Market for Preferment, a great Man's Levée.

For ought I know, this Commerce between the Mighty and their Slaves, very justly represented, might do so much good as to incline the Great to regard Business rather than Ostentation; and make the Little know the use of their Time too well, to spend it in vain Applications and Addresses.

The famous Doctor in *Moorfields,*[2] who gained so much Reputa-

tion for his Horary Predictions, is said to have had in his Parlour different Ropes to little Bells, which hung in the Room above Stairs, where the Doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a Girl had been deceived by her Lover one Bell was pulled; and if a Peasant had lost a Cow the Servant[a] rung another. This Method was kept in respect to all other Passions and Concerns, and the skilful Waiter below[b] sifted the Enquirer, and gave the Doctor Notice accordingly. The Levée of a great Man is laid after the same manner, and twenty Whispers, false Alarms, and private Intimations pass backward and forward, from the Porter, the Valet, and the Patron himself, before the gaping Crew who are to pay their Court are gathered together; when the Scene is ready, the Doors fly open and discover his Lordship.

There are several ways of making this first Appearance: You may be either half dressed, and washing your self, which is, indeed, the most stately; but this way of opening is peculiar to Military Men, in whom there is something graceful in exposing themselves naked; but the Politicians, or Civil Officers, have usually affected to be

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more reserved, and preserve a certain Chastity of Deportment. Whether it be Hieroglyphical, or not, this Difference in the Military and Civil List, I will not say, but have[c] ever understood the Fact to be, that the close Minister is buttoned up, and the brave Officer open-breasted on these Occasions.[1]

However that is, I humbly conceive the business of a Levée is to receive the Acknowledgements of a Multitude, that a Man is Wise, Bounteous, [d] Valiant, and Powerful. When the first shot of Eyes are made, it is wonderful to observe how much Submission the Patron's Modesty can bear, and how much Servitude the Client's Spirit can descend to. In the vast multiplicity of Business, and the Crowd about him, my Lord's Parts are usually so great, that, to the Astonishment of the whole Assembly, he has something to say to every Man there, and that so suitable to his Capacity, as any Man

may judge that it is not without Talents that Men can arrive at great Employments. I have known a great Man ask a Flag-Officer, which way was the Wind, a Commander of Horse the present Price of Oats, and a Stock-jobber[1] at what Discount such a Fund was, with as much ease as if he had been bred to each of those several ways of Life. Now this is extreamly obliging; for at the same time that the Patron informs himself of Matters, he gives the Person of whom he enquires an opportunity to exert himself. What adds to the Pomp of those Interviews is, that it is performed with the greatest Silence and Order imaginable. The Patron is usually in the midst of the Room, and some humble Person gives him a Whisper, which his Lordship answers aloud, *It is well. Yes, I am of your Opinion. Pray inform your self further, you may be sure of my Part in it.* This happy Man is dismissed, and my Lord can turn himself to a Business of a quite different Nature, and off-hand give as good an Answer as any great Man is obliged to. For the chief Point is to keep in Generals; and if there be any thing offered that's Particular, to be in haste.

But we are now in the height of the Affair, and my Lord's Creatures have all had their Whispers round to keep up the Farce of the thing, and the Dumb Show is become more general. He casts his Eye to that Corner, and there to Mr. such a one; to the other, *and when did you come to Town?* and perhaps just before he nods to

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another, and enters with him, *but, Sir, I am glad I see you, now I think of it.* Each of those are happy for the next four and twenty Hours; and those who bow in Ranks undistinguished, and by Dozens at a time, think they have very good Prospects if they may hope to arrive at such Notices half a Year hence.

The Satyrist says there is seldom common Sense in high Fortune;[2] and one would think, to behold a Levée, that the Great were not only infatuated with their Station, but also that they believed all below were seized too, else how is it possible they could think of imposing upon themselves and others in such a degree, as to set up a Levée for any thing but a direct Farce? But such is the Weakness of our Nature, that when Men are a little exalted in their Condition, they immediately conceive they have additional Senses, and their Capacities enlarged not only above other Men, but above human Comprehension it self. Thus it is ordinary to see a great Man attend one listning, bow to one at a distance, and call to a third at the same instant. A Girl in new Ribbons is not more taken with her self, nor

does she betray more apparent Coquettries, than even a Wise Man in such a Circumstance of Courtship. I do not know any thing that I ever thought so very distasteful as the Affectation which is recorded of *Cœsar,* to wit, that he would dictate to three several Writers at the same time.[1] This was an Ambition below the Greatness and Candour of his Mind. He indeed (if any Man had Pretensions to greater, Faculties than any other Mortal) was the Person; but such a way of acting is Childish, and Inconsistent with the manner of our Being. And it appears from the very nature of things that there cannot be any thing effectually dispatched in the Distraction of a Publick Levée, but the whole seems to be a Conspiracy of a Sett of Servile Slaves, to give up their own Liberty to take away their Patron's Understanding.

T[2]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Georgics,* 2. 461–2:

No Palace, with a lofty Gate, he wants,
T' admit the tides of early Visitants,
To pour out Tydes … DRYDEN.

[a] insignificant] significant *Fol.*

[1] The phrase does not seem to be in *OED.*

[2] Moorfields extended some distance north of Bethlehem Hospital and was noted as the resort of astrologers and fortune-tellers. Titus Trophonius, the dream interpreter of No. 505 (vol. iv), writes from there. Ned Ward's *London Spy,* part xv, contains a reference to the famous doctor of this essay, though in a different locale:

> On *Southwark*-side there lived a Famous Student in those two Fraternal Sciences, *Physick* and *Astrology,* who, to deceive People with more Facilitie and Assurance, had several Bells placed in his Study above Stairs, the Ropes of which hung down the Wall of a dark Stair-case, one signifying lost Sheep, another of Cloaths stole off the Hedges, another stray'd or stollen Horses, which were the chief things People had recourse to him about; so that a Man who attended the Door us'd first to lift 'em and discover what they came about; and then rung for the Doctor, and dispatch'd Intelligence at the same Instant.

[a] Servant] Rope *Fol.*

[b] the skilful Waiter below] a skilful Servant *Fol.*

[c] List, I will not say, but have] List, but I have *Fol.*

[1] Percy suggested that this paragraph referred to the Earl of Oxford and the Duke of Ormonde. 'Certain it is that Lord Oxford was remarkably close and mysterious, and Ormond no less unreserved and open. The Duke of Marlborough is said to have received his visitants in the unceremonious way of military men, and to have dressed and changed his linen at his levée.'

[d] Bounteous,] *M*; Beauteous, *all edd.*

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P. 258, note d: *read* Bounteous,] *1723*; Beauteous, *Fol., 8vo, 12mo*

[1] See No. 114 (vol. i).

[2] Juvenal, *Satires,* 8. 73.

[1] Plutarch, *Life of Caesar,* 17. 4; Bayle, art. Caesar, Remark F.

[2] The picture of the great man's levée and the general idea of this number may be compared with Cowley's essay 'Of Liberty'. For a testimonial in its praise see No. 547 (vol. iv). A letter from J. B., dated 27 Oct. 1711 (Lillie, ii. 104–7), refers to this number and describes an incident at a levée which he thinks might be 'cultivated for publick use and service' in the *Spectator.*

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 194 Friday, October 12, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 194
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1711[3]

[STEELE]

... *Difficili Bile Tumet Jecur.*

Hor.

THE present Paper shall consist of two Letters, which observe upon Faults that are easily cured both in Love and Friendship.[a] In the latter, as far as it merely regards Conversation, the Person who neglects visiting an agreeable Friend is punished in the very Transgression; for a good Companion is not found in every Room we go into. But the Case of Love is of a more delicate Nature, and the Anxiety is inexpressible if every little Instance of Kindness is not reciprocal. There are things in this sort of Commerce which there are not Words to express, and a Man may not possibly know how to represent, which yet may tear his Heart into ten thousand

Tortures. To be grave to a Man's Mirth, unattentive to his Discourse, or to interrupt either with something that argues a Disinclination to be entertained by him, has in it something so disagreeable, that the utmost Steps which may be made in further Enmity cannot give greater Torment. The gay *Corinna,* who sets up for an Indifference and becoming Heedlesness, gives her Husband all the Torment imaginable out of mere Insolence, with this peculiar Vanity, That she is to look as gay as a Maid in the Character of a Wife. It is no Matter what is the Reason of a Man's Grief, if it be heavy as it is. Her unhappy Man is convinced that she means him

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no Dishonour, but pines to Death because she will not have so much Deference to him as to avoid the Appearances of it. The Author of the following Letter is perplexed with an Injury that is in a Degree yet less criminal, and yet the Source of the utmost Unhappiness.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE read your Papers which relate to Jealousy,[1] and desire your Advice in my Case, which you will say is not common. I have a Wife of whose Virtue I am not in the least doubtful; yet I cannot be satisfied she loves me, which gives me as great Uneasiness as being faulty the other way would do. I know not whether I am not yet more miserable than in that Case, for she keeps Possession of my Heart without the Return of her's. I would desire your Observations upon that Temper in some Women, who will not condescend to convince their Husbands of their Innocence or their Love, but are wholly negligent of what Reflections the poor Men make upon their Conduct (so they cannot call it criminal,) when at the same time a little Tenderness of Behaviour, or Regard to shew an Inclination to please them, would make them entirely at ease. Do not such Women deserve all the Misinterpretation which they neglect to avoid? or are they not in the actual Practice of Guilt, who care not whether they are thought guilty or not? If my Wife does the most ordinary thing, as visiting her Sister, or taking the Air with her Mother, it is always carried with the Air of a Secret: Then she will sometimes tell a thing of no Consequence, as if it was only want of Memory made her conceal it before; and this only to dally with my Anxiety. I have complained to her of this Behaviour in the

gentlest Terms imaginable, and beseeched her not to use him who desired only to Uve with her like an indulgent Friend, as the most morose and unsociable Husband in the World. It is no easy Matter to describe our Circumstance, but it is miserable with this Aggravation, That it might be easily mended, and yet no Remedy endeavoured. She reads you, and there is a Phrase or two in this Letter which she will know come from me. If we enter into an Explanation which may tend to our future Quiet by your Means, you shall have our joint Thanks: In the mean time I am, (as much as I can in this ambiguous Condition be any thing)

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SIR,
Your humble Servant.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'GIVE me Leave to make you a Present of a Character not yet describ'd in your Papers; which is that of a Man who treats his Friend with the same odd Variety which a fantastical Female Tyrant practises towards her Lover. I have for some Time had a Friendship with one of these mercurial Persons: The Rogue I know loves me, yet takes Advantage of my Fondness for him to use me as he pleases. We are by Turns the best Friends and the greatest Strangers imaginable: Sometimes you would think us inseparable; at other Times he avoids me for a long Time, yet neither he nor I know why. When we meet next by Chance, he is amaz'd he has not seen me, is impatient for an Appointment the same Evening; and when I expect he shou'd have kept it, I have known him slip away to another Place; where he has sate reading the News, when there is no Post; smoaking his Pipe, which he seldom cares for; and staring about him in Company with whom he has had nothing to do, as if he wonder'd how he came there.

'That I may state my Case to you the more fully, I shall transcribe some short Minutes I have taken of him in my Almanack since last Spring; for you must know there are certain Seasons of the Year, according to which, I will not say our Friendship, but the Enjoyment of it rises or falls: In *March* and *April* he was as various as the Weather; in *May* and Part of *June,* I found him the sprightliest best-humour'd Fellow in the World; in the Dog-days, he was much upon the Indolent; in *September* very agreeable, but very busy; and since the Glass fell last to changeable, he has made three Appointments with me, and broke them every one. However I have good

Hopes of him this Winter, especially if you will lend me your Assistance to reform him, which will be a great Ease and Pleasure to,

October 9, 1711.

SIR,
Your most humble Servant.'

T

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes,* 1. 13. 4: My bosom swells with jealous anger.

[a] and Friendship.] and in Friendship. *Fol.*

[1] Nos. 170, 171, 178. Nichols thought this letter 'was probably written by Steele in allusion to his own domestic condition, and for the benefit of his wife Mrs. Scurlock'.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 195 Saturday, October 13, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 195
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Νήπιοι, οὐδ᾽ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς,
Οὐδ᾽ ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μέγ᾽ ὄνειαρ.

Hes.

THERE is a Story in the *Arabian Nights Tales,*[2] of a King who had long languished under an ill Habit of Body, and had taken abundance of Remedies to no purpose. At length, says the Fable, a Physician cured him by the following Method. He took an hollow Ball of Wood, and filled it with several Drugs, after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a Mall, and after having hollowed the Handle, and that part which strikes the Ball, he enclosed in them several Drugs after the same manner as in the Ball it self. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his Patient, to exercise himself early in the Morning with these *rightly prepared* Instruments, till such time as he should Sweat. When, as the Story goes, the Vertue of the Medicaments perspiring through the Wood, had so good an Influence on the Sultan's Constitution, that they cured him of an Indisposition which all the Compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This Eastern Allegory[3] is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial Bodily Labour is to Health, and that Exercise is the most effectual Physick. I have described, in my Hundred and Fifteenth Paper, from the general Structure and Mechanism of an Human Body, how absolutely necessary Exercise is for its Preservation. I shall in this Place

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recommend another great Preservative of Health, which in many cases produces the same Effects as Exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place, where Opportunities of Exercise are wanting. The Preservative I am speaking of is Temperance, which has those particular Advantages above all other Means of Health, that it may be practised by all Ranks and Conditions, at any Season, or in any Place. It is a kind of Regimen, into which every Man may put himself, without Interruption to Business, Expence of Mony, or Loss of Time. If Exercise throws off all Superfluities, Temperance prevents them. If Exercise clears the Vessels, Temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them. If Exercise raises proper Ferments in the Humours, and promotes the Circulation of the Blood, Temperance gives Nature her full Play, and enables her to exert her self in all her Force and Vigour. If Exercise dissipates a growing Distemper, Temperance starves it.

Physick, for the most part, is nothing else but the Substitute of Exercise or Temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute Distempers, that cannot wait the slow Operations of these two great Instruments of Health; but did Men live in an habitual Course of Exercise and Temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those Parts of the World are the most healthy, where they subsist by the Chace; and that Men lived longest when their Lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little Food besides what they caught. Blistering, Cupping, Bleeding are seldom of use but to the Idle and Intemperate; as all those inward Applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but Expedients to make Luxury consistent with Health. The Apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the Cook and the Vintner. It is said of *Diogenes,* that meeting a young Man who was going to a Feast, he took him up in the Street and carried him home to his Friends, as one who was running into imminent Danger, had not he prevented him.[1] What would that Philosopher have said, had he been present at the Gluttony of a modern Meal? Would not he have thought the Master of a Family mad, and have begged[a] his Servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour Fowl, Fish and Flesh; swallow Oyl and Vinegar, Wines and Spices, throw down Sallads of twenty

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different Herbs, Sauces of an hundred Ingredients, Confections and Fruits of numberless Sweets and Flavours? What unnatural Motions and Counterferments must such a Medley of Intemperance produce in the Body? For my Part, when I behold a fashionable Table[1] set out in all its Magnificence, I fancy that I see Gouts and Dropsies, Feavers and Lethargies, with other innumerable Distempers lying in Ambuscade among the Dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple Diet. Every Animal, but Man, keeps to one Dish. Herbs are the Food of this Species, Fish of that, and Flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the smallest Fruit or Excrescence of the Earth, scarce a Berry or a Mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate Rule for Temperance, because what is Luxury in one may be Temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the World who are not Judges of their own Constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of Food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my Readers as my Patients, and to prescribe such a kind of Temperance as is accommodated to all Persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our Climate and way of Living, I would copy the following Rules of a very eminent Physician.[2] Make your whole Repast out of one Dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing Strong 'till you have finished your Meal; at[a] the same time abstain from all Sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A Man could not well be guilty of Gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easie Rules. In the first case there would be no variety of Tastes to sollicit his Palate, and occasion Excess; nor in the second any artificial Provocatives to relieve Satiety, and create a false Appetite. Were I to prescribe a Rule for

Drinking, it should be form'd upon a Saying quoted by Sir *William Temple*;*the first Glass for my self, the second for my Friends, the third for good Humour, and the fourth for mine Enemies.*[1] But because it is impossible for one who Uves in the World to Diet himself always in so Philosophical a manner, I think every Man should have his Days of Abstinence, according as his Constitution will permit. These are

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great Reliefs to Nature, as they qualifie her for strugling with Hunger and Thirst, whenever any Distemper or Duty of Life may put her upon such Difficulties; and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating her self from her Oppressions, and recovering the several Tones and Springs of her distended Vessels. Besides, that Abstinence well timed often kills a Sickness in Embrio, and destroys the first Seeds of an Indisposition. It is observed by two or three Ancient Authors, that *Socrates,* notwithstanding he lived in *Athens* during that great Plague, which has made so much Noise through all Ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent Hands, I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring Pestilence, he never caught the least Infection, which those Writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted Temperance which he always observed.[2]

And here I cannot but mention an Observation which I have often made, upon Reading the Lives of the Philosophers, and comparing it with any Series of Kings or great Men of the same number. If we consider these Ancient Sages, a great part of whose Philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious Course of Life, one would think the Life of a Philosopher, and the Life of a Man, were of two different Dates. For we find that the generality of these wise Men were nearer an hundred than sixty Years of Age at the time of their respective Deaths. But the most remarkable Instance of the Efficacy of Temperance towards the procuring of long Life, is what we meet with in a little Book published by *Lewis Cornaro*[3] the *Venetian,* which

I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted Credit, as the late *Venetian* Ambassador,[1] who was of the same Family, attested more than once in Conversation, when he resided in *England. Cornare,* who was the Author of the little Treatise I am mentioning, was of an Infirm Constitution 'till about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact course of Temperance, he recovered a perfect State of Health; insomuch that at fourscore he Published his Book, which has been translated into *English* under the Title of *sure and certain Methods of attaining a long and healthful Life.*[a] He lived to give a third or fourth Edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth Year, died without Pain or Agony, and like one who falls a-sleep. The Treatise I mention has been taken Notice of by several Eminent

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Authors, and is written with such a Spirit of Cheerfulness, Religion, and good Sense, as are the natural Concomitants of Temperance and Sobriety. The mixture of the old Man in it is rather a Recommendation than a Discredit to it.

Having designed this Paper as the Sequel to that upon Exercise, I have not here considered Temperance as it is a Moral Virtue, which I shall make the Subject of a future Speculation, but only as it is the Means of Health.

L

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Hesiod, *Works and Days,* 40–41:

Fools, not to know that half exceeds the whole,
How blest the sparing meal and temperate bowl.

These lines had been used as the motto for *Tatler* 205. Cowley quotes them in his essay 'Of Agriculture'.

[2] 'The Tale of the Wazir and the sage Duban', in the Fourth Night (trans. Richard F. Burton, i. 45–48).

[3] Cf. the discussion of the allegory or fable in No. 183.

[1] Diogenes Laertius, *Vitae philosophorum, 6.* 46.

[a] have begged] begged *Fol.*

[1] Misson found the English not delicate eaters:

The *English* eat a great deal at Dinner; they rest a while, and to it again, till they have quite stuff'd their Paunch. Their Supper is moderate: Gluttons at Noon, and abstinent at Night … [At dinner] they will have a Piece of boil'd Beef, and then they salt it some Days beforehand, and besiege it with five or six Heaps of Cabbage, Carrots, Turnips, or some other Herbs or Roots, well pepper'd and salted, and swimming in Butter: A Leg of roast or boil'd Mutton, dish'd up with the same Dainties, Fowls, Pigs, Ox-tripes, and Tongues, Rabbits, Pidgeons, all well moisten'd with Butter, without larding: Two of these Dishes, always serv'd up one after the other, make the usual Dinner of a substantial Gentleman, or wealthy Citizen (pp. 313–14).

[2] I have not identified this person.

[a] Meal; at] Meal; and at *Fol.*

[1] In the essay upon health and long life Temple pointed out that accidents are not in our power to govern: 'So that the best Cares or Provisions for Life and Health that are left us, consist in the discreet and temperate Government of Diet and Exercise: In both which, all Excess is to be avoided, especially in the common Use of Wine: Whereof, the first Glass may

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pass for Health, the second for good Humour, the third for our Friends; But the fourth is for our Enemies' (*Miscellanea, the Third Part,* 1701, p. 199).

[2] Among the ancient writers who have noted this are Diogenes Laertius, *Vitae philosophorum,* 2. 25; Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae,* 2. 1. 5; and Aelian, *Historical Miscellanies,* 13. 27.

[3] In No. 196 is advertised:

> Sure and certain Methods of attaining a long and healthful Life: With Means for correcting a bad Constitution, &c. Written originally in Italian by Lewis Cornaro, a noble Venetian, when he was near an hundred Year of Age. The 2d Edition. Printed for D. Midwinter at the three Crowns in St. Paul's Church-yard.

This is the translation of W. Jones, first advertised in *Term Catalogues* for Michaelmas 1702. The second edition is also advertised frequently in the *Daily Courant*, beginning on 19 Oct. 1711. Luigi Cornaro was born in 1467 and died in 1566; his *Trattato della vita sobria* was published at Padua in 1558 and became a very popular book. The third edition (1722) is advertised as 'recommended by the Spectator' (*Daily Courant*, 21 May 1722). See W. E. A. Axon, 'Cornaro in English', *The Library,* 2nd ser., ii (1901), 120–9.

[1] J. Cornaro, Ambassador in Ordinary from the Republic of Venice, is mentioned in Addison's letters of 1707–8 (ed. Graham, pp. 72, 108–11).

[a] *sure … Life.*]*12mo*;*The sure way of attaining … Life. Fol*., *8vo*

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 196 Monday, October 15, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 196
MONDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit œquus.

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is a particular Fault which I have observed in most of the Moralists in all Ages, and that is, that they are always professing themselves and teaching others to be happy. This State is not to be arrived at in this Life, therefore I would recommend to you to talk in an humbler Strain than your Predecessors have done, and instead of presuming to be happy, instruct us only to be easy. The Thoughts of him who would be discreet, and aim at practicable things, should turn upon allaying our Pain rather than promoting our Joy. Great Inquietude is to be avoided, but great Felicity is not to be attained. The great Lesson is *Æ*quanimity, a Regularity of Spirit, which is a little above Chearfulness and below Mirth.[2] Chearfulness is always to be supported if a Man is out of Pain, but Mirth to a prudent Man should always be accidental: It should naturally arise out of the Occasion, and the Occasion seldom be laid for it; for those Tempers who want Mirth to be pleased, are like the Constitutions which flag without the use of Brandy. Therefore, I say, let your Precept be, *Be easy.* That Mind is dissolute and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of it self by loud Laughter or sensual

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Pleasure, or else be[a] wholly unactive.

'There are a Couple of old Fellows of my Acquaintance, who meet every Day and smoak a Pipe, and by their mutual Love to each other, tho' they have been Men of Business and Bustle in the World, enjoy a greater Tranquility than either could have worked himself into by any Chapter of *Seneca.* Indolence of Body and Mind, when we aim at no more, is very frequently enjoyed; but the very Enquiry after Happiness has something restless in it, which a Man

who Uves in a Series of temperate Meals, friendly Conversations, and easy Slumbers, gives himself no Trouble about. While Men of Refinement are talking of Tranquility, he possesses it.

'What I would by these broken Expressions recommend to you, Mr. SPECTATOR, is, that you would speak of the Way of Life which plain Men may pursue, to fill up the Spaces of Time with Satisfaction. It is a lamentable Circumstance, that Wisdom, or, as you call it, Philosophy, should furnish Ideas only for the Learned; and that a Man must be a Philosopher to know how to pass away his Time agreeably. It would therefore be worth your Pains to place in an handsome Light the Relations and Affinities among Men, which render their Conversation with each other so grateful, that the highest Talents give but an impotent Pleasure in Comparison with them. You may find Descriptions and Discourses which will render the Fire-Side of an honest Artificer as entertaining as your own Club is to you. Good-nature has an endless Source of Pleasures in it; and the Representation of domestick Life, filled with its natural Gratifications, (instead of the necessary Vexations which are generally insisted upon in the Writings of the Witty) will be a very good Office to Society.

'The Vicissitudes of Labour and Rest in the lower Part of Mankind, make their Being pass away with that Sort of Relish which we express by the Word Comfort; and should be treated of by you, who are a SPECTATOR, as well as such Subjects which appear indeed more speculative, but are less instructive. In a Word, Sir, I would have you turn your Thoughts to the Advantage of such as want you most; and shew, that Simplicity, Innocence, Industry and Temperance, are Arts which lead to Tranquility, as much as Learn-

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ing, Wisdom, Knowledge, and Contemplation.

I am,
SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
T. B.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Hackney, the 12*th of October.*

'I AM the young Woman whom you did so much justice to some time ago,[1] in acknowledging that I am perfect Mistress of the Fan, and use it with the utmost Knowledge and Dexterity. Indeed

the World, as malicious as it is, will allow, that from an Hurry of Laughter I recollect my self the most suddenly, make a Curtesie, and let fall my Hands before me, closing my Fan at the same Instant, the best of any Woman in *England.* I am not a little delighted that I have had your Notice and Approbation; and however other young Women may rally me out of Envy, I triumph in it, and demand a Place in your Friendship. You must therefore permit me to lay before you the present State of my Mind. I was reading your *Spectator* of the 9th Instant, and thought the Circumstance of the Ass divided between two Bundles of Hay which equally affected his Senses, was a lively Representation of my present Condition: For you are to know that I am extremely enamoured with two young Gentlemen who at this Time pretend to me. One must hide nothing when one is asking Advice, therefore I will own to you, that I am very amorous and very covetous. My Lover *Will* is very rich, and my Lover *Tom* very handsome. I can have either of them when I please; but when I debate the Question in my own Mind, I cannot take *Tom* for Fear of losing *Will*'s Estate, nor enter upon *Will*'s Estate and bid adieu to *Tom*'s Person. I am very young, and yet no one in the World, dear Sir, has the main Chance more in her Head than my self. *Tom* is the gayest, the blithest Creature! He dances well, is very civil, and diverting at all Hours and Seasons: Oh he is the Joy of my Eyes! But then again *Will* is so very rich and careful of the Main. How many pretty Dresses does *Tom* appear in to charm me: But then it immediately occurs to me that a Man of his Circum-

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stances is so much the poorer. Upon the whole, I have at last examined both these Desires of Love and Avarice, and upon strictly weighing the Matter I begin to think I shall be covetous longer than fond; therefore if you have nothing to say to the contrary, I shall take *Will.* Alass poor *Tom*!

Your humble Servant,

BIDDY LOVELESS.'[1]

T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Epistles,* i. 11. 30:

Yet what we seek with every Tide and Wind,
We can e'en here, or at *Ulubra* find,
If we can have but a contented Mind. CREECH.

Steele uses this later as the motto of No. 424 (vol. iii); he had used it also for *Tatler* 202.

[2] This point is developed by Addison in No. 381 (vol. iii).

[a] else be] otherwise is *Fol.*

[1] The petition of Benjamin Easie in No. 134.

[1] This is probably the letter (from 'Tom Loveless') referred to in No. 547 (vol. iv).

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Eustace Budgell, The Spectator: No. 197 Tuesday, October 16, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 197
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1711[1]

[BUDGELL]

Alter rixatur de lanâ sœpe caprinâ,
Propugnat nugis armatus: scilicet, ut non
Sit mihi prima fides; & vere quod placet, ut non
Acriter elatrem, pretium œtas altera sordet.
Ambigitur quid enim? Castor sciat an Docilis plus,
Brundusium Numici melius via ducat an Appî.

Hor.

EVERY Age a Man passes through, and Way of Life he engages in, has some particular Vice or Imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will require his nicest Care to avoid. The several Weaknesses to which Youth, Old Age, and Manhood are exposed, have long since been set down by many both of the Poets and Philosophers; but I do not remember to have met with any Author who has treated of those ill Habits Men are subject to, not so much by reason of their different Ages and Tempers, as the particular Profession or Business in which they were educated and brought up.

I am the more surprized to find this Subject so little touched on, since what I am here speaking of is so apparent as not to escape the most vulgar Observation. The Business Men are chiefly conversant in, does not only give a certain Cast[2] or Turn to their Minds, but is very often apparent in their outward Behaviour, and some of the most indifferent Actions of their Lives. It is this Air diffusing it self

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over the whole Man, which helps us to find out a Person at his first appearance: So that the most careless Observer fancies he can scarce be mistaken in the Carriage of a Seaman, or the Gaite of a Taylor. The liberal Arts, though they may possibly have less Effect on

our External Mein and Behaviour, make so deep an Impression on the Mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one way.

The Mathematician will take little less than Demonstration in the most common Discourse, and the Schoolman is as great a Friend to Definitions and Syllogisms. The Physician and Divine are often heard to dictate in private Companies with the same Authority which they exercise over their Patients and Disciples; while the Lawyer is putting Cases, and raising Matter for Disputation out of every thing that occurs.

I may possibly some time or other animadvert more at large on the particular Fault each Profession is most infected with; but shall at present wholly apply my self to the Cure of what I last mentioned, namely, That Spirit of Strife and Contention in the Conversations of Gentlemen of the Long Robe.[1]

This is the more ordinary, because these Gentlemen regarding Argument as their own proper Province, and very often making ready Mony of it, think it unsafe to yield before Company. They are shewing in common Talk how zealously they could defend a Cause in Court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that Temper which is absolutely requisite to render Conversation pleasant and instructive.

Captain SENTRY pushes this matter so far, that I have heard him say, *He has known but few Pleaders that were tolerable Company.*

The Captain, who is a Man of good Sense, but dry Conversation, was last Night giving me an Account of a Discourse, in which he had lately been engaged with a young Wrangler in the Law. I was giving my Opinion, says the Captain, without apprehending any Debate that might arise from it, of a General's Behaviour in a Battel that was fought some Years before either the Templer or my self were born. The young Lawyer immediately took me up, and by

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reasoning above a Quarter of an Hour upon a Subject which I saw he understood nothing of, endeavoured to shew me that my Opinions were ill grounded. Upon which, says the Captain, to avoid any further Contests, I told him, that truly I had not considered those several Arguments which he had brought against me; and that there might be a great deal in them. Ay, but says my Antagonist, who would not let me escape so, there are several things to be urged in favour of your Opinion which you have omitted, and thereupon

begun to shine on the other side of the Question; upon this, says the Captain, I came over to my first Sentiments, and entirely acquiesced in his Reasons for my so doing. Upon which the Templer again recovered his former Posture, and confuted both himself and me a third time. In short, says my Friend, I found he was resolved to keep me at Swords length, and never let me close with him, so that I had nothing left but to hold my Tongue, and give my Antagonist free leave to smile at his Victories, who I found, like *Hudibras, could still change sides, and still confute.*[1]

For my own part I have ever regarded our Inns of Court as Nurseries of Statesmen and Law-givers, which makes me often frequent that Part of the Town with great Pleasure.

Upon my Calling in lately at one of the most noted *Temple* Coffee-houses, I found the whole Room, which was full of young Students, divided into several Parties, each of which was deeply engaged in some Controversie. The Management of the late Ministry was attacked, and defended, with great Vigour; and several Preliminaries to the Peace were proposed by some, and rejected by others; the Demolishing of *Dunkirk* was so eagerly insisted on, and so warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a Challenge.[2] In short, I observed that the Desire of Victory, whetted with the little Prejudices of Party and Interest, generally carried the Argument to such an height, as made the Disputants insensibly conceive an Aversion towards each other, and part with the highest Dissatisfaction on both sides.

The managing an Argument handsomly being so nice a Point, and what I have seen so very few excell in, I shall here set down a few Rules on that Head, which, among other things, I gave in

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Writing to a young Kinsman of mine who had made so great a Proficiency in the Law, that he began to plead in Company upon every Subject that was started.

Having the entire Manuscript by me, I may, perhaps, from time to time publish such Parts of it as I shall think requisite for the

Instruction of the *British* Youth. What regards my present Purpose is as follows:

Avoid Disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easie and well-bred in Conversation, you may assure your self that it requires more Wit, as well as more good Humour, to improve than to contradict the Notions of another: But if you are at any time obliged to enter on an Argument, give your Reasons with the utmost Coolness and Modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an Impression on the Hearers. Besides, if you are neither Dogmatical, nor shew either by your Actions or Words, that you are full of your-self, all will the more heartily rejoice at your Victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your Argument, you may make your Retreat with a very good Grace: You were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of Reasoning, where while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an Absurdity; and tho' possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your Opinion, which is firmly fix'd, you seem only to desire Information from him.[1]

In order to keep that Temper, which it is so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous than to be angry with another, because he is not of your Opinion. The Interests, Education, and Means by which Men attain their Knowledge are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much Reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes to keep your self cool, it may be of Service to ask your self fairly, What might have been your Opinion, had you all the Biasses of Education and Interest, your Adversary may possibly have? But if you contend for the Honour of Victory alone, you may lay down this as an Infallible Maxim, That you cannot make a more false Step, or give your Antagonists a greater Advantage over you, than by falling into

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a Passion.

When an Argument is over, how many weighty Reasons does a Man recollect, which his Heat and Violence made him utterly forget?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a Man because he does not

apprehend the force of your Reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for Reputation, this makes your Victory the easier; he is certainly in all Respects an Object of your Pity, rather than Anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank Nature for her Favours, who has given you so much the clearer Understanding.

You may please to add this Consideration, That among your Equals no one values your Anger, which only preys upon its Master; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with Prudence or your Ease, to punish your self, whenever you meet with a Fool or a Knave.

Lastly, If you propose to your self the true End of Argument, which is Information, it may be a seasonable Check to your Passion; for if you search purely after Truth, 'twill be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this Place omit an Observation which I have often made, namely, That nothing procures a Man more Esteem and less Envy from the whole Company, than if he chuses the Part of Moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a Dispute. This gives him the Character of Impartial, furnishes him with an Opportunity of Sifting things to the bottom, shewing his Judgment, and of sometimes making handsome Compliments to each of the contending Parties.

I shall close this Subject with giving you one Caution. When you have gained a Victory do not push it too far; 'tis sufficient to let the Company and your Adversary see 'tis in your Power, but that you are too generous to make use of it. X

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Epistles,* 1. 18. 15–20 (altered):

That strives for Trifles, and for Toys contends,
He is in earnest, what He says, defends:
That I should not be trusted right or wrong,
Or be debarr'd the freedom of my Tongue;
And now bawl what I please! To part with this
I think another life too mean a price.
The Question is, *Pray what?* why which can boast
Or *Docilis* or *Cast* of knowing most
Or whether thro *Numicum* been't as good
To fair *Brundusium* as the *Appian* road. CREECH.

[2] This quotation is the first in *OED* to illustrate this particular sense.

[1] Cf. No. 157, 'our learned Men of either Robe'. The two divisions of lawyers, the litigious and the peaceable, had been discussed by Addison in No. 21 (vol. i).

[1] *Hudibras,* 1. i. 69–70:

On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.

[2] When the Treaty of Utrecht came to be signed in March 1713, one of the provisions was that France should demolish the fortifications at Dunkirk. This provision, which the Whigs had very much at heart, was the cause of considerable controversy. Steele wrote several times on the subject: in *Guardian* 128, and notably *The Importance of Dunkirk Consider'd,* and *The French Faith represented in the Present State of Dunkirk* (all reprinted in Miss Blanchard's edition of the *Political Tracts*).

[1] This method is discussed by Addison in No. 239. Addison is thought to have assisted Budgell in many of his essays in the *Spectator*; the present number, of all those marked as Budgell's, seems most in the style and temper of Addison and may be the result of collaboration between the two. The final eight paragraphs, introduced as rules given 'to a young Kinsman of mine', may well be Addison's.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 198 Wednesday, October 17, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 198
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Cervœ luporum prœda rapacium
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
Fallere & effugere est triumphus.

Hor.

THERE is a Species of Women, whom I shall distinguish by the Name of Salamanders.[2] Now a Salamander is a kind of Heroine

in Chastity, that treads upon Fire, and lives in the Midst of Flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no Distinction of Sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a Stranger at first Sight, and is not so narrow spirited as to observe whether the Person she talks to be in Breeches or in Petticoats. She admits a Male Visitant to her Bed-side,[1] plays with him a whole Afternoon at Pickette,[2] walks with him two or three Hours by Moon-light; and is extreamly Scandalized at the unreasonableness of an Husband, or the severity of a Parent, that would debar the Sex from such innocent Liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual Declaimer against Jealousie, an admirer of the *French* Good-breeding, and a great Stickler for freedom in Conversation. In short, the Salamander lives in an invincible State of Simplicity and Innocence: Her Constitution is *preserv'd* in a kind of natural Frost; She wonders what People mean by Temptations; and defies Mankind to do their worst. Her Chastity is engaged in a constant *Ordeal,* or fiery Tryal,

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(like good Queen *Emma*)[3] the pretty Innocent walks blindfold among burning Plow-shares, without being scorched or singed by them.

It is not therefore for the use of the Salamander, whether in a married or single State of Life, that I design the following Paper; but for such Females only as are made of Flesh and Blood, and find themselves subject to Humane Frailties.

As for this Part of the fair Sex who are not of the Salamander Kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different Conduct in their Behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what Religion calls *Temptations,* and the World *Opportunities.* Did they but know how many thousands of their Sex, have been gradually betrayed from innocent Freedoms to Ruine and Infamy; and how many Millions of ours have begun with Flatteries, Protestations

and Endearments, but ended with Reproaches, Perjury, and Perfidiousness; they would shun like Death the very first Approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable Labyrinths of Guilt and Misery. I must so far give up the Cause of the Male World, as to exhort the Female Sex in the Language of *Chamont* in the *Orphan.*

Trust not a Man, we are by Nature false,
Dissembling, Subtle, Cruel and Unconstant:
When a Man talks of Love, with caution trust him;
But if he Swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.[1]

I might very much enlarge upon this Subject, but shall conclude it with a Story which I lately heard from one of our *Spanish* Officers,[2] and which may shew the Danger a Woman incurs by too great Familiarities with a Male Companion.

An Inhabitant of the Kingdom of *Castile,* being a Man of more than ordinary Prudence, and of a grave composed Behaviour, determined about the fiftieth Year of his Age to enter upon Wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his Eye upon a young Woman who had nothing to recommend her but her Beauty and her Education, her Parents having been reduced to great Poverty by the Wars which[a] for some Years have laid that whole Country waste. The *Castilian* having made his Addresses to her and married her, they

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lived together in perfect Happiness for some Time; when at length the Husband's Affairs made it necessary for him to take a Voyage to the Kingdom of *Naples,* where a great Part of his Estate lay. The Wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a Shipboard above a Day, when they unluckily fell into the Hands of an *Algerine* Pyrate, who carried the whole Company on Shore, and made them Slaves. The *Castilian* and his Wife had the Comfort to be under the same Master; who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their Liberty, demanded a most exorbitant Price for their Ransom. The *Castilian,* though he would rather have died in Slavery himself, than have paid such a Sum as he found would go near to ruine him, was so moved with Compassion towards his Wife, that he sent repeated Orders to his Friend in *Spain* (who happened to be his next Relation) to sell his Estate, and transmit the Money to him. His Friend, hoping that the Terms of his

Ransome might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an Estate which he himself had some Prospect of inheriting, formed so many Delays, that three whole Years passed away without any thing being done for the setting of them at Liberty.

There happened to live a *French* Renegado in the same Place where the *Castilian* and his Wife were kept Prisoners. As this Fellow had in him all the Vivacity of his Nation, he often entertained the Captives with Accounts[a] of his own Adventures; to which he sometimes added a Song, or a Dance, or some other Piece of Mirth, to divert them during[b] their Confinement. His Acquaintance with the Manners of the *Algerines,* enabled him likewise to do them several good Offices. The *Castilian,* as he was one Day in Conversation with this Renegado, discovered to him the Negligence and Treachery of his Correspondent in *Castile,* and at the same Time asked his Advice how he should behave himself in that Exigency: He further told the Renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the Money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his Estate. The Renegado, after having represented to him that his *Algerine* Master would never consent to his Release upon such a Pretence, at length contrived a Method for the *Castilian* to make his Escape in the Habit of a Seaman. The *Castilian* succeeded in his Attempt; and having sold his Estate, being afraid least the Money should miscarry

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by the Way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his Life, he returned himself in a little Vessel that was going to *Algiers.* It is impossible to describe the Joy he felt upon this Occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the Wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon Piece of Generosity.

The Renegado, during the Husband's Absence, so insinuated himself into the good Graces of his young Wife, and so turned her Head with Stories of Gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest Gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her Mind was quite alienated from the honest *Castilian,* whom she was t aught to look upon as a formal old Fellow unworthy the Possession of so charming a Creature. She had been instructed by the Renegado how to manage herself upon his Arrival; so that she received him with an Appearance of the utmost Love and Gratitude, and at length perswaded him to trust their common Friend the Renegado with the Money he had brought over for their Ransome; as not

questioning but he would beat down the Terms of it, and negociate the Affair more to their Advantage than they themselves could do. The good Man admired her Prudence, and followed her Advice.

I wish I could conceal the Sequel of this Story, but since I cannot I shall dispatch it in as few Words as possible. The *Castilian* having slept longer than ordinary the next Morning, upon his awaking found his Wife had left him: He immediately rose and enquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the Renegado about Break of Day. In a Word, her Lover having got all things ready for their Departure, they soon made their Escape out of the Territories of *Algiers,* carried away the Money, and left the *Castilian* in Captivity; who partly through the cruel Treatment of the incensed *Algerine* his Master, and partly through the unkind Usage of his unfaithful Wife, died some few Months after.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, 4. 4. 50–52:

We like the Hind the brinded Wolf provoke,
  And when Retreat is Victory,
    Rush on tho' sure to dye.

[2] Cf. Pope, *Rape of the Lock,* i. 59–60.

[1] For the ladies' custom of receiving visits at their beds see No. 45 (vol. i).

[2] Pickette, or piquet, was a card-game played by two with a pack of thirty-two cards, the low cards from the two to the six being excluded. The rules for playing are given in Theophilus Lucas, *Memoirs of the … most famous Gamesters* (1714), pp. 137–9.

[3] Emma, wife of King Ethelred and mother of Edward the Confessor, proved her innocence by walking barefoot over burning ploughshares. The story is told in Bayle, art. 'Emma', in White Kennett, *Parochial Antiquities* (Oxford, 1695), p. 53, &c.

[1] Otway, *The Orphan,* ii. 288–91.

[2] i.e. officers who had served in Spain.

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[a] with Accounts] with the Accounts *Fol.*

[b] during] in *Fol.*

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NO. 199
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... *Scribere jussit amor.*

Ovid.

THE following Letters are written with such an Air of Sincerity, that I cannot deny the inserting of them.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THO' you are every where in your Writings a Friend to Women, I do not remember that you have directly considered the mercenary Practice of Men in the Choice of Wives. If you would please to employ your Thoughts upon that Subject, you would easily conceive the miserable Condition many of us are in, who not only from the Laws of Custom and Modesty are restrained from making any Advances towards our Wishes, but are also from the Circumstance of Fortune out of all Hope of being addressed to by those whom we love. Under all these Disadvantages I am obliged to apply my self to you, and hope I shall prevail with you to print in your very next Paper the following Letter, which is a Declaration

of Passion to one who has made some feint Addresses to me for some time. I believe he ardently loves me, but the Inequality of my Fortune makes him think he cannot answer it to the World, if he pursues his Designs by way of Marriage; and I believe, as he does not want Discerning, he discovered me looking at him the other

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Day unawares, in such a manner as has raised his Hopes of gaining me on Terms the Men call easier. But my Heart is very full on this Occasion, and if you know what Love and Honour are, you will pardon me that I use no farther Arguments with you, but hasten to my Letter to him, whom I will call *Oroondates,*[1] because if I do not succeed it shall look like Romance; and if I am regarded you shall receive a Pair of Gloves at my Wedding, sent to you under the Name of *Statira.*

To OROONDATES.

SIR,

'AFTER very much Perplexity in my self, and revolving how to acquaint you with my own Sentiments, and expostulate with you concerning yours, I have chosen this way, by which means I can be at once revealed to you, or, if you please, lye concealed. If I do not within few Days find the Effect which I hope from this, the whole Affair shall be buried in Oblivion. But alas! what am I going to do, when I am about to tell you that I love you? But after I have done so, I am to assure you, that with all the Passion which ever entered a tender Heart, I know I can banish you from my Sight for ever, when I am convinced that you have no Inclinations towards me but to my Dishonour. But alas, Sir, why should you sacrifice the real and essential Happiness of Life to the Opinion of a World, that moves upon no other Foundation but profess'd Errour and Prejudice? You all can observe that Riches do not alone make you happy, and yet give up every thing else when it stands in Competition with Riches. Since the World is so bad that Religion is left to us silly Women, and you Men act generally upon Principles of Profit and Pleasure, I will talk to you without arguing from any thing but what may be most to your Advantage, as a Man of the World. And I will lay before you the State of the Case, supposing that you had it in your Power to make me your Mistress, or your Wife, and hope to convince you that the latter is more for your Interest, and will contribute more to your Pleasure.

'We will suppose then the Scene was laid, and you were now in Expectation of the approaching Evening wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what convenient Corner of the Town you thought

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fit, to consummate all which your wanton Imagination has promised you in the Possession of one who is in the Bloom of Youth, and in the Reputation of Innocence: You would soon have enough of me, as I am Sprightly, Young, Gay, and Airy. When Fancy is sated, and finds all the Promises it made to it self false, where is now the Innocence which charmed you? The first Hour you are alone you will find that the Pleasure of a Debauchée is only that of a Destroyer: He blasts all the Fruit he tastes, and where the Brute has been devouring there is nothing left worthy the Relish of the Man. Reason resumes her place after Imagination is cloyed; and I am, with the utmost Distress and Confusion, to behold my self the Cause of uneasie Reflections to you, to be visited by Stealth, and dwell for the future with the two Companions (the most unfit for each other in the World) Solitude and Guilt. I will not insist upon the shameful Obscurity we should pass our Time in, nor run over the little short snatches of fresh Air and free Comerce which all People must be satisfied with, whose Actions will not bear Examination, but leave them to your Reflections, who have seen of that Life of which I have but a meer Idea.

'On the other hand, If you can be so good and generous as to make me your Wife, you may promise your self all the Obedience and Tenderness with which Gratitude can inspire a virtuous Woman. Whatever Gratifications you may promise your self from an agreeable Person, whatever Compliances from an easie Temper, whatever Consolations from a sincere Friendship, you may expect as the Due of your Generosity. What at present in your ill View you promise your self from me, will be followed by Distaste and Satiety; but the Transports of a virtuous Love are the least part of its Happiness. The Raptures of Innocent Passion are but like Lightning to the Day, they rather interrupt than advance the Pleasure of it: How happy then is that Life to be where the highest Pleasures of Sense are but the lower parts of its Felicity?

'Now am I to repeat to you the unnatural Request of taking me in direct Terms. I know there stands between me and that Happiness the haughty Daughter of a Man who can give you suitably to your Fortune. But if you weigh the Attendance and Behaviour of her who comes to you in Partnership of your Fortune, and expects an

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Equivalent, with that of her who enters your House as honoured and obliged by that Permission, whom of the two[a] will you chuse? You, perhaps, will think fit to spend a Day abroad in the common Entertainments of Men of Sense and Fortune, she will think her self ill used in that Absence, and contrive at home an Expence proportioned to the Appearance which you make in the World. She is in all Things to have a regard to the Fortune which she brought you, I to the Fortune to which you introduced me. The Commerce between you two will eternally have the Air of a Bargain, between us of a Friendship: Joy will ever enter into the Room with you, and kind Wishes attend my Benefactor when he leaves it. Ask your self, how would you be pleased to enjoy for ever the Pleasure of having laid an immediate Obligation on a grateful Mind, such will be your case with Me. In the other Marriage you will live in a constant Comparison of Benefits, and never know the Happiness of conferring or receiving any.

'It may be you will, after all, act rather in the prudential way, according to the Sense of the ordinary World. I know not what I think or say, when that Melancholy Reflection comes upon me; but shall only add more, that it is in your Power to make me your Grateful Wife, but never your Abandoned Mistress.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Ovid, *Heroides,* 4. 10: Love bade me write.

[1] In La Calprenède's *Cassandra,* one of the books in Leonora's library (No. 37, vol. i).

[a] whom of the two] whether *Fol.*

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NO. 200
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Vincit Amor Patriæ

Virg.

THE Ambition of Princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as their People. This cannot be doubted of such as prove unfortunate in their Wars, but it is often true too of those who are celebrated for their Successes. If a severe View were to be taken of their Conduct, if the Profit and Loss by their Wars could be justly ballanc'd, it would be rarely found that the Conquest is sufficient to repay the Cost.

As I was the other Day looking over the Letters of my Correspondents, I took this Hint from that of *Philarithmus*;[1] which has turn'd my present Thoughts upon Political Arithmetick, an Art of greater Use than Entertainment. My Friend has offer'd an Essay towards proving, that *Lewis* XIV, with all his Acquisitions, is not Master of more People than at the Beginning of his Wars; nay, that for every Subject he had acquir'd, he had lost three that were his Inheritance: If *Philarithmus is* not mistaken in his Calculations, *Lewis* must have been impoverished by his Ambition.

The Prince for the publick Good has a soveraign Property in every private Person's Estate; and consequently his Riches must encrease or decrease in Proportion to the Number and Riches of his Subjects.[2]

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For Example: If Sword or Pestilence should destroy all the People of this Metropolis,[3] (God forbid there should be Room for such a Supposition! but if this should be the Case) the Queen must needs lose a great Part of her Revenue, or, at least, what is charg'd upon the City must encrease the Burthen upon the rest of her Subjects. Perhaps the Inhabitants here are not above a tenth Part of the Whole; yet as they are better fed, and cloath'd, and lodg'd than her other Subjects, the Customs and Excises upon their Consumption, the Imposts upon their Houses, and other Taxes, do very probably make a fifth Part of the whole Revenue of the Crown. But this is not all; the Consumption of the City takes off a great Part of the Fruits of the whole Island; and as it pays such a Proportion of the Rent or yearly Value of the Lands in the Country, so it is the Cause of paying such a Proportion of Taxes upon those Lands. The Loss then of such a People must needs be sensible to the Prince, and visible to the whole Kingdom.

On the other Hand, if it should please God to drop from Heaven a new People equal in Number and Riches to the City, I should be ready to think their Excises, Customs, and House-Rent would raise as great a Revenue to the Crown as would be lost in the former Case.

And as the Consumption of this new Body would be a new Market for the Fruits of the Country, all the Lands, especially those most adjacent, would rise in their yearly Value, and pay greater yearly Taxes to the Publick. The Gain in this Case would be as sensible as the former Loss.

Whatsoever is assess'd upon the General is levied upon Individuals. It were worth the while then to consider what is paid by, or by Means of the meanest Subjects, in order to compute the Value of every Subject to the Prince.

For my own Part, I should believe that seven Eighths of the People are without Property in themselves or the Heads of their Families, and forc'd to work for their daily Bread; and that of this Sort there are seven Millions in the whole Island of *Great Britain*: And yet one would imagine that seven Eighths of the whole People should consume at least three Fourths of the whole Fruits of the Country. If this is the Case, the Subjects without Property, pay

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three Fourths of the Rents, and consequently enable the landed Men to pay three Fourths of their Taxes. Now if so great a Part of the Land-Tax were to be divided by seven Millions, it would amount to more than three Shillings to every Head. And thus as the Poor are the Cause, without which the Rich could not pay this Tax, even the poorest Subject is upon this Account worth three Shillings yearly to the Prince.

Again: One would imagine the Consumption of seven Eighths of the whole People should pay two Thirds of all the Customs and Excises. And if this Sum too should be divided by seven Millions, *viz.* the Number of poor People, it will amount to more than seven Shillings to every Head: And therefore with this and the former Sum, every poor Subject, without Property, except of his Limbs or Labour, is worth at least ten Shillings yearly to the Sovereign. So much then the Queen loses with every one of her old, and gains with every one of her new Subjects.

When I was got into this way of thinking, I presently grew conceited of the Argument, and was just preparing to write a Letter of Advice to a Member of Parliament, for opening the Freedom of our Towns and Trades, for taking away all Manner of Distinctions between the Natives and Foreigners, for repealing our Laws of Parish Settlements, and removing every other Obstacle to the Increase of the People. But as soon as I had recollected with what inimitable Eloquence my Fellow-Labourers had exaggerated the

Mischiefs of selling the Birth-right of *Britons* for a Shilling,[1] of spoiling the pure *British* Blood with foreign Mixtures, of introducing a Confusion of Languages and Religions, and of letting in Strangers to eat the Bread out of the Mouths of our own People, I became so humble as to let my Project fall to the Ground, and leave my Country to encrease by the ordinary way of Generation.

As I have always at Heart the Publick Good, so I am ever contriving Schemes to promote it; and I think I may without Vanity pretend to have contriv'd some as wise as any of the Castle-builders. I had no sooner given up my former Project, but my Head was presently full of draining Fens and Marshes, banking out the Sea, and joyning new Lands to my Country; for since it is thought

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impracticable to increase the People to the Land, I fell immediately to consider how much would be gained to the Prince by increasing the Land to the People.

If the same omnipotent Power which made the World, should at this time raise out of the Ocean and join to *Great Britain* an equal Extent of Land, with equal Buildings, Corn, Cattle, and other Conveniences and Necessaries of Life, but no Men, Women, nor Children, I should hardly believe this would add either to the Riches of the People or Revenue of the Prince; for since the present Buildings are sufficient for all the Inhabitants, if any of them should forsake the old to inhabit the new Part of the Island, the Increase of House-Rent in this would be attended with at least an equal Decrease of it in the other: Besides, we have such a Sufficiency of Corn and Cattle, that we give Bounties to our Neighbours to take what exceeds of the former off our Hands, and we will not suffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our Fellow Subjects; and for the remaining Product of the Country, 'tis already equal to all our Markets: But if all these things should be doubled to the same Buyers, the Owners must be glad with half their present Prices, the Landlords with half their present Rents; and thus by so great an Enlargement of the Country, the Rents in the whole would not increase, nor the Taxes to the Publick.

On the contrary, I should believe they would be very much diminished; for as the Land is only valuable for its Fruits, and these are all perishable, and for the most Part must either be used within the Year, or perish without Use, the Owners will get rid of them at any Rate, rather than they should waste in their Possession: So that 'tis probable the annual Production of those perishable things, even of one Tenth Part of them, beyond all Possibility of Use, will reduce one half of their Value. It seems to be for this Reason that our Neighbour Merchants[1] who ingross all the Spices, and know how great a Quantity is equal to the Demand, destroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the Annual Production of twice as much as can be used, must reduce all to an Eighth Part of their present Prices; and thus this extended Island wou'd not exceed one Fourth Part of its present Value, or pay more than one Fourth Part of the present Tax.

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It is generally observ'd, That in Countries of the greatest Plenty there is the poorest Living; like the Schoolmen's Ass,[2] in one of my Speculations, the People almost starve between two Meals. The Truth is, the Poor, which are the Bulk of a Nation, work only that they may live; and if with two Days Labour they can get a wretched Subsistence for a Week, they will hardly be brought to work the other four: But then with the Wages of two Days they can neither pay such Prices for their Provisions, nor such Excises to the Government.

That Paradox therefore in old *Hesiod*[3] *πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς* or Half is more than the Whole, is very applicable to the present Case; since nothing is more true in political Arithmetick, than that the same People with half a Country is more valuable than with the whole. I begin to think there was nothing absurd in Sir *W. Petty*,[4] when he fancied if all the Highlands of *Scotland* and the whole Kingdom of *Ireland* were sunk in the Ocean, so that the People were

all saved and brought into the Lowlands of *Great Britain*; nay though they were to be reimburst the Value of their Estates by the Body of the People, yet both the Soveraign and the Subjects in general would be enriched by the very Loss.

If the People only make the Riches, the Father of ten Children is a greater Benefactor to his Country than he who has added to it 10000 Acres of Land and no People. It is certain *Lewis* has joyn'd vast Tracts of Land to his Dominions: But if *Philarithmus* says true, that he is not now Master of so many Subjects as before; we may then account for his not being able to bring such mighty Armies into the Field, and for their being neither so well fed, nor cloathed, nor paid as formerly. The Reason is plain, *Lewis* must needs have been impoverished not only by his Loss of Subjects, but by his Acquisition of Lands.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Virgil, *Aeneid,* 6. 823: Love for one's country overcomes all things.

[1] See No. 180. The substance of this essay, like the long letter in No. 180, is doubtless by Henry Martyn, with possible additions and revisions by Steele.

[2] Philarithmus here follows the general economic thinking of his time. Cf. Sir William Temple, 'Of Popular Discontents' (Miscellanea, part iii): 'The Strength and Wealth of any Country consists chiefly in the Numbers and Riches of the Inhabitants' (*Works,* 1720, i. 264).

[3] The population of London at this time has been estimated at about 675,000, and the total population of the United Kingdom at between six and seven million (Trevelyan, i. 75 n.; ii. 197). Steele in the next sentence speaks of London as being about 'a tenth Part of the Whole'. A little later he makes a rough calculation of eight millions as the total population.

[1] 'This is an ironical allusion to some of the popular arguments that had been urged in the year 1708, when a Bill was brought in for the Naturalization of Foreign Protestants; which, on account of the odium raised against it, did not pass into a Law' (Percy). Swift refers to this bill in *Examiner* 25 (25 Jan. 1711). Among the frightful consequences of a restoration of the Whigs to power, he thinks, would be the reenactment of this bill 'and the Birth-right of an *Englishman* reduced again to the Value of Twelve-pence' (*Prose Works*, ed. Davis, iii. 71). He refers again to the bill in *Examiner* 44 (7 June 1711).

[1] The Dutch.

[2] See No. 191.

[3] See motto of No. 195. Cowley (Essay 'Of Agriculture') calls this 'the most Acute of all his sayings' (*Essays*, ed. Waller, p. 406).

[4] His 'Proposition for quitting Ireland & the Highlands of Scotland' is to be found in his *Essays in Political Arithmetick* (1711), pp. 225–34 (this work is advertised in No. 3):

> And here I beg leave … to interpose a jocular, and perhaps ridiculous digression, and which I indeed desire Men to look upon, rather as a Dream or Resvery, than a rational Proposition; the which is, that if all the *moveables* and People of *Ireland*, and of the *Highlands* of *Scotland,* were transported into the rest of *Great Britain*; that then the King and his

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Subjects would thereby become more *Rich* and *Strong*, both *offensively* and *defensively,* than now they are (p. 225).

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 201 Saturday, October 20, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Religentem esse oportet, Religiosum nefas.

Incerti Autoris apud Aul. Gell.

IT is of the last Importance to season the Passions of a Child with Devotion, which seldom dies in a Mind that has received an early Tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the Cares of the World, the Heats of Youth, or the Allurements of Vice, it generally breaks out and discovers it self again as soon as Discretion, Consideration, Age or Misfortunes have brought the Man to himself. The Fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A State of Temperance, Sobriety and Justice without Devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid Condition of Virtue; and is rather to be stiled Philosophy than Religion. Devotion opens the Mind to great Conceptions, and fills it with more sublime Ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted Science; and at the same time warms and agitates the Soul more than sensual Pleasure.

It has been observed by some Writers, that Man is more dis-

tinguished from the Animal World by Devotion[1] than by Reason, as several Brute Creatures discover in their Actions something like a faint glimmering of Reason, though they betray in no single Circumstance of their Behaviour any thing that bears the least Affinity to Devotion. It is certain, the Propensity of the Mind to

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Religious Worship; the Natural Tendency of the Soul to fly to some Superior Being for Succour in Dangers and Distresses, the Gratitude to an invisible Superintendent which[a] rises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good Fortune; the Acts of Love and Admiration with which the Thoughts of Men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the Divine Perfections; and the universal Concurrence of all the Nations under Heaven in the great Article of Adoration, plainly shew that Devotion or Religious Worship must be the effect of a Tradition from some first Founder of Mankind, or that it is conformable to the Natural Light of Reason, or that it proceeds from an Instinct implanted in the Soul it self. For my part I look upon all these to be the concurrent Causes, but which ever of them shall be assigned as the Principle of Divine Worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first Author of it.

I may take some other Opportunity of considering those particular Forms and Methods of Devotion which are taught us by Christianity, but shall here observe into what Errors even this Divine Principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right Reason which was given us as the Guide of all our Actions.

The two great Errors into which a mistaken Devotion may betray us, are Enthusiasm and Superstition.[2]

There is not a more melancholy Object than a Man who has his Head turned with Religious Enthusiasm. A Person that is crazed, tho' with Pride or Malice, is a Sight very mortifying to Human Nature; but when the Distemper arises from any indiscreet Fervours of Devotion, or too intense an Application of the Mind to its

mistaken Duties, it deserves our Compassion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this Lesson from it, that since Devotion it self (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the Mind, unless its Heats are tempered with Caution and Prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our Reason as cool as possible, and to guard our selves in all Parts of Life against the Influence of Passion, Imagination, and Constitution.

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Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of Reason, is very apt to degenerate into Enthusiasm. When the Mind finds her self very much inflamed with her Devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something Divine within her. If she indulges this Thought too far, and humours the growing Passion, she at last flings her self into imaginary Raptures and Extasies; and when once she fancies her self under the Influence of a Divine Impulse, it is no wonder if she slights Human Ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established Form of Religion, as thinking her self directed by a much superior Guide.

As Enthusiasm is a kind of Excess in Devotion, Superstition is the Excess not only of Devotion, but of Religion in general, according to an old Heathen Saying, quoted by *Aulus Gellius, Religentem esse oportet, Religiosum nefas*: A Man should be Religious, not Superstitious: For as the Author tells us, *Nigidius* observed upon this Passage, that the *Latin* Words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vitious Characters,[a] and the having of any Quality to an Excess.[1]

An Enthusiast in Religion is like an obstinate Clown, a Superstitious Man like an insipid Courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of Madness, Superstition of Folly. Most of the Sects that fall short of the Church of *England,* have in them strong Tinctures of Enthusiasm, as the *Roman* Catholick Religion is one huge overgrown Body of childish and idle Superstitions.

The *Roman* Catholick Church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in

this Particular. If an absurd Dress or Behaviour be introduced in the World, it will soon be found out and discarded: On the contrary, a Habit or Ceremony, tho' never so ridiculous, which[a] has taken Sanctuary in the Church, sticks in it for ever. A *Gothic* Bishop, perhaps, thought it proper to repeat such a Form in such particular Shoes or Slippers. Another fancied it would be very decent if such a Part of publick Devotions were performed with a Mitre on his Head, and a Crosier in his Hand. To this a Brother *Vandal,* as wise as the others, adds an antick Dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such Mysteries, till by Degrees the

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whole Office has degenerated[b] into an empty Show.

Their Successors see the Vanity and Inconvenience of these Ceremonies, but instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take Possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the Pope officiate at Saint *Peters,* where, for two Hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different Accoutrements, according to the different Parts he was to act in them.[1]

Nothing is so glorious in the Eyes of Mankind, and ornamental to Human Nature, setting aside the infinite Advantages which[c] arise from it, as a strong steady masculine Piety; but Enthusiasm and Superstition are the Weaknesses of Human Reason, that expose us to the Scorn and Derision of Infidels, and sink us even below the Beasts that perish.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another Error arising from mistaken Devotion; but because Reflections on that Subject would be of no use to an *English* Reader, I shall not enlarge upon it.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Quoted from 'an early poet' in Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae*, 4. 9. 1 A man should be religious, not superstitious.

[1] Cf. Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, *De Veritate*, chap, vi: 'But the most significant point is that no form of religion exists among the beasts. It is through these differences that we are distinctively human' (trans. Meyrick H. Carré [Bristol, 1937], p. 174).

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[2] Addison here states the position of the Anglican Church, as free from the extremes of both the dissenters and the Roman Catholics, a view frequently put forward, e.g. by Swift in the *Tale of a Tub.*

[a] that ... Characters,] that all the *Latin* Words which terminate in *osus* imply vitious Characters, *Fol.*

[1] Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae*, 4. 9. 2 (cf. the motto to this paper). The examples cited by Nigidius are *vinosus, mulierosus,* and *religiosus,* as indicating an excessive amount of the 'quality' named. *Religiosus* suggests an extreme and superstitious devotion. Addison's change in the text from 'all the Latin words' to 'Latin words ... generally' reflects the shifts in meaning which Aulus Gellius points out.

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[b] has degenerated] degenerates *Fol.*

[1] The Pope at this time was Clement XI, whose pontificate extended from 1700 to 1721. Addison saw St. Peter's in the summer of 1701.

[c] which] that *Fol.*

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 202 Monday, October 22, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Sœpe decem vitiis instructior odit & horret.

Hor.

THE other Day as I passed along the Street, I saw a sturdy Prentice-Boy Disputing with an Hackney-Coachman; and in an Instant, upon some word of Provocation, throw off his Hat and Perriwig, clench his Fist, and strike the Fellow a Cut[a] on the Face; at the same time calling him Rascal, and telling him he was a Gentleman's Son.[2] The young Gentleman was, it seems, bound to a Blacksmith; and the Debate arose about Payment for some Work done about a Coach, near which they Fought. His Master, during the Combat, was full of his Boy's Praises; and as he called to him to play with Hand and Foot, and throw in his Head, he made all us who stood round him of his Party, by declaring the Boy had very good Friends, and he could trust him with untold Gold. As I am generally in the Theory of Mankind, I could not but make my Reflections upon the sudden Popularity which was raised about the Lad; and perhaps, with my Friend *Tacitus,* fell into Observations upon it which were too great for the Occasion; or ascribed this general favour to Causes which had nothing to do towards it.[3] But the young Blacksmith's being a Gentleman was, methought, what created him good Will from his present equality with the Mob about him: Add to this, that he was not so much a Gentleman, as not, at the same time that he called himself such, to use as rough

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Methods for his Defence as his Antagonist. The Advantage of his having good Friends, as his Master expressed it, was not lazily urged; but he shewed himself Superiour to the Coachman in the Personal Qualities of Courage and Activity, to confirm that of his being well Allyed, before his Birth was of any Service to him.

If one might Moralize from this silly Story, a Man wou'd say, that whatever advantages of Fortune, Birth, or any other Good, People possess above the rest of the World, they should shew collateral Eminence[a] besides those Distinctions; or those Distinctions will avail only to keep up common Decencies and Ceremonies, and not to preserve a real place of Favour or Esteem in the Opinion and common Sense of their Fellow Creatures.

The folly of People's procedure, in imagining that nothing more is necessary than Property and superior Circumstances to support them in Distinction, appears in no way so much as in the Domestick part of Life. It is ordinary to feed their Humours into unnatural Excrescences, if I may so speak, and make their whole Being a wayward and uneasy Condition, for want of the obvious Reflection that all parts of Humane Life is a Commerce. It is not only paying Wages, and giving Commands, that Constitutes a Master of a Family; but Prudence, equal Behaviour, with readiness to Protect and Cherish them, is what entitles a Man to that Character in their very Hearts and Sentiments. It is pleasant enough to Observe, that Men expect from their Dependants, from their sole Motive of Fear, all the good Effects which a liberal Education, an affluent Fortune, and every other Advantage cannot produce in themselves. A Man will have his Servant just, diligent, sober, and chaste, for no other Reasons but the Terrour of losing his Master's Favour; when all the Laws Divine and Humane cannot keep him whom he serves within Bounds with Relation to any one of those Virtues. But both in great and ordinary Affairs, all Superiority which is not founded on Merit and Virtue, is supported only by Artifice and Stratagem. Thus you see Flatterers are the Agents in Families of Humourists, and those who govern themselves by any thing but Reason. Make-Bates,[1] distant Relations, poor Kinsmen, and indigent Followers, are the Fry which support the Oeconomy of an humoursome rich Man. He is eternally whispered with Intelligence of who are true or false

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to him in Matters of no Consequence; and he maintains twenty

Friends to defend him against the Insinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old Coat.

I shall not enter into further Speculation upon this Subject at present, but think the following Letters and Petition are made up of proper Sentiments on this Occasion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM Servant to an old Lady who is governed by one she calls her Friend; who is so familiar an one, that she takes upon her to advise her without being called to it, and makes her uneasy with all about her. Pray, Sir, be pleased to give us some Remarks upon voluntary Counsellours; and let these People know, that to give any Body Advice, is to say to that Person I am your Betters. Pray Sir, as near as you can, describe that eternal Flirt and Disturber of Families Mrs. *Taperty*, who is always visiting, and putting People in a Way, as they call it.[1] If you can make her stay at home one Evening, you will be a general Benefactor to all the Ladies Women in Town, and particularly to

Your loving Friend,
Susan Civil.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Footman, and five with one of those Men, each of whom is said to be one of the best humoured Men in the World, but that he is passionate. Pray be pleased to inform them, that he who is passionate, and takes no Care to command his Hastiness, does more Injury to his Friends and Servants in one half Hour than whole Years can attone for. This Master of mine, who is the best Man alive in common Fame, disobliges Somebody every Day he lives; and strikes me for the next thing I do because he is out of Humour at it. If these Gentlemen knew[a] that they do all the Mischief that is ever done in Conversation, they would reform; and I who have been a Spectator of Gentlemen at Dinner for many Years, have seen that Indiscretion does ten times more Mischief than Ill-nature. But you

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will represent this better than,

Your abused
Humble Servant,
Thomas Smoaky.'[2]

pg 294

To the SPECTATOR,

The humble Petition of *John Steward, Robert Butler, Harry Cook,* and *Abigail Chambers,* in Behalf of themselves and their Relations, belonging to and dispersed in the several Services of most of the great Families within the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*; Sheweth,

'THAT in many of the Families in which your Petitioners live and are employed, the several Heads of them are wholly unacquainted with what is Business, and are very little Judges when they are well or ill used by us your said Petitioners.

'That for want of such Skill in their own Affairs, and by Indulgence of their own Laziness and Pride, they continually keep about them certain mischievous Animals called Spies.[1]

'That whenever a Spy is entertained, the Peace of that House is from that Moment banished.

'That Spies never give an Account of good Services, but represent our Mirth and Freedom by the Words Wantonness and Disorder.
'That in all Families where there are Spies, there is a general Jealousy and Misunderstanding.

'That the Masters and Mistresses of such Houses live in continual Suspicion of their ingenuous and true Servants, and are given up to the Management of those who are false and perfidious.

'That such Masters and Mistresses who entertain Spies, are no longer more than Cyphers in their own Families; and that we your Petitioners are with great Disdain obliged to pay all our Respect, and expect all our Maintenance from such Spies.

'Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that you would

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represent the Premises to all Persons of Condition; and your Petitioners, as in Duty bound, shall for ever pray, *&c.*'

30 T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Epistles*, I. 18. 25:

Thy rich friend better stor'd in all defects
And Vice than Thee, or hates Thee or corrects. CREECH.

[a] Cut] *8vo*; slap *Fol.*, *12mo*

[2] Misson (pp. 304–6) comments at length on the English love of fighting. 'If two little Boys quarrel in the Street, the Passengers stop, make a Ring round them in a Moment, and set them against one another, that they may come to Fisticuffs... . If a Coachman has a Dispute about his Fare with a Gentleman that has hired him, and the Gentleman offers to fight him to decide the Quarrel, the Coach-man consents with all his Heart... .'

[3] Rapin (*Reflections upon History*, chap, vii) notes that Tacitus is always seeing stratagem and policy where they do not exist. 'Policy is the Universal Motive: the Clue that unravels all Transactions... . In a Word, all his Characters are alike, and there is nothing of Nature in the Piece; his Reflexions seem Overstrain'd andViolent; and the Genius of the Historian, is without Variation, Impress'd on his whole Work' (*Whole Critical Works*, 1706, ii. 264–5).

[a] Eminence] *8vo*; Eminences *Fol.*, *12mo*

[1] See No. 136.

[1] This phrase, now obsolete, meaning 'to put in train', was not new; the *OED* gives examples from 1624.

[a] knew] *12mo*; know, *Fol.*, *8vo.*

[2] For a testimonial in praise of this letter see No. 547 (vol. iv).

[1] A letter signed V. T., dated 27 Sept. 1711 (Lillie, ii. 122) had requested a paper on this topic: 'Among your many and useful speculations, I find none (as I remember) relates to a family-spy: the many quarrels, disputes, and inconveniencies, that arise from such a creature, are innumerable, and causes so many jealousies and fears betwixt the master and his servants, that are insupportable: nay, sometimes the heads of families themselves are for ever disunited by them.'

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 203 Tuesday, October 23, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... Phœbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,
Nec falsâ Clymene culpam sub imagine celat;
Pignora da, Genitor ...

Ov. Met

THERE is a loose Tribe of Men whom I have not yet taken Notice of, that ramble into all the Corners of this great City, in order to seduce such unfortunate Females as fall into their Walks. These abandoned Profligates raise up Issue in every Quarter of the Town, and very often for a valuable Consideration father it upon the Church-warden. By this means there are several Married Men who have a little Family in most of the Parishes of *London* and *Westminster,* and several Batchelors who are undone by a Charge of Children.

When a Man once gives himself this Liberty of preying at large, and living upon the Common, he finds so much Game in a populous City, that it is surprising to consider the Numbers which he sometimes Propagates. We see many a young Fellow, who is scarce of Age, that could lay his Claim to the *Jus trium Liberorum,*[2] or the Privileges which[a] were granted by the *Roman* Laws to all such as were Fathers of three Children: Nay, I have heard a Rake who[b] was not quite Five and Twenty declare himself the Father of a Seventh Son,[3] and very prudently determine to breed him up a Physician.

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In short, the Town is full of these young Patriarchs, not to mention several battered Beaus, who, like heedless Spendthrifts that squander away their Estates before they are Masters of them, have raised up their whole stock of Children before Marriage.

I must not here omit the particular Whim of an Impudent Libertine

that had a little smattering of Heraldry, and observing how the Genealogies of great Families were often drawn up in the shape of Trees, had taken a Fancy to dispose of his own Illegitimate Issue in a Figure of the same kind.

> … *Nec longum tempus et ingens,*
> *Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,*
> *Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.*
>
> Virg.[1]

The Trunk of the Tree was marked with his own Name, *Will. Maple.* Out of the Side of it grew a large Barren Branch, Inscribed *Mary Maple,* the Name of his unhappy Wife. The Head was adorned with five huge Boughs. On the bottom of the first was Written in Capital Characters *Kate Cole,* who branched out into three Sprigs, *viz. William, Richard* and *Rebecca. Sal Twiford* gave birth to another Bough that shot up into *Sarah, Tom. Will.* and *Frank.* The third Arm of the Tree had only a single Infant in it, with a space left for a second, the Parent from whom it sprung being near her time, when the Author took this Ingenious Device into his Head. The two other great Boughs were very plentifully loaden with Fruit of the same kind; besides which there were many Ornamental Branches that did not bear. In short, a more flourishing Tree never came out of the Herald's Office.

What makes this Generation of Vermin so very Prolifick, is the indefatigable Diligence with which they apply themselves to their Business. A Man does not undergo more watchings and fatigues in a Campaign, than in the Course of a vicious Amour. As it is said of some Men, that they make their Business their Pleasure, these Sons of Darkness may be said to make their Pleasure their Business. They might conquer their corrupt Inclinations with half the Pains they

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are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the Invention of these Men less to be admired than their Industry and Vigilance. There is a Fragment of *Apollodorus*[2] the Comick Poet (who was Contemporary with *Menander*) which is full of Humour as follows. *Thou may'st shut up thy Doors,* says he, *with Bars and Bolts: It will be impossible for the Blacksmith to make them so fast,*

but a Cat and a Whore-master will find a way through them. In a Word, there is no Head so full of Stratagems as that of a Libidinous Man.

Were I to propose a Punishment for this infamous Race of Propagators, it should be to send them, after the second or third Offence, into our *American* Colonies, in order to People those Parts of her Majesty's Dominions where there is a want of Inhabitants, and in the Phrase of *Diogenes* to *Plant Men.*[1] Some Countries punish this Crime with Death; but I think such a Banishment would be sufficient, and might turn this generative Faculty to the Advantage of the Publick.

In the mean time, till these Gentlemen may be thus disposed of, I would earnestly exhort them to take Care of those unfortunate Creatures whom they have brought into the World by these indirect Methods, and to give their spurious Children such an Education as may render them more virtuous than their Parents. This is the best Attonement they can make for their own Crimes, and indeed the only Method that is left them to repair their past Miscarriages.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether they are not bound in common Humanity, as well as by all the Obligations of Religion and Nature, to make some Provision for those whom they have not only given Life to, but entailed upon them, though very unreasonably, a degree of Shame and Disgrace.[a] And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved Notions which prevail among us, and which must have taken Rise from our natural Inclination to favour a Vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that *Bastardy* and *Cuckoldom* should be looked upon as Reproaches, and that the Ignominy[b] which is only due to Lewdness and Falsehood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the Persons who are Innocent.[c]

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I have been insensibly drawn into this Discourse by the following Letter, which is drawn up with such a Spirit of Sincerity, that I question not but the Writer of it has represented his Case in a true and genuine Light.

SIR,

'I AM one of those People who by the general Opinion of the World are counted both Infamous and Unhappy.

'My Father is a very eminent Man in this Kingdom, and one who bears considerable Offices in it. I am his Son, but my Misfortune is, that I dare not call him Father, nor he without shame own me as his Issue, I being Illegitimate, and therefore deprived of that endearing Tenderness and unparallel'd Satisfaction which a good Man finds in the Love and Conversation of a Parent; Neither have I the Opportunities to render him the Duties of a Son, he having always carried himself at so vast a Distance, and with such Superiority towards me, that by long use I have contracted a Timorousness when before him, which hinders me from declaring my own Necessities, and giving him to understand the Inconveniences I undergo.

'It is my Misfortune to have been neither bred a Scholar, a Soldier, nor to any kind of Business,[a] which renders me entirely uncapable of making Provision for my self without his Assistance; and this creates a continual Uneasiness in my Mind, fearing I shall in time want Bread; my Father, if I may so call him, giving me but very faint Assurances of doing any thing for me.

'I have hitherto lived somewhat like a Gentleman, and it would be very hard for me to labour for my Living. I am in continual Anxiety for my future Fortune, and under a great Unhappiness in losing the sweet Conversation and Friendly Advice of my Parents; so that I cannot look upon my self otherwise than as a Monster strangely sprung up in Nature, which every one is ashamed to own.

'I am thought to be a Man of some natural Parts, and by the continual reading what you have offered the World, become an Admirer thereof, which has drawn me to make this Confession; at the same time hoping, if any thing herein shall touch you with a Sense of

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Pity, you would then allow me the favour of your Opinion thereupon, as also what part, I being unlawfully born, may claim of the Man's Affection who begot me, and how far in your Opinion I am to be thought his Son, or he acknowledged as my Father. Your Sentiments and Advice herein will be a great Consolation and Satisfaction to,

SIR,
Your Admirer and
Humble Servant, W. B.'

C[1]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, 2. 36–38: O Father Phoebus, if a filial right from thee descending I may truly claim, if Clymene is not hiding her shame beneath an unreal pretence, some token grant, my father … .

[2] The privileges, including exemption from certain taxes, granted by Augustus to fathers of three legitimate children. See Pliny, *Letters*, 2. 13; 10. 2.

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[b] who] that *Fol.*

[3] A seventh son was popularly supposed to have extraordinary abilities in healing. Ned Ward, in *The London Spy,* part xiii, remarks on a picture in front of a house: 'I thought, by its flat *Nose* and ill-favour'd *Countenance,* it was the likest the *Unborn-Doctor,* the Seventh *Son* of the Seventh *Son,* in *Moorfields*, of any thing that ever I saw in my Life' (Casanova Society ed., p. 308).

[1] Virgil, *Georgics*, 2. 80–82:

And in short space the laden Boughs arise,
With happy Fruit advancing to the Skies.
The Mother Plant admires the Leaves unknown,
Of Alien Trees, and Apples not her own. DRYDEN.

[2] Winterton, *Poetae Minores Graeci* (Cambridge, 1677), p. 484. In the headnote Winterton points out that Apollodorus was a contemporary of Menander.

[1] Cf. *Guardian* 155: 'her Husband, or Man-Planter.' The phrase probably comes through Bayle, art. Hipparchia, Remark D. Bayle there cites it from Cardinal Du Perron and adds: 'No Antient that I know of, tells the Story, and Mr. *Du Rondel*, whom I have consulted upon it, answer'd me, that he had never found it but in Modern Authors.'

[a] them, … Disgrace.] them Shame and Infamy. *Fol.*

[b] Ignominy] *8vo*; Shame *Fol.*, *12mo*

[c] Persons who are Innocent.] Persons who suffer and are Innocent. *Fol.*

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[a] Scholar, … Business,] Scholar, nor to Business, *Fol.*

[1] With this number may be compared the letter signed Mary K—in Lillie (i. 46–54) on the inhuman treatment of bastards and their mothers.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 204 Wednesday, October 24, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... Urit grata protervitas
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

Hor.

I AM not at all displeased that I am become the Courier of Love, and that the Distressed in that Passion convey their Complaints to each other by my Means. The following Letters have lately come to my Hands, and shall have their Place with great Willingness. As to the Reader's Entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inserting such Particulars as to him may perhaps seem frivolous, but are to the Persons who wrote them of the highest Consequence. I shall not trouble you with the Prefaces, Compliments, and Apologies made to me before each Epistle when it was desired to be inserted; but in general they tell me, that the Persons to whom they are addressed have Intimations, by Phrases and Allusions in them, from whence they came.

To the Sothades.[2]

'THE Word by which I address you, gives you who understand *Portuguese* a lively Image of the tender Regard I have for you.

The SPECTATOR's late Letter from *Statira*[3] gave me the Hint to use the same Method of explaining my self to you. I am not affronted at the Design your late Behaviour discovered you had in your Addresses to me; but I impute it to the Degeneracy of the Age rather than

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your particular Fault. As I aim at nothing more than being yours, I am willing to be a Stranger to your Name, your Fortune, or any Figure which your Wife might expect to make in the World, provided my Commerce with you is not to be a guilty one. I resign gay Dress, the Pleasure of Visits, Equipage, Plays, Balls, and Operas, for that one Satisfaction of having you for ever mine. I am willing

you shall industriously conceal the only Cause of Triumph which I can know in this Life. I wish only to have it my Duty, as well as my Inclination, to study your Happiness. If this has not the Effect this Letter seems to aim at, you are to understand that I had a Mind to be rid of you, and took the readiest Way to pall you with an Offer of what you would never desist pursuing while you received ill Usage. Be a true Man; be my Slave while you doubt me, and neglect me when you think I love you. I defy you to find out what is your present Circumstance with me; but I know while I can keep this Suspence,

I am your admired
Bellinda.'

Madam,

'IT is a strange State of Mind a Man is in, when the very Imperfections of a Woman he loves turn into Excellencies and Advantages. I do assure you I am very much afraid of venturing upon you. I now like you in spite of my Reason, and think it an ill Circumstance to owe one's Happiness to nothing but Infatuation. I can see you ogle all the young Fellows who look at you, and observe your Eye wander after new Conquests every Moment you are in a publick Place; and yet there is such a Beauty in all your Looks and Gestures, that I cannot but admire you in the very Act of endeavouring to gain the Hearts of others. My Condition is the same with that of the Lover in the Way of the World.[1] I have studied your Faults so long, that they are become as familiar to me, and I like them as well as I do my own. Look to it, Madam, and consider whether you think this gay Behaviour will appear to me as amiable when an Husband, as it does now to me a Lover. Things are so far advanced, that we must proceed; and I hope you will lay it to Heart, that it will be becoming in me to appear still your Lover, but not in you to be

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still my Mistress. Gaiety in the Matrimonial Life is graceful in one Sex, but exceptionable in the other. As you improve these little Hints, you will ascertain the Happiness or Uneasiness of,

Madam,
Your most obedient,
Most humble Servant,
T. D.'

SIR,

'WHEN I sat at the Window, and you at the other End of the Room by my Cousin, I saw you catch me looking at you. Since you have the Secret at last, which I am sure you should never have known but by Inadvertency, what my Eyes said was true. But it is too soon to confirm it with my Hand, therefore shall not subscribe my Name.'

SIR,

'THERE were other Gentlemen nearer, and I know no Necessity you were under to take up that flippant Creature's Fan last Night; but you shall never touch a Stick of mine more that's pos.[1]

Phillis.'

To Collonel R—s *in* Spain.[2]

'BEFORE this can reach the best of Husbands and the fondest Lover, those tender Names will be no more of Concern to me. The Indisposition in which you, to obey the Dictates of your Honour and Duty, left me, has encreased upon me; and I am acquainted by my Phisicians I cannot live a Week longer. At this time my Spirits fail me; and it is the ardent Love I have for you that carries me beyond my Strength, and enables me to tell you the most painful thing in the Prospect of Death, is, that I must part with you. But let it be a Comfort to you, that I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented Folly that retards me; but I pass away my last Hours in Reflexion upon the Happiness we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it is so soon to have an End. This is a Frailty which

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I hope is so far from criminal, that, methinks, there is a kind of Piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a State which is the Institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its Laws. As we know no more of the next Life, but that it will be an happy one to the Good, and miserable to the Wicked, why may we not please our selves at least to alleviate the Difficulty of resigning this Being, in imagining that we shall have a Sense of what passes below, and may possibly be imployed in guiding the Steps of those with whom we walked with Innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual Work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the Conflicts of your Mind? Give me Leave to say

to you, Oh best of Men, that I cannot figure to my self a greater Happiness than in such an Employment: To be present at all the Adventures to which humane Life is exposed, to administer Slumber to thy Eyelids in the Agonies of a Fever, to cover thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle, to go with thee a Guardian Angel incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak a fearful Woman. These, my Dear, are the Thoughts with which I warm my poor languid Heart; but indeed I am not capable under my present Weakness of bearing the strong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to my self the Grief you will be in upon your first hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous Heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the Person for whom you lament offers you Consolation. My last Breath will, if I am my self, expire in a Prayer for you. I shall never see thy Face again: Farewell for ever.

T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, I. 19. 7–8:

Inviting coy, and slippery looks,
Coy looks, too slippery to be gaz'd upon. CREECH.

[2] 'The Portuguese word *Saudades* ... signifies, The most refined, most tender and ardent desires for something absent, accompanied with a solicitude and anxious regard, which cannot be expressed by one word in any other language' (Percy).

[3] No. 199.

[1] In Congreve's play (i. iii) Mirabell says of Millamant's faults: 'They are now grown as familiar to me as my own Frailties; and in all probability in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.'

[1] This is one of the forms noted in No. 135.

[2] Identified by Nichols as a Colonel Rivers.

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 205 Thursday, October 25, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Decipimur specie recti ...

Hor.

WHEN I meet with any vicious Character, that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing Mischief, I draw it at length, and set it up as a Scarecrow: By which means I do not only make an Example of the Person to whom it belongs, but give Warning to all her Majesty's Subjects that they may not suffer by it. Thus, to change the Allusion,[a] I have marked out several of the Shoals and Quicksands of Life, and am continually employed in discovering those which[b] are still concealed, in order to keep the Ignorant and Unwary from running upon them. It is with this Intention that I publish the following Letter, which brings to Light some Secrets of this Nature.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are none of your Speculations which I read over with greater Delight, than those which are designed for the Improvement of our Sex.[1] You have endeavoured to correct our unreasonable Fears and Superstitions, in your Seventh and Twelfth Papers; our Fancy for Equipage, in your Fifteenth; our Love of Puppet Shows, in your Thirty First; our Notions of Beauty, in your Thirty Third; our Inclination for Romances, in your Thirty Seventh; our Passion for *French* Fopperies, in your Forty Fifth; our Manhood

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and Party-Zeal, in your Fifty Seventh; our Abuse of Dancing, in your Sixty Sixth and Sixty Seventh; our Levity, in your Hundred and Twenty Eighth; our Love of Coxcombs, in your Hundred and Fifty Fourth and Hundred and Fifty Seventh;[2] our Tyranny over the Henpeckt, in your Hundred and Seventy Sixth. You have described the *Pict* in your Forty First; the Idol, in your Seventy Third; the Demurrer, in your Eighty Ninth; the Salamander, in your Hundred and Ninety Eighth. You have likewise taken to pieces our Dress, and represented to us the Extravagancies we are often guilty of in that Particular. You have fallen upon our Patches, in your Fiftieth and Eighty First; Our Commodes, in your Ninety Eighth; our Fans, in your Hundred and Second; our Riding-habits, in your Hundred and Fourth; Our Hoop-petticoats, in your Hundred and Twenty Seventh; besides a great many little Blemishes, which you have touched upon in your several other Papers, and in those many Letters that are scattered up and down your Works. At the same time we must own, that the Complements you pay our Sex are innumerable, and that those very Faults, which you represent in us, are neither black in themselves, nor, as you own, universal among us. But, Sir, it is plain that these your Discourses are calculated for none but the fashionable Part of Womankind, and for the Use of those who are rather indiscreet than vicious. But, Sir, there is a sort of Prostitutes in the lower part of our Sex, who are a Scandal to us, and very well deserve to fall under your Censure. I know it would debase your Paper too much to enter into the Behaviour of these female Libertines; but as your Remarks on some part of it would be a doing of Justice to several Women of Virtue and Honour, whose Reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not think it improper to give the Publick some Accounts of this nature. You must know,

pg 304

Sir, I am provoked to write you this Letter by the Behaviour of an infamous Woman, who having passed her Youth in a most shameless State of Prostitution, is now one of those who gain their Livelihood by seducing others, that are younger than themselves, and by establishing a Criminal Commerce between the two Sexes. Among several of her Artifices to get Mony, she frequently perswades a vain young Fellow, that such a Woman of Quality, or such a celebrated Toast, entertains a secret Passion for him, and wants nothing but an Opportunity of revealing it. Nay, she has gone so far as to write

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Letters in the Name of a Woman of Figure, to borrow Mony of one of these foolish *Roderigo's,*[1] which she has afterwards appropriated to her own use: In the mean time, the Person, who has lent the Mony, has thought a Lady under Obligations to him, who scarce knew his Name; and wondered at her Ingratitude when he has been with her, that she has not owned the Favour, though at the same time he was too much a Man of Honour to put her in mind of it.

'When this abandoned Baggage meets with a Man who has Vanity enough to give Credit to Relations of this nature, she turns him to very good Account, by repeating Praises that were never uttered, and delivering Messages that were never sent. As the House of this shameless Creature is frequented by several Foreigners, I have heard of another Artifice, out of which she often raises Mony. The Foreigner sighs after some *British* Beauty, whom he only knows by Fame: Upon which she promises, if he can be secret, to procure him a Meeting. The Stranger, ravished at his good Fortune, gives her a Present, and in a little time is introduced to some Imaginary Title. For you must know that this cunning Purveyor has her Representatives, upon this Occasion, of some of the finest Ladies in the Kingdom. By this means, as I am informed, it is usual enough to meet with a *German* Count in Foreign Countries, that shall make his Boasts of Favours he has received from Women of the highest Ranks, and the most unblemished Characters. Now, Sir, what Safety is there for a Woman's Reputation, when a Lady may be thus prostituted as it were by Proxy, and be reputed an unchaste Woman; as the Hero in the Ninth Book of *Dryden*'s *Virgil*[2] is looked upon as a Coward, because the Phantom which appeared in his Likeness, ran away from *Turnus.* You may depend upon what I relate to you to be matter of Fact, and the Practice of more than one of these Female

Panders. If you Print this Letter, I may give you some further Accounts of this vicious Race of Women.

Your humble Servant,
BELVIDERA.'

I shall add two other Letters on different Subjects, to fill up my Paper.

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Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Country Clergyman, and hope you will lend me your Assistance, in ridiculing some little Indecencies which cannot so properly be exposed from the Pulpit.

'A Widow Lady, who straggled this Summer from *London* into my Parish for the Benefit of the Air, as she says, appears every *Sunday* at Church with many fashionable Extravagances, to the great Astonishment of my Congregation.

'But what gives us the most Offence is her Theatrical manner of Singing the Psalms. She introduces above fifty *Italian* Airs into the Hundredth Psalm,[1] and whilst we begin *All People* in the old Solemn Tune of our Fore-fathers, she in a quite different Key runs Divisions on the Vowels, and adorns them with the Graces of *Nicolini*;[2] if she meets with Eke or Aye, which are frequent in the Metre of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*,[3] we are certain to hear her quavering them half a Minute after us to some sprightly Airs of the Opera.

'I am very far from being an Enemy to Church Musick; but fear this Abuse of it may make my Parish ridiculous, who already look on the Singing Psalms as an Entertainment, and not part of their Devotion; besides, I am apprehensive that the Infection may spread, for Squire *Squeekum,* who by his Voice seems (if I may use the Expression) to be cut out[4] for an *Italian* Singer, was last *Sunday* practising the same Airs.

'I know the Lady's Principles, and that she will plead the Toleration,[1] which, (as she fancies) allows her Non-Conformity in this Particular; but I beg you to acquaint her, that Singing the Psalms in a different Tune from the rest of the Congregation, is a sort of Schism not tolerated by that Act.

I am, SIR, Your very humble Servant,
R. S.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN your Paper upon Temperance[2] you prescribe to us a Rule for

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Drinking, out of Sir *William Temple,* in the following Words, *The first Glass for my self, the second for my Friends, the third for good Humour, and the fourth for mine Enemies.* Now, Sir, you must know that I have read this your SPECTATOR in a Club whereof I am a Member, when our President told us there was certainly an Error in the Print, and that the Word *Glass* should be *Bottle,* and therefore has ordered me to inform you of this Mistake, and to desire you to Publish the following *Errata.* In the Paper of *Saturday, October* 13. Col. 3. Line 11. for *Glass* read *Bottle.*

Yours, Robin Goodfellow.'

L

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Ars poetica* 25: Deceived by the semblance of truth. This is used later as the motto of No. 460 (vol. iv).

[a] Allusion,] Metaphor, *Fol.*

[b] which] that *Fol.*

[1] Of the twenty-four papers enumerated here, sixteen are by Addison.

[2] No. 156 is meant; it was incorrectly numbered 157 in the original folio sheets.

[1] In *Othello* (1. iii).

[2] In the Tenth Book, not the Ninth. Dryden, x. 896–921.

[1] The 'old solemn tune' is attributed to Louis Bourgeois, musical editor of the Genevan Psalter of 1542–57, and was originally composed for Beza's version of Psalm 134. In Knox's Anglo-Genevan Psalter published in 1561 it was adapted to the longmeasure version of Psalm 100. After the appearance of the New Version by Tate and Brady in 1696, the tune was called not the Hundredth but the Old Hundredth.

[2] See No. 5 (vol. i).

[3] The metrical version of the psalms by John Hopkins and Thomas Sternhold (1562) had but recently been replaced by that of Tate and Brady. According to the *Post-Man of* 10 Jan. 1698/9 the new version was first used at St. Martin's in the Fields on the preceding Sunday, 8 Jan., 'to the great satisfaction of the people, and 'tis hoped that all the Parishes in the City which have not already made use of the said Version, will follow this Example according to the recommendation of my Lord Bishop of London'.

[4] A pun which Addison allowed to remain.

[1] The Act of Toleration. See No. 3 (vol. i).

[2] No. 195.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 206 Friday, October 26, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1711[3]

[STEELE]

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret ...

Hor.

THERE is a Call upon Mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate Price upon their own Merit; and Self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected Blessings, which in the End

abundantly recompence such Losses as the Modest seem to suffer in the ordinary Occurrences of Life.[1] The Curious tell us, a Determination in our Favour or to our Disadvantage is made upon our first Appearance, even before they know any thing of our Characters, but from the Intimations Men gather from our Aspect. A Man, they say, wears the Picture of his Mind in his Countenance; and one Man's Eyes are Spectacles to his who looks at him to read his Heart. But tho' that Way of raising an Opinion of those we behold in Publick is very fallacious, certain it is, that those who by their Words and Actions take as much upon themselves as they can but barely demand in the strict Scrutiny of their Deserts, will find their Accompt lessen every Day. A modest Man preserves his Character, as a frugal Man does his Fortune; if either of them live to the Height of either, one will find Losses, the other Errours which he has not Stock by him to make up. It were therefore a just Rule to keep your Desires, your Words, and Actions, within the Regard you observe your Friends have for you; and never, if it were in a Man's Power, to take as much as he possibly might either in Preferment or Reputa-

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tion. My Walks have lately been among the mercantile Part of the World; and one gets Phrases naturally from those with whom one converses: I say then, he that in his Air, his Treatment of others, or an habitual Arrogance to himself, gives himself Credit for the least Article of more Wit, Wisdom, Goodness, or Valour than he can possibly produce if he is called upon, will find the World break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the Esteem they had before allowed him. This brings a Commission of Bankrupcy upon him; and he that might have gone on to his Life's End in a prosperous Way, by aiming at more than he should, is no longer Proprietor of what he really had before, but his Pretentions fare as all things do which are torn instead of being divided.

There is no one living would deny *Cinna* the Applause of an agreeable and facetious Wit; or could possibly pretend that there is not something inimitably unforced and diverting in his Manner of delivering all his Sentiments in Conversation, if he were able to conceal the strong Desire of Applause which he betrays in every Syllable he utters. But they who converse with him, see that all the Civilities they could do to him, or the kind things they could say

to him, would fall short of what he expects; and therefore instead of shewing him the Esteem they have for his Merit, their Reflexions turn only upon that they observe he has of it himself.

If you go among the Women, and behold *Gloriana* trip into a Room with that theatrical Ostentation of her Charms, *Mirtilla* with that soft Regularity in her Motion, *Chloe* with such an indifferent Familiarity, *Corinna* with such a fond Approach, and *Roxana* with such a Demand of Respect in the great Gravity of her Entrance; you find all the Sex who understand themselves, and act naturally, wait only for their Absence, to tell you that all these Ladies would impose themselves upon you; and each of them carry in their Behaviour a Consciousness of so much more than they should pretend to, that they lose what would otherwise be given them.

I remember the last time I saw *Macbeth*,[1] I was wonderfully taken with the Skill of the Poet, in making the Murderer form Fears to himself from the Moderation of the Prince whose Life he was going to take away. He says of the King, *He bore his Faculties so meekly*;[2] and

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justly inferred from thence, that all divine and humane Power would join to avenge his Death, who had made such an abstinent Use of Dominion. All that is in a Man's Power to do to advance his own Pomp and Glory, and forbears, is so much laid up against the Day of Distress; and Pity will always be his Portion in Adversity, who acted with Gentleness in Prosperity.

The great Officer[3] who foregoes the Advantages he might take to himself, and renounces all prudential Regards to his own Person in Danger, has so far the Merit of a Volunteer; and all his Honours and Glories are unenvied, for sharing the common Fate with the same Frankness as they do who have no such endearing Circumstances to part with. But if there were no such Considerations as the good Effect which Self-Denial has upon the Sense of other Men towards us, it is of all Qualities the most desirable for the agreeable Disposition in which it places our own Minds. I cannot tell what better to say of it, than that it is the very Contrary of Ambition; and that Modesty allays all those Passions and Inquietudes to which that Vice exposes us. He that is moderate in his Wishes from Reason and

Choice, and not resigned from Sowerness, Distaste, or Disappointment, doubles all the Pleasures of his Life. The Air, the Season, a Sun-shine Day, or a fair Prospect, are Instances of Happiness; and that which he enjoys in common with all the World, (by his Exemption from the Enchantments with which all the World are bewitched) are to him uncommon Benefits and new Acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with Care, nor Pleasure interrupted by Envy. It is not to him of any Consequence what this Man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in such a Place an uninterrupted Walk; he can meet in such a Company an agreeable Conversation. He has no Emulation; he is no Man's Rival, but every Man's Well-wisher; can look at a prosperous Man, with a Pleasure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself; and has his Mind and his Fortune (as far as Prudence will allow) open to the Unhappy and to the Stranger.

Lucceius has Learning, Wit, Humour, Eloquence, but no ambitious Prospects to pursue with these Advantages; therefore to the ordinary World he is perhaps thought to want Spirit, but known among his Friends to have a Mind of the most consummate Great-

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ness. He wants no Man's Admiration, is in no Need of Pomp. His Cloaths please him if they are fashionable and warm, his Companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no Occasion for Superfluity at Meals, for Jollity in Company, in a Word, for any thing extraordinary to administer Delight to him. Want of Prejudice and Command of Appetite, are the Companions which make his Journey of Life so easy, that he in all Places meets with more Wit, more good Chear, and more Good-Humour, than is necessary to make him enjoy himself with Pleasure and Satisfaction.

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, 3. 16. 21–22:

Those that do much themselves deny,
Receive more blessings from the Sky. CREECH.

[1] Wilhelm Papenheim, *Die Charakterschilderungen im* '*Tatler,*' '*Spectator*' *und* '*Guardian*' (Leipzig, 1930), compares passages in this number with La Bruyère, but the resemblances are general.

[1] *Macbeth* had been given on the preceding Saturday at Drury Lane (20 Oct.), 'with all the Decorations proper to the Play, and all the Principal Parts new dressed'. Macbeth was played by Mills, Lady Macbeth by Mrs. Knight, and the King by Keene.

[2] *Macbeth*, I. vii. 17 ('Hath borne his faculties so meek').

[3] Here, as elsewhere, Steele no doubt would expect his readers to think of Marlborough, now under attack by Swift and other Tory party-writers.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt à Gadibus usque
Auroram & Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remotâ
Erroris nebula ...

Juv.

IN my last *Saturday's* Paper I laid down some Thoughts upon Devotion in general, and shall here shew what were the Notions of the most refined Heathens on this Subject, as they are represented in *Plato's* Dialogue upon Prayer,[2] Entitled, Alcibiades *the Second,* which doubtless gave Occasion to *Juvenal*'s Tenth Satyr, and to the Second Satyr of Persius; as the last of these Authors has almost transcribed the preceding Dialogue, Entitled, Alcibiades *the First,* in his Fourth Satyr.

The Speakers in this Dialogue upon Prayer, are *Socrates* and *Alcibiades,* and the Substance of it (when drawn together out of the Intricacies and Digressions) as follows.

Socrates meeting his Pupil *Alcibiades,* as he was going to his Devotions, and observing his Eyes to be fixed upon the Earth with great Seriousness and Attention, tells him, That he had Reason to be thoughtful on that Occasion, since it was possible for a Man to bring down Evils upon himself by his own Prayers, and that those things, which the Gods send him in Answer to his Petitions, might turn to

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his Destruction. This, says he, may not only happen when a Man prays for what he knows is mischievous in its own Nature, as *Oedipus* implored the Gods to sow Dissention between his Sons, but when he prays for what he believes would be for his Good, and against what he believes would be to his Detriment. This the Philosopher shews must necessarily happen among us, since most Men are blinded with Ignorance, Prejudice or Passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For

an Instance, he asks *Alcibiades* whether he would not be thoroughly pleased if[a] that God, to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the Soveraign of the whole Earth. *Alcibiades* answers, That he should doubtless look upon such a Promise as the greatest Favour that could be bestowed upon him. *Socrates* then asks him, If after receiving[b] this great Favour he would be content to lose his Life, or if he would receive it tho' he was sure he would[c] make an ill use of it. To both which Questions *Alcibiades* answers in the Negative. *Socrates* then shews him, from the Examples of others, how these might very probably be the Effects of such a Blessing. He then adds, that other reputed Pieces of good Fortune, as that of having a Son, or procuring the highest Post in a Government, are subject to the like fatal Consequences; which nevertheless, says he, Men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their Prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great Point, That all the most apparent Blessings in this Life are obnoxious to such dreadful Consequences, and that no Man knows what in its Events would prove to him a Blessing or a Curse, he teaches *Alcibiades* after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first Place he recommends to him, as the Model of his Devotion,[d] a short Prayer,[1] which a *Greek* Poet composed for the use of his Friends, in the following Words. O Jupiter, *give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things as we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for; and remove from us those things which are hurtful, though they are such things as we pray for.*

In the second Place, that his Disciple may ask such things as are

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expedient for him, he shews him that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the Study of true Wisdom, and to the Knowledge of that which is his chief Good, and the most suitable to the Excellency of his Nature.

In the third and last Place, he informs him that the best Methods he could make use of to draw down Blessings upon himself, and to render his Prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant Practice of his Duty towards the Gods, and towards Men. Under this Head he very much recommends a Form of Prayer the *Lacedemonians* made

use of, in which they petition the Gods *to give them all good things, so long as they are*[a] *virtuous.* Under this Head likewise he gives a very remarkable Account of an Oracle to the following Purpose.

When the *Athenians* in the War with the *Lacedemonians* received many Defeats both by Sea and Land, they sent a Message to the Oracle of *Jupiter Amman,* to ask the Reason why they who erected so many Temples to the Gods, and adorned them with such costly Offerings; why they who had Instituted so many Festivals, and accompanied them with such Pomps and Ceremonies; in short, why they who had slain so many Hecatombs at their Altars, should be less successful than the *Lacedemonians,* who fell so short of them in all these Particulars. To this, says he, the Oracle made the following Reply, *I am better pleased with the Prayer of the* Lacedemonians, *than with all the Oblations of the* Greeks. As this Prayer implied and encouraged Virtue in those who made it; the Philosopher proceeds to shew how the most vicious Man might be devout, so far as Victims could make him, but that his Offerings were regarded by the Gods as Bribes, and his Petitions as Blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this Occasion two Verses out of *Homer,* in which the Poet says, that the Scent of the *Trojan* Sacrifices was carried up to Heaven by the Winds; but that it was not acceptable to the Gods, who were displeased with *Priam* and all his People.[1]

The Conclusion of this Dialogue is very remarkable. *Socrates* having deterred *Alcibiades* from the Prayers and Sacrifices[b] which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned Difficulties of performing that Duty as he ought, adds these Words, *We must*

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therefore wait 'till such time as we may learn how to behave[c] *our selves towards the Gods, and towards Men.* But when will that time come, says *Alcibiades,* and who is it that will instruct us? For I would fain see this Man, whoever he is. It is one, says *Socrates,* who takes Care of you; but as *Homer* tells us, that *Minerva* removed the Mist from *Diomedes* his Eyes, that he might plainly discover both Gods and Men,[2] so the Darkness that hangs upon your Mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is Good and what is Evil. Let him remove from my Mind, says *Alcibiades,* the Darkness and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I mav become the better Man by it. The

remaining part of this Dialogue is very obscure: There is something in it that would make us think *Socrates* hinted at himself, when he spoke of this Divine Teacher who was to come into the World, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a Loss, and in as great Distress as the rest of Mankind.

Some learned Men look upon this Conclusion as a Prediction of our Saviour, or at least that *Socrates*, like the High Priest,[1] Prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the World some Ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great Philosopher saw, by the Light of Reason, that it was suitable to the Goodness of the Divine Nature to send a Person into the World, who should Instruct Mankind in the Duties of Religion, and in particular, Teach them how to Pray.

Whoever reads this Abstract of *Plato's* Discourse on Prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this Reflection, That the great Founder of our Religion, as well by his own Example, as in the Form of Prayer which he taught his Disciples, did not only keep up to those Rules which the Light of Nature had suggested to this great Philosopher, but instructed his Disciples in the whole Extent of this Duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper Object of Adoration, and taught them, according to the third Rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their Closets, without Show or Ostentation, and to worship him in Spirit and in Truth. As the *Lacedemonians* in their Form of Prayer implored the Gods in general to give them all good Things so long as they were Virtuous,

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we ask in particular *that our Offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others.* If we look into the second Rule which *Socrates* has prescribed, namely, That we should apply our selves to the Knowledge of such things as are best for us, this too is explained at large in the Doctrines of the Gospel, where we are taught in several Instances to regard those things as Curses, which appear as Blessings in the Eye of the World; and on the contrary to esteem those things as Blessings, which to the Generality of Mankind appear as Curses. Thus in the Form which is prescribed to us, we only pray for that Happiness which is our chief Good, and the great End of our Existence, when we Petition the Supreme Being for *the coming of his Kingdom,* being sollicitous for no other Temporal Blessing but our *daily Sustenance.* On the other side, we pray against nothing but Sin, and against *Evil* in general, leaving it with Omniscience to

determine what is really such. If we look into the first of *Socrates* his Rules of Prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned Form of the Ancient Poet, we find that Form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the Petition, wherein we Pray to the Supreme Being that *his Will may be done*: Which is of the same force with that Form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of Deaths, *Nevertheless not my Will, but thine be done.*[1] This comprehensive Petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent that can be offered up from the Creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our Good, and that he knows better than our selves what is so.

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NOTES

P. 310, motto: for *multum* read *multùm*

[1] *Motto*. Juvenal, *Satires*, 10. 1–4: In all the lands from Gades to the Ganges and the Morn, there are but few who can distinguish true goods from evil, dispelling the mist(s) of error.

[2] The reference is to the second Alcibiades, or *Alcibiades II,* which, like the first Alcibiades, is now considered to be spurious. Like the tenth satire of Juvenal, it deals with the vanity of human wishes and the folly of human prayers; specifically, it argues that one should not pray for what will be harmful to one.

[a] pleased if] *12mo*; pleased and satisfied if *Fol*., *8vo*

[b] receiving] *12mo*; having received *Fol*., *8vo*

[c] would] *12mo*; should *Fol., 8vo*

[d] Devotion,] *12mo*; Devotions, *Fol*., *8vo*

[1] Contained in the *Palatine Anthology*, 10. 108, by an unknown author.

[a] *are*] *12mo*;*were Fol*., *8vo*

[1] *Iliad*, 8. 548–52.

[b] Sacrifices] *12mo*; Sacrifice *Fol*., *8vo*

[c] *how to behave*] *12mo*;*how we ought to behave Fol*., *8vo.*

[2] *Iliad*, 5. 127.

[1] John xi. 49–52.

[1] Luke xxii. 42.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 208 Monday, October 29, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

… *veniunt spectentur ut ipsœ.*

Ov.

I HAVE several Letters from People of good Sense, who lament the Depravity or Poverty of Taste the Town is fallen into with Relation to Plays and publick Spectacles. A Lady in particular observes, that there is such a Levity in the Minds of her own Sex, that they seldom attend any thing but Impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little Notice is taken of the most exalted Parts of the best Tragedies in *Shakespear*; nay it is not only visible that Sensuality has devoured all Greatness of Soul, but the under Passion (as I may so call it) of a noble Spirit, Pity, seems to be a Stranger to the Generality of an Audience. The Minds of Men are indeed very differently disposed; and the Reliefs from Care and Attention are of one sort in a great Spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The Man of a great Heart and a serious Complexion, is more pleased with Instances of Generosity and Pity, than the light and ludicrous Spirit can possibly be with the highest Strains

of Mirth and Laughter: It is therefore a melancholy Prospect, when we see a numerous Assembly lost to all serious Entertainments, and such Incidents as should move one sort of Concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the Tragedy of *Macbeth* the other Night, when the Lady who is conscious of the Crime of murdering the King seems utterly astonished at the News, and makes an Exclamation at it; instead of the Indignation which is natural to the Occasion,

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that Expression is received with a loud Laugh: They were as merry when a Criminal was stabbed. It is certainly an Occasion of rejoycing when the Wicked are seized in their Designs; but, I think, it is not such a Triumph as is exerted by Laughter.

You may generally observe, that the Appetites are sooner moved than the Passions: A sly Expression which alludes to Bawdry, puts a whole Row into a pleasing Smirk; when a good Sentence that describes an inward Sentiment of the Soul, is received with the greatest Coldness and Indifference. A Correspondent of mine, upon this Subject, has divided the Female Part of the Audience, and accounts for their Prepossession against this reasonable Delight in the following Manner. The Prude, says he, as she acts always in Contradiction, so she is gravely sullen at a Comedy, and extravagantly gay at a Tragedy. The Coquet is so much taken up with throwing her Eyes around the Audience, and considering the Effect of them, that she cannot be expected to observe the Actors but as they are her Rivals, and take off the Observation of the Men from herself. Besides these Species of Women, there are the *Examples,* or the first of the Mode: These are to be supposed too well acquainted with what the Actor is going to say to be moved at it. After these one might mention a certain flippant Set of Females, who are Mimicks, and are wonderfully diverted with the Conduct of all the People around them, and are Spectators only of the Audience. But what is of all the most to be lamented, is, the Loss of a Party whom it would be worth preserving in their right Senses upon all Occasions, and these are those whom we may indifferently call the Innocent or the Unaffected. You may sometimes see one of these sensibly touched with a well wrought Incident; but then she is immediately so impertinently observed by the Men, and frowned at by some insensible Superiour of her own Sex, that she is ashamed, and loses the Enjoyment of the most laudable Concern, Pity. Thus the whole Audience is afraid of letting fall a Tear, and shun as a Weakness the best and worthiest Part of our Sense.

SIR,

'As you are one that doth not only pretend to reform, but effects it amongst People of any Sense; makes me (who are one of the greatest of your Admirers) give you this Trouble, to desire you will

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settle the Method of us Females knowing when one another is in Town: For they have now got a Trick of never sending to their Acquaintance when they first come; and if one does not visit them within the Week which they stay at home, it is a mortal Quarrel. Now, dear Mr. SPEC, either command them to put it in the Advertisement of your Paper, which is generally read by our Sex, or else order them to breathe[1] their saucy Footmen, (who are good for nothing else) by sending them to tell all their Acquaintance. If you think to print this, pray put it into a better Stile as to the spelling Part. The Town is now filling every Day, and it cannot be deferred, because People take Advantage of one another by this Means, and break off Acquaintance, and are rude: Therefore pray put this in your Paper as soon as you can possibly, to prevent any future Miscarriages of this Nature. I am, as I ever shall be,

'Pray settle what is to be a proper Notification of a Person's being in Town, and how that differs according to People's Quality.

Dear SPEC.
Your most obedient
Humble Servant,
Mary Meanwell.'[2]

Mr. SPECTATOR, October *the 20th.*

'I HAVE been out of Town, so did not meet with your Paper dated *September* the 28th, wherein you to my Heart's Desire expose that cursed Vice of insnaring poor young Girls, and drawing them from their Friends. I assure you without Flattery it has saved a Prentice of mine from Ruin; and in Token of Gratitude, as well as for the Benefit of my Family, I have put it in a Frame and Glass, and hung it behind my Counter. I shall take Care to make my young ones read it every Morning, to fortify them against such pernicious Rascals. I know not whether what you writ was Matter of Fact, or your own Invention; but this I will take my Oath on, the first Part is so exactly like what happened to my Prentice, that had I read your Paper then, I should have taken your Method to have secured a Villain. Go on and prosper.

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;*Your most obliged humble Servant.*'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WITHOUT Raillery I desire you to insert this Word for Word in your next, as you value a Lover's Prayers. You see it is an Hue and Cry after a stray Heart (with the Marks and Blemishes underwritten) which whoever shall bring to you shall receive Satisfaction. Let me beg of you not to fail, as you remember the Passion you had for her to whom you lately ended a Paper.[1]

Noble, Generous, Great, and Good,
But never to be understood;
Fickle as the Wind, still changing,
After every Female ranging;
Panting, trembling, sighing, dying,
But addicted much to lying:
When the Siren Songs repeats,
Equal Measures still it beats;
Who e'er shall wear it, it will smart her,
And who e'er takes it, takes a Tartar.'[2]

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Ovid, *Ars amatoria*, I. 99: They come to be looked at themselves. In the folio issue the motto was from Horace, *Epistles*, 2. 1. 197 ('He would look more at the people than at the play itself').

[1] To breathe, i.e. to put out of breath, exhaust.

[2] For George Gloom's testimonial in praise of this letter see No. 547 (vol. iv).

[1] Possibly No. 178.

[2] A reply to this poem, in a letter signed P. R. and dated 13 Nov. 1711, is included in Lillie (i. 356–7). It begins, 'Lately stray'd from peace and pleasure'.

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1711[3]

[ADDISON]

Γυναικὸς οὐδὲν χρῆμ᾽ ἀνὴρ ληίζεται
Ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς.

Simonides

THERE are no Authors I am more pleased with than those who shew Human Nature in a variety of Views, and describe the several Ages of the World in their different Manners. A Reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the Virtues and Vices of his own Times, with those which[a] prevailed in the Times of his Fore-fathers; and drawing a Parallel in his Mind between his own private Character, and that of other Persons,

whether of his own Age, or of the Ages that went before him. The Contemplation of Mankind under these changeable Colours is apt to shame us out of any particular Vice, or animate us to any particular Virtue, to make us pleased or displeased with our selves in the most proper Points, to clear our Minds of Prejudice and Prepossession, and to rectifie[a] that Narrowness of Temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from our selves.

If we look into the Manners of the most remote Ages of the World, we discover Human Nature in her Simplicity; and the more we come downward towards our own Times, may observe her hiding herself in Artifices and Refinements, Polished insensibly out of her Original Plainness, and at length entirely lost under Form and Ceremony, and (what we call) Good-breeding. Read the Accounts

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of Men and Women as they are given us by the most Ancient Writers, both Sacred and Prophane, and you would think you were reading the History of another Species.

Among the Writers of Antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the Manners of their respective Times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in Satyr, under what Dress soever it may appear; as there are no other Authors, whose Province it is to enter so directly into the ways of Men, and set their Miscarriages in so strong a Light.

Simonides,[1] a Poet famous in his Generation, is I think Author of the oldest Satyr that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This Poet flourished about four hundred Years after the Siege of *Troy,* and shews by his way of Writing, the Simplicity, or rather Coarseness of the Age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my Hundred and sixty first Speculation,[2] that the Rule of observing what the *French* call the *bienséance,* in an Allusion, has been found out of latter Years; and that the Ancients, provided there was a Likeness in their Similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the Decency of the Comparison. The Satyr or Iambicks of *Simonides,*[3] with which I shall entertain my Readers in the present Paper, are a remarkable Instance of what I formerly

advanced. The Subject of this Satyr is Woman. He describes the Sex in their several Characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful Supposition raised upon the Doctrine of Præ-existence. He tells us, that the Gods formed the Souls of Women out of those Seeds and Principles which compose several kinds of Animals and Elements, and that their Good or Bad Dispositions arise in them according as such and such Seeds and Principles predominate in their Constitutions. I have translated the Author very faithfully, and if not Word for Word (which our Language would not bear) at least, so as to comprehend every one of his Sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this Author's want of Delicacy, and must further premise, that the following Satyr affects only some of the lower part of the Sex, and not those who have been refined by a Polite Education, which was not so common in the Age of this Poet.

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In the Beginning God made the Souls of Womankind out of different Materials, and in a separate State from their Bodies.

The Souls of one kind of Women were formed out of those Ingredients which compose a Swine. A Woman of this Make is a Slutt in her House, and a Glutton at her Table. She is uncleanly in her Person, a Slattern in her Dress; and her Family is no better than a Dunghill.

A Second sort of Female Soul was formed out of the same Materials that enter into the Composition of a Fox. Such an one is what we call a notable discerning Woman, who has an Insight into every thing, whether it be good or bad. In this Species of Females there are some Vertuous and some Vicious.

A Third Kind of Women were made up of Canine Particles. These are what we commonly call Scolds, *who imitate the Animals out of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual Clamour.*

The Fourth Kind of Women were made out of the Earth. These are your Sluggards, who pass away their Time in Indolence and Ignorance, hover over the Fire a whole Winter, and apply themselves with Alacrity to no kind of Business but Eating.

The Fifth Species of Females were made out of the Sea. These are Women of variable uneven Tempers, sometimes all Storm and Tempest, sometimes all Calm and Sunshine. The Stranger who sees one of these in her Smiles and Smoothness would cry her up for a Miracle of good Humour; but on a sudden her Looks and her Words are changed, she is nothing but Fury and Outrage, Noise and Hurricane.

The Sixth Species were made up of the Ingredients which compose an Ass, or a Beast of Burden. These are naturally exceeding Slothful, but upon the Husband's exerting his Authority will live upon hard Fare, and do every thing to please him. They are however far from being averse to Venereal Pleasure, and seldom refuse a Male Companion.

The Cat furnished Materials for a seventh Species of Women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable Nature, and so repugnant to the Offers of Love, that they fly in the Face of their Husband when he approaches them with Conjugal Endearments. This Species of Women are likewise subject to little Thefts, Cheats and Pilferings.

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The Mare with a flowing Mane, which was never broke to any Servile Toil and Labour, composed an Eighth Species of Women. These are they who have little regard for their Husbands, who pass away their Time in Dressing, Bathing and Perfuming; who throw their Hair into the nicest Curls, and trick it up with the fairest Flowers and Garlands. A Woman of this Species is a very pretty thing for a Stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to her Owner, unless it be a King or Prince, who takes a Fancy to such a Toy.

The Ninth Species of Females were taken out of the Ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

The Tenth and Last Species of Women were made out of the Bee, and happy is the Man who gets such an one for his Wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable. Her Family flourishes and improves by her good Management. She loves her Husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a Race of beautiful and vertuous Children. She distinguishes her self among her Sex. She is surrounded with Graces. She never sits among the loose Tribe of Women, nor passes away her Time with them in wanton Discourses. She is full of Vertue and Prudence, and is the best Wife that Jupiter *can bestow on Man.*

I shall conclude these Iambicks with the Motto of this Paper, which is a Fragment of the same Author. *A Man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good Woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.*

As the Poet has shewn a great Penetration in this Diversity of Female Characters, he has avoided the Fault which *Juvenal* and Monsieur *Boileau* are guilty of, the former in his Sixth, and the other in his last Satyr,[1] where they have endeavoured to expose the Sex in general, without doing Justice to the valuable Part of it. Such levelling Satyrs are of no use to the World, and for this reason I have

often wondered how the *French* Author above-mentioned, who was a Man of exquisite Judgment, and a Lover of Virtue, could think Human Nature a proper Subject for Satyr in another of his celebrated Pieces, which is called *The Satyr upon Man.*[1] What Vice or Frailty can a Discourse correct, which censures the whole Species alike, and endeavours to shew by some Superficial Strokes of Wit,

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that Brutes are the more excellent Creatures of the two? A Satyr should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due Discrimination between those who are, and those who are not, the proper Objects of it. L

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NOTES

[3] *Motto*. Simonides, *Iambics* 3: A man cannot possess anything better than a good woman, nor anything worse than a bad one.

[a] which] that *Fol.*

[a] and to rectifie] *8vo*; and rectifie *Fol*; and rectify *12mo*

[1] Simonides (more correctly Semonides) of Samos, who is thought to have lived in the seventh century B.c. This poem on women is one of the two fragments of his work extant. The statements made about him here are to be found in Winterton (p. 442): 'Primus Iambos scripsit, secundum quosdam.' 'Floruit autem 406 annis post bellum Trojanum.'

[2] No. 160. In the original sheets No. 160 was misnumbered 161.

[3] Winterton, pp. 442–51. It is also summarized by Bayle, art. Simonides, Remark A.

[1] Satire X (the last in the edition of 1694).

[1] Boileau's Satire VIII ('à Monsieur Morel').

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John Hughes, The Spectator: No. 210 Wednesday, October 31, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1711[2]

[HUGHES]

Nescio quomodo inhœret in mentibus quasi seculorum quoddam augurium futurorum; idque in maximis ingeniis altissimisque animis & existit maxime & apparet facillime.

Cic. Tusc. Quæst.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I AM fully perswaded that one of the best Springs of generous and worthy Actions, is the having generous and worthy Thoughts of our selves. Whoever has a mean Opinion of the Dignity of his Nature, will act in no higher a Rank than he has allotted himself in his own Estimation: If he considers his Being as circumscribed by the uncertain Term of a few Years, his Designs will be contracted into the same narrow Span he imagines is to bound his Existence. How can he exalt his Thoughts to any thing great and noble, who only believes that, after a short Turn on the Stage of this World, he is to sink into Oblivion, and to lose his Consciousness for ever?

'For this Reason I am of Opinion, that so useful and elevated a Contemplation as that of the *Soul's Immortality* cannot be resum'd too often. There is not a more improving Exercise to the human

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Mind, than to be frequently reviewing its own great Privileges and

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Endowments; nor a more effectual Means to awaken in us an Ambition rais'd above low Objects and little Pursuits, than to value our selves as Heirs of Eternity.

'It is a very great Satisfaction to consider the best and wisest of Mankind in all Nations and Ages asserting, as with one Voice, this their Birthright, and to find it ratify'd by an express Revelation. At the same time, if we turn our Thoughts inward upon our selves, we may meet with a kind of secret Sense concurring with the Proofs of our own Immortality.

'You have in my Opinion rais'd a good presumptive Argument from the encreasing Appetite the Mind has to Knowledge, and to the extending its own Faculties, which cannot be accomplish'd, as the more restrain'd Perfection of lower Creatures may, in the Limits of a short Life.[1] I think another probable Conjecture may be rais'd from our Appetite to Duration it self, and from a Reflection on our Progress thro' the several Stages of it: *We are complaining,* as you observe in a former Speculation, *of the Shortness of Life, and yet are perpetually hurrying over the Parts of it, to arrive at certain little Settlements or imaginary Points of Rest which are dispersed up and down in it.*[2]

'Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these *imaginary Points of Rest.* Do we stop our Motion, and sit down satisfy'd in the Settlement we have gain'd? or are we not removing the Boundary, and marking out new Points of Rest, to which we press forward with the like Eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them. Our Case is like that of a Traveller upon the *Alps,* who shou'd fancy that the Top of the next Hill must end his Journey because it terminates his Prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it than he sees new Ground and other Hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before.[3]

'This is so plainly every Man's Condition in Life, that there is no one who has observ'd any thing but may observe, that as fast as his Time wears away, his Appetite to something future remains. The Use therefore I wou'd make of it is this, that since Nature (as some love to express it) does nothing in vain,[4] or, to speak properly, since

the Author of our Being has planted no wandering Passion in it, no

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Desire which has not its Object, Futurity is the proper Object of the Passion so constantly exercis'd about it; and this Restlessness in the present, this assigning our selves over to farther Stages of Duration, this successive grasping at somewhat still to come, appears to me (whatever it may to others) as a kind of Instinct or natural Symptom which the Mind of Man has of its own Immortality.

'I take it at the same time for granted, that the Immortality of the Soul is sufficiently established by other Arguments; and if so, this Appetite, which otherwise wou'd be very unaccountable and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds Strength to the Conclusion. But I am amazed when I consider there are Creatures capable of Thought, who, in spight of every Argument, can form to themselves a sullen Satisfaction in thinking otherwise. There is something so pitifully mean in the inverted Ambition of that Man who can hope for Annihilation, and please himself to think that his whole Fabrick shall one Day crumble into Dust, and mix with the Mass of inanimate Beings, that it equally deserves our Admiration and Pity. The Mistery of such Mens Unbelief is not hard to be penetrated; and indeed amounts to nothing more than a sordid Hope, that they shall not be immortal because they dare not be so.

'This brings me back to my first Observation, and gives me Occasion to say further, that as worthy Actions spring from worthy Thoughts, so worthy Thoughts are likewise the Consequence of worthy Actions: But the Wretch who has degraded himself below the Character of Immortality, is very willing to resign his Pretensions to it, and to substitute in its Room a dark negative Happiness in the Extinction of his Being.

'The admirable *Shakespear* has given us a strong Image of the unsupported Condition of such a Person in his last Minutes, in the second Part of King *Henry* the Sixth, where Cardinal *Beaufort,* who had been concern'd in the Murder of the good Duke *Humphrey,* is represented on his Death-Bed. After some short confus'd Speeches, which shew an Imagination disturb'd with Guilt, just as he is expiring, King *Henry* standing by him full of Compassion, says,

> *Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on Heaven's Bliss*
> *Hold up thy Hand, make Signal of that Hope!*
> *He dies, and makes no Sign! …*[1]

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'The Despair which is here shewn, without a Word or Action on the Part of the dying Person, is beyond what cou'd be painted by the most forcible Expressions whatever.

'I shall not pursue this Thought further, but only add, that as Annihilation is not to be had with a Wish, so it is the most abject thing in the World to wish it. What are Honour, Fame, Wealth, or Power, when compared with the generous Expectation of a Being without End, and a Happiness adequate to that Being?

'I shall trouble you no further; but, with a certain Gravity which these Thoughts have given me, I reflect upon some things People say of you, (as they will of all Men who distinguish themselves) which I hope are not true; and wish you as good a Man as you are an Author.

I am,
SIR,
Your most obedient humble Servant,
T. D.'

Z[a]

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations*, I. 15. 33: I do not know how it is, but there is in all men's minds something like a presage of what is to come, and this is more apparent and stronger in the greatest geniuses and men of most exalted spirits.

[1] No. 111 (vol. i).

[2] No. 93 (vol. i).

[3] The figure was probably suggested, as Percy noted, by Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, 225–32. Pope's poem is advertised in No. 65 (15 May 1711) as 'this day published'.

[4] An axiom occurring frequently in Aristotle, *De Caelo*, I. 4, 2. II; *De Partibus Animalium*, 2. 13, 3. 1; *Politica*, I. 8; &c.

[1] *2 Henry VI*, 111. iii. 27–29 ('signal of thy hope'). The scene is mentioned in Rowe's *Account of Shakespeare* (1709) as 'admirable in its Kind' (p. xxix).

[a] *Signature*: Z] *8vo*; T *Fol., 12mo*

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 211 Thursday, November 1, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Fictis meminerit nos Jocari Fabulis.

Phæd.

HAVING lately translated the Fragment of an old Poet, which describes Womankind under several Characters,[2] and supposes them to have drawn their different Manners and Dispositions from those Animals and Elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had some Thoughts of giving the Sex their Revenge, by laying together in another Paper the many vicious Characters which prevail in the Male World, and shewing the different Ingredients that go to the making up of such different Humours and Constitutions. *Horace* has a Thought which is something a-kin to this, when, in order to excuse himself to his Mistress, for an Invective which he had written against her, and to account for that

unreasonable Fury with which the Heart of Man is often transported, he tells us, that when *Prometheus* made his Man of Clay, in the kneading up of the Heart he seasoned it with some furious Particles of the Lion.[1] But upon turning this Plan to and fro in my Thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable Humours in Man, that I did not know out of what Animals to fetch them. Male Souls are diversifyed with so many Characters, that the World has not Variety of Materials sufficient to furnish out their different Tempers and Inclinations. The Creation, with all its Animals and Elements, would not be large enough to supply their several Extravagances.

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Instead therefore of pursuing the Thought of *Simonides,* I shall observe that as he has exposed the vicious Part of Women from the Doctrine of Præ-existence, some of the ancient Philosophers have, in a manner, satyrized the vicious Part of the Human Species in general, from a Notion of the Souls Post-existence, if I may so call it; and that as *Simonides* describes Brutes entering into the Composition of Women, others have represented human Souls as entring into Brutes. This is commonly termed the Doctrine of Transmigration, which supposes that human Souls, upon their leaving the Body, become the Souls of such Kinds of Brutes as they most resemble in their Manners; or to give an Account of it, as Mr. *Dryden* has described it in his Translation of *Pythagoras* his Speech in the Fifteenth Book of *Ovid,* where that Philosopher dissuades his Hearers from eating Flesh.[2]

Thus all Things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th'unbody'd Spirit flies:
By Time, or Force, or Sickness dispossess'd,
And lodges where it lights in Bird or Beast,
Or hunts without till ready Limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their Kind:
From Tenement to Tenement is toss'd,
The Soul is still the same; the Figure only lost.

Then let not Piety be put to flight,
To please the Taste of Glutton-Appetite;
But suffer Inmate Souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their Seats your Parents you expel;

With rabid Hunger feed upon your Kind,
Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.

Plato in the Vision of *Erus* the *Armenian,* which I may possibly make the Subject of a future Speculation, records some beautiful Transmigrations; as that the Soul of *Orpheus,* who was musical, melancholy, and a Woman-hater, entered into a Swan; The Soul of *Ajax,* which was all Wrath and Fierceness, into a Lion; The Soul of *Agamemnon,* that was Rapacious and Imperial, into an Eagle; and the Soul of *Thersites,* who was a Mimick and a Buffoon, into a Monkey.[1]

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Mr. *Congreve,* in a Prologue *to* one of his Comedies, has touched upon this Doctrine with great Humour.

Thus Aristotle'*s Soul, of old that was,*
May now be damn'd to animate an Ass;
Or in this very House, for ought we know;
Is doing painful Penance in some Beau.[2]

I shall fill up this Paper with some Letters, which my last *Tuesday*'s Speculation has produced. My following Correspondents will shew, what I there observed, that the Speculation of that Day affects only the lower part of the Sex.

From my House in the Strand, October 30, 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'UPON Reading your *Tuesday*'*s* Paper, I find by several Symptoms in my Constitution, that I am a Bee. My Shop, or if you please to call it so, my Cell, is in that great Hive of Females which goes by the Name of the *New-Exchange,*[3] where I am daily employed in gathering together a little Stock of Gain from the finest Flowers about the Town, I mean the Ladies and the Beaus. I have a numerous Swarm of Children, to whom I give the best Education I am able: But, Sir, it is my Misfortune to be married to a Drone who lives upon what I get, without bringing any thing into the Common Stock. Now, Sir, as on the one Hand I take care not to behave my self towards him like a Wasp, so likewise I would not have him look upon me as an Humble-Bee; for which Reason I do all I can to put

him upon laying up Provisions for a Bad Day, and frequently represent to him the fatal Effects his[a] Sloth and Negligence may bring upon us in our old Age. I must beg that you will join with me in your good Advice upon this Occasion, and you will for ever oblige

Your humble Servant,
MELISSA.'

SIR, *Piccadilly, October* 31, 1711.

'I AM joined in Wedlock for my Sins to one of those Fillies who

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are described in the old Poet with that hard Name you gave us the other Day. She has a flowing Mane, and a Skin as soft as Silk: But, Sir, she passes half her Life at her Glass, and almost ruins me in Ribbons. For my own part I am a plain Handicraft Man, and in danger of Breaking by her Laziness and Expensiveness. Pray Master, tell me in your next Paper whether I may not expect of her so much Drudgery as to take care of her Family, and Curry her Hide in case of Refusal.

Your loving Friend,
;Barnaby Brittle.'

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cheapside, Oct.* 30.

'I AM mightily pleased with the Humour of the Cat, be so kind as to enlarge upon that Subject.

Yours 'till Death,
Josiah Henpeck.

'*P.S.* You must know I am Married to a *Grimalkin.*'

SIR, Wapping, October 31, 1711.

'EVER since your *Spectator* of *Tuesday* last came into our Family, my Husband is pleased to call me his *Oceana,* because the foolish old Poet that you have Translated says, That the Souls of some Women are made of Sea Water. This, it seems, has encouraged my Sauce-Box to be Witty upon me. When I am Angry, he cries Prithee my Dear *be Calm*; when I chide one of my Servants, Prithee Child *do not bluster.* He had the Impudence about an Hour ago to tell me, That he was a Seafaring Man, and must expect to divide his Life between *Storm and Sunshine.* When I bestir my self with any Spirit in my Family, it is *high Sea* in his House; and when I sit still without doing any thing, his Affairs forsooth are *Wind-*

bound. When I ask him whether it Rains, he makes Answer It is no matter, so that it be *fair Weather* within Doors. In short, Sir, I cannot speak my Mind freely to him, but I either *swell* or *rage,* or do something that is[a] not fit for a Civil Woman to hear. Pray, Mr. SPECTATOR, since you are so sharp upon other Women, let us know

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what Materials your Wife is made of, if you have one.[1] I suppose you would make us a Parcel of poor-spirited tame insipid Creatures. But, Sir, I would have you to know, we have as good Passions in us as your self, and that a Woman was never designed to be a Milk-Sop.

10 MARTHA TEMPEST.'

L

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Phaedrus, *Fables* I, *Prologue* 7 (altered): Let him remember that we jest in fables.

[2] No. 209.

[1] Horace, *Odes*, I. 16. 13–16.

[2] 'Of the Pythagorean Philosophy, from the Fifteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses', 239–46, 254–9. In line 242 Dryden reads 'in Man or Beast'.

[1] Plato, *Republic*, 10. 620. This describes how Er, the son of Armenius, who had been killed in battle, returns to life twelve days later and relates what he had seen in the other world.

[2] The epilogue (not the prologue) to *Love for Love*, 21–24.

[3] See No. 96 (vol. i).

[a] Effects his] Effects that his *Fol.*

[a] that is] 12mo; that it is *Fol., 8vo*

[1] 'Steele seems to have thought his wife a Bee, but she was certainly of the *Grimalkin* family… . Addison's was an *Oceana,* but he was at this time unmarried, and probably would have lived longer, if he had continued so' (Nichols).

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 212 Friday, November 2, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

… *Eripe Turpi*
Colla Jugo, liber, liber sum, dic age.

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I NEVER look upon my dear Wife, but I think of the Happiness Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY enjoys, in having such a Friend as you to expose in proper Colours the Cruelty and Perversness of his Mistress. I have very often wished you visited in our Family, and were acquainted with my Spouse: She would afford you for some Months at least Matter enough for one *Spectator* a Week. Since we are not so happy as to be of your Acquaintance, give me leave to represent to you our present Circumstances as well as I can in Writing. You are to know then that I am not of a very different Constitution from *Nathaniel Henroost,* whom you have lately recorded in your Speculations;[3] and have a Wife who makes a more tyrannical Use of the Knowledge of my easy Temper than that

Lady ever pretended to. We had not been a Month married when she found in me a certain Pain to give Offence, and an Indolence that made me bear little Inconveniences rather than dispute about them. From this Observation it soon came to that Pass, that if I offered to go abroad, she would get between me and the Door, kiss me, and say she could not part with me; then down again I sat. In a Day or two, after this first pleasant Step towards confining me, she declared

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to me, that I was all the World to her, and she thought she ought to be all the World to me. If, said she, my Dear loves me as much as I love him, he will never be tired of my Company. This Declaration was followed by my being denied to all my Acquaintance; and it very soon came to that Pass, that to give an Answer at the Door before my Face, the Servants would ask her whether I was within or not; and she would answer No with great Fondness, and tell me I was a good Dear. I will not enumerate more little Circumstances to give you a livelier Sense of my Condition, but tell you in general that from such Steps as these at first, I now live the Life of a Prisoner of State; my Letters are opened, and I have not the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper but in her Presence. I never go abroad except she sometimes takes me with her in her Coach to take the Air, if it may be called so, when we drive, as we generally do, with the Glasses up.[a] I have over-heard my Servants lament my Condition; but they dare not bring me Messages without her Knowledge, because they doubt my Resolution to stand by 'em. In the Midst of this insipid Way of Life, an old Acquaintance of mine, *Tom Meggot,* who is a Favourite with her, and allowed to visit me in her Company because he sings prettily, has roused me to rebell, and conveyed his Intelligence to me in the following Manner. My Wife is a great Pretender to Musick, and very ignorant of it; but far gone in the *Italian* Taste. *Tom* goes to *Armstrong*,[1] the famous fine Writer of Musick, and desires him to put this Sentence of *Tully*[2] in the Scale

of an *Italian* Air, and write it out for my Spouse from him. *An ille mihi liber cui mulier Imperat? Cui leges imponit, præscribit, Jubet, vetat quod videtur? qui nihil imperanti negare, nihil recusare audet? poscit? dandum est. vocat? veniendum. ejicit? abeundum. minitatur? Extimescendum. Does he live like a Gentleman who is commanded by a Woman? He to whom she gives Law, grants and denies what she pleases? who can neither deny her any thing she asks, or refuse to do any thing she commands?*

'To be short, my Wife was extremely pleased with it; said the *Italian* was the only Language for Musick; and admired how wonderfully tender the Sentiment was, and how pretty the Accent is of that Language; with the rest that is said by Rote on that Occasion. Mr. *Meggot* is sent for to sing this Air, which he performs with mighty Applause; and my Wife is in Extasy on the Occasion, and

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glad to find, by my being so much pleased, that I was at last come into the Notion of the *Italian*; for, said she, it grows upon one when one once comes to know a little of the Language; and pray, Mr. *Meggot,* sing again those Notes, *Nihil Imperanti negare, nihil recusare.* You may believe I was not a little delighted with my Friend *Tom's* Expedient to alarm me, and in Obedience to his Summons I give all this Story thus at large; and I am resolved, when this appears in the *Spectator,* to declare for my self. The Manner of the Insurrection I contrive by your Means, which shall be no other than that *Tom Meggot,* who is at our Tea-Table every Morning, shall read it to us; and if my Dear can take the Hint, and say not one Word, but let this be the Beginning of a new Life without further Explanation, it is very well; for as soon as the *Spectator* is read out, I shall, without more ado, call for the Coach, name the Hour when I shall be at home, if I come at all, if I do not they may go to Dinner. If my Spouse only swells and says nothing, *Tom* and I go out together, and all is well, as I said before; but if she begins to command or expostulate, you shall in my next to you receive a full Account of her Resistance and Submission, for submit the dear thing must to,

SIR,
Your most obedient
Humble Servant,
Antony Freeman.'[1]

'I hope I need not tell you

that I desire this may

be in your very next.

T

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Horace, *Satires*, 2. 7. 91–92:

Now loose your Neck from this Ignoble Chain,
And boldly say that you are free. CREECH.

[3] No. 176.

[a] called so, ... up.] *12mo*; called so. When ... up, *Fol*., *8vo*

[1] The only reference I have found to this 'writer of musick', who was evidently a copyist, is the following advertisement in the *Daily Courant* of 20 Jan. 1709:

This Day is publish'd, All the Songs set to Musick in the last new Opera call'd, Pyrrhus and Demetrius. The whole being done from the Original by that Compleat Writer of Musick Mr. Armstrong, and by him Carefully Corrected. Engraven and printed for J. Walsh and P. Randall ... and J. Hare... .

[2] *Paradoxa Stoicorum*, 5. 36. 2. The following translation of the lines quoted by Steele has been kindly provided by my colleague, Professor Edward Bassett:

Do I deem that man free whom a woman commands, on whom she imposes laws, whom she orders about, tells to do something, or does not allow to do so something as she pleases, that man who cannot say No to any of her commands, who does not dare to refuse them? (She demands something—he must give it; she summons him—he must come; she throws him out—he must go away; she threatens him—he must be afraid.)

[1] For a testimonial in praise of this letter see No. 547 (vol. iv).

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 213 Saturday, November 3, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... *Mens sibi conscia recti.*

Virg.

IT is the great Art and Secret of Christianity, if I may use that Phrase, to manage our Actions to the best Advantage, and direct them in such a manner, that every thing we do may turn to Account at that great Day, when every thing we have done will be set before us.

In order to give this Consideration its full weight, we may cast all our Actions under the Division of such as are in themselves either Good, Evil or Indifferent. If we divide our Intentions after the same manner, and consider them with regard to our Actions, we may discover that great Art and Secret of Religion which I have here mentioned.

A Good Intention joined to a Good Action, gives it its proper Force and Efficacy; joined to an Evil Action, extenuates its Malignity, and in some cases may take it wholly away; and joined to an Indifferent Action, turns it to a Virtue, and makes it meritorious, as far as Human Actions can be so.

In the next Place, to consider in the same manner the Influence of an Evil Intention upon our Actions. An Evil Intention perverts the best of Actions, and makes them in reality what the Fathers with a witty kind of Zeal have termed the Vertues of the Heathen World,

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so many *shining Sins.*[2] It destroys the Innocence of an Indifferent Action, and gives an Evil Action all possible Blackness and Horror, or in the emphatical Language of Sacred Writ makes Sin *exceeding Sinful.*[3]

If, in the last Place, we consider the Nature of an Indifferent Intention, we shall find that it destroys the Merit of a Good Action; abates, but never takes away the Malignity of an Evil Action; and leaves an Indifferent Action in its natural state of Indifference.

It is therefore of unspeakable Advantage to possess our Minds

with an habitual Good Intention, and to aim all our Thoughts, Words and Actions at some laudable End, whether it be the Glory of our Maker, the Good of Mankind, or the Benefit of our own Souls.

This is a sort of Thrift or Good Husbandry in Moral Life, which does not throw away any single Action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the Means of Salvation, encreases the number of our Vertues, and diminishes that of our Vices.

There is something very Devout, though not so Solid, in *Acosta*'s Answer to *Limborch,* who Objects to him the Multiplicity of Ceremonies in the Jewish Religion, as Washings, Dresses, Meats, Purgations, and the like.[1] The Reply which the Jew makes upon this Occasion, is, to the best of my Remembrance, as follows: 'There are not Duties enough (says he) in the essential Parts of the Law for a zealous and active Obedience. Time, Place and Person are requisite, before you have an Opportunity of putting a Moral Vertue into Practice. We have therefore, says he, enlarged the Sphere of our Duty, and made many things which are in themselves Indifferent a Part of our Religion, that we may have more Occasions of shewing our Love to God, and in all the Circumstances of Life be doing something to please him.'

Monsieur *St. Evremont* has endeavoured to palliate the Superstitions of the Roman Catholick Religion with the same kind of Apology, where he pretends to consider the different Spirit of the Papists and the Calvinists, as to the great Points wherein they disagree.[2] He tells us, that the former are actuated by Love, and the

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other by Fear; and that in their Expressions of Duty and Devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former seem particularly careful to do every thing which may possibly please him, and the other to abstain from every thing that[a] may possibly displease him.

But notwithstanding this plausible Reason with which both the

Jew and the Roman Catholick would excuse their respective Superstitions, it is certain there is something in them very pernicious to Mankind, and destructive to Religion. Because, the Injunction of superfluous Ceremonies makes such Actions Duties, as were before Indifferent, and by that means renders Religion more burdensome and difficult than it is in its own Nature, betrays many into Sins of Omission which they could not otherwise be guilty of, and fixes the Minds of the Vulgar to the shadowy unessential Points, instead of the more weighty and more important Matters of the Law.

This zealous and active Obedience however takes Place in the great Point we are recommending; for if, instead of prescribing to our selves indifferent Actions as Duties, we apply a good Intention to all our most indifferent Actions, we make our very Existence one continued Act of Obedience, we turn our Diversions and Amusements to our Eternal Advantage, and are pleasing him (whom we are made to please) in all the Circumstances and Occurrences of Life.

It is this Excellent Frame of Mind, this *holy Officiousness* (if I may be allowed to call it such) which is recommended to us by the Apostle in that uncommon Precept, wherein he directs us to propose to our selves the Glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent Actions, *whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do.*[1]

A Person therefore, who is possessed with such an habitual good Intention as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single Circumstance of Life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his Being, conformable to the Dictates of Reason, suitable to human Nature in general, or to that particular Station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual Sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole Course of his Existence, under the Observation and Inspection of

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that Being, who is privy to all his Motions and all his Thoughts, who knows his *down-sitting and his up-rising, who is about his Path, and about his Bed, and spieth out all his Ways.*[2] In a Word, he remembers that the Eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every Action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the Character of those Holy Men of old, who in that beautiful Phrase of Scripture are said to have *walked with God.*[3]

When I employ my self upon a Paper of Morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular Vertue, which I treat of, by the Precepts or Examples of the ancient Heathens; by that means, if possible, to shame those who have greater Advantages of knowing their Duty, and therefore greater Obligations to perform it, into a better Course of Life: Besides, that many among us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a Pagan Philosopher, than to a Christian Writer.

I shall therefore produce an Instance of this excellent Frame of Mind in a Speech of *Socrates,* which is quoted by *Erasmus.*[1] This great Philosopher on the Day of his Execution, a little before the Draught of Poison was brought to him, entertaining his Friends with a Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, has these Words. *Whether or no God will approve of my Actions I know not, but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my Endeavour to please him; and I have a good Hope that this my Endeavour will be accepted by him.* We find in these Words of that great Man the habitual good Intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that Divine Philosopher always acted. I shall only add that *Erasmus,* who was an unbigotted Roman Catholick, was so much transported with this Passage of *Socrates,* that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a Saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned Writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner, *When I reflect on such a Speech pronounced by such a Person, I can scarce forbear crying out,* Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis. *O holy* Socrates, *pray for us.*

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Virgil, *Aeneid*, I. 604: A mind that's conscious of its worth and truth.

[2] *Splendida peccata,* or *splendida vitia,* generally attributed to St. Augustine, though the phrase itself seems not to be in Augustine (*N & Q,* 3rd ser., iii. 89; 4th ser., x. 214). See Pierre Jaccard, 'De Saint Augustin à Pascal: histoire d'une maxime sur les vertus des philosophes', *Revue de Théologie et de Philosophie*, N.S., xxviii (1940), 41–55. Jaccard cites a passage from the *Civitas Dei* (19. 25) which is somewhat similar: 'Si les termes de notre maxime ne sont pas exactement de lui, le contenu, du moins, lui appartient' (p. 48).

[3] Rom. vii. 13.

[1] Philippe de Limborch was professor of theology at Amsterdam from 1667 until his death in 1712. His book, *De Veritate Religionis Christianae: Amica Collatto cum Erudito Judaeo* (Gouda, 1687), is largely taken up with answering the arguments of the Jewish physician Isaac Orobio, but as a kind of appendix includes the short tract, *Exemplar Vitae Humanae,* written by Uriel Acosta, a convert to Judaism (d. 1640), with Limborch's reply thereto.

[2] See his essay 'On Religion';

The *Catholick* with an active Resolution, and loving Industry, is perpetually seeking some new way of pleasing God. The *Reformed* stinted by Circumspection and Respect, dares not venture beyond a known Precept, for fear by imagin'd Novelties, of giving too much Sway to his Fancy (*Works*, trans. Des Maizeaux, 1714, i. 364 [i.e. 362].

[a] that] *12mo*; which *Fol., 8vo*

[1] 1 Cor. x. 31.

[2] Ps. cxxxix. 1–2 (Prayer Book version, altered).

[3] Gen. v. 22, vi. 9.

[1] *Select Colloquies out of Erasmus* … By Sir Roger L'Estrange, 2nd impression (1689), p. 95. See also Bayle, art. Origen, Remark A. [*For notes 2 and 3 see opposite page.*

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 214 Monday, November 5, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

... perierunt tempora longi
servitii ...

Juv.

I DID some Time ago[3] lay before the World the unhappy Condition of the trading Part of Mankind, who suffer by want of

Punctuality in the Dealings of Persons above them; but there is a Set of Men who are much more the Objects of Compassion than even those, and these are the Dependants on great Men, whom they are pleased to take under their Protection as such as are to share in their Friendship and Favour. These indeed, as well from the Homage that is accepted from them, as the Hopes which are given to them, are become a sort of Creditors; and these Debts, being Debts of Honour, ought, according to the accustomed Maxime, to be first discharged.

When I speak of Dependants, I would not be understood to mean those who are worthless in themselves, or who, without any Call, will press into the Company of their Betters. Nor, when I speak of Patrons, do I mean those who either have it not in their Power, or have no Obligation to assist their Friends; but I speak of such Leagues where there is Power and Obligation on the one Part, and Merit and Expectation on the other.

The Division of Patron and Client, may, I believe, include a Third

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of our Nation; the Want of Merit and real Worth in the Client, will strike out about Ninety nine in a Hundred of these; and the Want of Ability in Patrons, as many of that Kind. But however, I must beg leave to say, that he who will take up another's Time and Fortune in his Service, tho' he has no Prospect of rewarding his Merit towards him, is as unjust in his Dealings as he who takes up Goods of a Tradesman without Intention or Ability to pay him. Of the few of the Class which I think fit to consider, there are not two in ten who succeed; insomuch, that I know a Man of good Sense who put his Son to a Blacksmith,[1] tho' an Offer was made him of his being received as a Page to a Man of Quality. There are not more Cripples come out of the Wars, than there are from those great Services; some through Discontent lose their Speech, some their Memories, others their Senses or their Lives; and I seldom see a Man thorowly discontented, but I conclude he has had the Favour of some great Man. I have known of such as have been for twenty Years together within

a Month of a good Employment, but never arrived at the Happiness of being possessed of any thing.

There is nothing more ordinary, than that a Man who is got into a considerable Station, shall immediately alter his manner of treating all his Friends, and from that moment he is to deal with you as if he were your Fate. You are no longer to be consulted, even in Matters which concern your self, but your Patron is of a Species above you, and a free Communication with you is not to be expected. This perhaps may be your Condition all the while he bears Office, and when that is at an End you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the Distance he prescribed you towards him in his Grandeur. One would think this should be a Behaviour a Man could fall into with the worst Grace imaginable; but they who know the World have seen it more than once. I have often, with secret Pity, heard the same Man who has professed his Abhorrence against all kind of passive Behaviour, lose Minutes, Hours, Days, and Years in a fruitless Attendance on one who had no Inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regarded, that the Great have one particular Privilege above the rest of the World, of being slow in receiving Impressions of Kindness, and quick in taking Offence. The Elevation above the rest of Mankind, except in very great Minds, makes Men so giddy that they do not see after the same

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Manner they did before: Thus they despise their old Friends, and strive to extend their Interests to new Pretenders. By this Means it often happens, that when you come to know how you lost such an Employment, you will find the Man who got it never dreamed of it; but, forsooth, he was to be surprized into it, or perhaps sollicited to receive it. Upon such Occasions as these a Man may perhaps grow out of Humour; if you are so, all Mankind will fall in with the Patron, and you are an Humourist and untractable if you are capable of being sower at a Disappointment: But it is the same thing, whether you do or do not resent ill Usage, you will be used after the same Manner; as some good Mothers will be sure to whip their Children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two Ways of doing any thing with great People, and those are by making your self either considerable or agreeable: The former is not to be attained but by finding a Way to live without them, or concealing that you want them; the latter, is only by falling into their Taste and Pleasures: This is of all the Employments in the World the most servile, except it happens to be of your own

natural Humour. For to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be possessed of such Qualities and Accomplishments as should render you agreeable in your self, but such as make you agreeable in respect to him. An Imitation of his Faults, or a Compliance, if not Subservience, to his Vices, must be the Measures of your Conduct.

When it comes to that, the unnatural State a Man lives in, when his Patron pleases, is ended; and his Guilt and Complaisance are objected to him, though the Man who rejects him for his Vices was not only his Partner but Seducer. Thus the Client, (like a young Woman who has given up the Innocence which made her charming) has not only lost his Time, but also the Virtue which could render him capable of resenting the Injury which is done him.

It would be endless to recount the Tricks[a] of turning you off from themselves to Persons who have less Power to serve you, the Art of being sorry for such an unaccountable Accident in your Behaviour, that such a one (who, perhaps, has never heard of you) opposes your Advancement; and if you have any thing more than ordinary

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in you, you[b] are flattered with a Whisper, that 'tis no Wonder People are so slow in doing for a Man of your Talents, and the like.

After all this Treatment, I must still add the pleasantest Insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen; to wit, That when a silly Rogue has thrown away one Part in three of his Life in unprofitable Attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

When we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest Natures (which one, who makes Observation of what passes may have seen) that have miscarried by such sort of Applications, it is too melancholy a Scene to dwell upon; therefore I shall take another Opportunity to discourse of good Patrons, and distinguish such as have done their Duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their Favour. Worthy Patrons are like *Plato*'*s* Guardian Angels,[1] who are always doing good to their Wards; but negligent Patrons are like *Epicurus*'*s* Gods, that lye lolling on

the Clouds, and instead of Blessings pour down Storms and Tempests on the Heads of those that are offering Incense to them.[1]

T[2]

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Juvenal, *Satires*, 3. 124–5:

In vain forgotten Services I boast;
My long Dependance in an hour is lost, DRYDEN.

In the original folio sheets the motto was *Dulcis inexperto cultura potentis amici, Expertus metuit*, from Horace, *Epistles*, I. 18. 86 ('To court a friend in power seems pleasant to those who have never tried').

[3] Steele may be thinking of No. 206.

[1] The apprentice described in No. 202?

[a] Tricks] Trick *Fol.*

[b] you, you] *12mo*; you, that you *Fol., 8vo*

[1] Socrates says (*Phaedo,* 62B): 'The gods are our guardians and … we men are one of the chattels of the gods.' Cf. also *Phaedo,* 107D: 'And so it is said that after death, the tutelary genius of each person, to whom he had been allotted in life, leads him to a place where the dead are gathered together. …'

[1] As Morley notes, this rather misrepresents the views of the Epicureans, who thought of the gods only as inactive and unconcerned with human affairs.

[2] This number inspired a letter from A. B., dated Oxford, 7 Nov. 1711 (Lillie, ii. 128–30), on the character of Laelius, 'the best of Patrons and the best of men'.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 215 Tuesday, November 6, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1711[3]

[ADDISON]

... Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

Ov.

I CONSIDER an Human Soul without Education like Marble in the Quarry, which shews none of its inherent Beauties, till the Skill of the Polisher fetches out the Colours, makes the Surface shine, and discovers every ornamental Cloud, Spot and Vein that runs through the Body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble Mind, draws out to View every latent Vertue and Perfection, which without such Helps are never able to make their Appearance.

If my Reader will give me leave to change the Allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same Instance to illustrate the Force of Education, which *Aristotle* has brought to explain his Doctrine of Substantial Forms, when he tells us, that a Statue lies hid in a Block of Marble; and that the Art of the Statuary only clears away the superfluous Matter, and removes the Rubbish.[4] The Figure is in the Stone, the Sculptor only finds it. What Sculpture is to a Block of Marble, Education is to an Human Soul. The Philosopher, the Saint, or the Hero, the Wise, the Good, or the Great Man, very often lie hid and concealed in a Plebean, which a proper Education might have disenterred, and have brought to Light. I am therefore

much delighted with Reading the Accounts of Savage Nations, and

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with contemplating those Vertues which are wild and uncultivated; to see Courage exerting it self in Fierceness, Resolution in Obstinacy, Wisdom in Cunning, Patience in Sullenness and Despair.

Mens Passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of Actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by Reason. When one hears of Negroes, who upon the Death of their Masters, or upon changing their Service, hang themselves upon the next Tree, as it frequently happens in our *American* Plantations, who can forbear admiring their Fidelity, though it expresses it self in so dreadful a manner? What might not that Savage Greatness of Soul, which appears in these poor Wretches on many Occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what Colour of Excuse can there be for the Contempt with which we treat this Part of our Species; That we should not put them upon the common foot of Humanity, that we should only set an insignificant Fine upon the Man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us hes, cut them off from the Prospects of Happiness in another World as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper Means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a Story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the Truth of it.[1] I may call it a kind of wild Tragedy that passed about twelve Years ago at St. *Christophers,* one of our *British* Leeward Islands. The Negroes who were concern'd in it,[a] were all of them the Slaves of a Gentleman who is now in *England.*

This Gentleman among his Negroes had a young Woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary Beauty by those of her own Complexion. He had at the same time two young Fellows who were likewise Negroes and Slaves, remarkable for the Comeliness of their Persons, and for the Friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in Love with the Female Negro abovementioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her Husband, provided they could

agree between themselves which should be the Man. But they were both so passionately in Love with her, that neither of them could

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think of giving her up to his Rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his Friend's Consent. The Torments of these two Lovers were the Discourse of the Family to which they belonged, who[a] could not forbear observing the strange Complication of Passions which perplexed the Hearts of the poor Negroes, that[b] often dropped Expressions of the Uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long Struggle between Love and Friendship, Truth and Jealousy, they one Day took a Walk together into a Wood, carrying their Mistress along with them: Where, after abundance of Lamentations, they stabbed her to the Heart, of which she immediately died. A Slave who was at his Work not far from the Place where this astonishing piece of Cruelty was committed, hearing the Shrieks of the dying Person, ran to see what was the Occasion of them. He there discovered the Woman lying dead upon the Ground, with the two Negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead Corps, weeping over it, and beating their Breasts in the utmost Agonies of Grief and Despair. He immediately ran to the *English* Family with the News of what he had seen; who upon coming to the Place saw the Woman dead, and the two Negroes expiring by her with Wounds they had given themselves.

We see, in this amazing Instance of Barbarity, what strange Disorders are bred in the Minds of those Men whose Passions are not regulated by Vertue, and disciplined by Reason. Though the Action which I have recited is in it self full of Guilt and Horror, it proceeded from a Temper of Mind which might have produced very noble Fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable Education.

It is therefore an unspeakable Blessing to be born in those Parts of the World where Wisdom and Knowledge flourish; though it must be confest, there are, even in these Parts, several poor unstructed Persons, who are but little above the Inhabitants of those Nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the Advantages of a more liberal Education rise above one another, by several different degrees of Perfection. For to return to our Statue in the Block of Marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be

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chipped, sometimes rough-hewn and but just sketched into an human Figure, sometimes we see the Man appearing distinctly in all his Limbs and Features, sometimes we find the Figure wrought up to a great Elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the Hand of a *Phidias* or a *Praxiteles* could not give several nice touches and Finishings.

Discourses of Morality, and Reflections upon human Nature, are the best Means we can make use of to improve our Minds, and gain a true Knowledge of our selves, and consequently to recover our Souls out of the Vice, Ignorance and Prejudice which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profest my self in this Paper a Promoter of these great Ends, and I flatter my self that I do from Day to Day contribute something to the polishing of Mens Minds; at least my Design is laudable, whatever the Execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many Letters, which I receive from unknown Hands, in Approbation of my Endeavours, and must take this Opportunity of returning my Thanks to those who write them, and excusing my self for not inserting several of them in my Papers, which I am sensible would be a very great Ornament to them. Should I publish the Praises which are so well penned, they would do Honour to the Persons who write them; but my publishing of them would I fear be a sufficient Instance to the World that I did not deserve them.

C

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NOTES

[3] *Motto*. Ovid, *Ex Ponto*, 2. 9. 47–48: Liberal arts, where studied faithfully, soften the manners and prevent cruelty.

[4] Diogenes Laertius, *Vitae philosophorum*, 5. 33, mentions Aristotle's theory of 'realization'—either potential, as that of Hermes in the wax, or as that of the statue implicit in the bronze; or again as determinate, as in the case of the completed figure of Hermes or the finished statue. Pope also applies the idea to education: 'And hew the Block off, and get out the Man' (*Dunciad*, iv. 270). Pope's footnote refers to 'A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a Statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous Parts'.

[1] No written source has been discovered for this story of the 'wild tragedy' in St. Kitts. According to N. Darnell Davis, *The* '*Spectator*'*s*' *Essays relating to the West Indies* (Demerara, British Guiana, 1885), p. 19, it is not mentioned in books about that colony.

[a] The Negroes ... it,] *12mo*; The Negroes who are the Persons concerned in it, *Fol., 8vo*

[a] who] that *Fol.*

[b] that] who *Fol.*

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 216 Wednesday, November 7, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Siquidem hercle possis, nil prius, neque fortius;
Verum si incipies, neque perficies naviter,
Atque ubi pati non poteris, cum nemo expetet,
Infecta pace ultro ad eam ventes indicans
Te amare, & ferre non posse: Actum est ilicet
Peristi: eludet ubi te victum senserit

Ter.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'THIS is to inform you, that Mr. *Freeman*[2] had no sooner taken Coach, but his Lady was taken with a terrible Fit of the Vapours, which, 'tis feared, will make her miscarry, if not endanger her Life; therefore, dear Sir, if you know of any Receipt that is good against this fashionable reigning Distemper, be pleased to communicate it for the Good of the Publick, and you will oblige

Yours,
A. NOEWILL.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Uproar was so great assoon as I had read the *Spectator*

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concerning Mrs. *Freeman,* that after many Revolutions in her Temper of raging, swooning, railing, fainting, pitying herself, and reviling her Husband, upon an accidental coming in of a neighbouring Lady (who says she has writ to you also) she had nothing left for it but to fall in a Fit. I had the Honour to read the Paper to her, and have a pretty good Command of my Countenance and Temper on such Occasions; and soon found my historical Name to be *Tom Meggot* in your Writings, but concealed my self till I saw how it affected Mrs. *Freeman.* She looked frequently at her Husband, as often at me; and she did not tremble as she filled Tea, till she came to the Circumstance of *Armstrong's* writing out a Piece of *Tully* for

an Opera Tune: Then she burst out she was exposed, she was deceived, she was wronged and abused. The Tea-Cup was thrown in the Fire; and without taking Vengeance on her Spouse, she said of me, that I was a pretending Coxcomb, a Medier that knew not what it was to interpose in so nice an Affair as between a Man and his Wife. To which Mr. *Freeman*; Madam, Were I less fond of you than I am I should not have taken this Way of writing to the SPECTATOR, to inform a Woman whom God and Nature has placed under my Direction with what I request of her; but since you are so indiscreet as not to take the Hint which I gave you in that Paper, I must tell you, Madam, in so many Words, that you have for a long and tedious Space of Time acted a Part unsuitable to the Sense you ought to have of the Subordination in which you are placed. And I must acquaint you once for all, that the Fellow without, ha *Tom*! (here the Footman entered and answered Madam) Sirrah don't you know my Voice; look upon me when I speak to you; I say, Madam, this Fellow here is to know of me my self, whether I am at Leisure to see Company or not. I am from this Hour Master of this House; and my Business in it, and every where else, is to behave my self in such a Manner as it shall be hereafter an Honour to you to bear my Name; and your Pride that you are the Delight, the Darling, and Ornament of a Man of Honour, useful and esteemed by his Friends; and I no longer one that has buried some Merit in the World, in Complaisance to a froward Humour which has grown upon an agreeable Woman by his Indulgence. Mr. *Freeman* ended this with a Tenderness in his Aspect and a downcast Eye, which shew'd he was extremely moved at the Anguish he saw her in; for she sat swelling with Passion, and her Eyes firmly fixed on the Fire; when I fearing

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he would lose all again, took upon me to provoke her out of that amiable Sorrow she was in to fall upon me; upon which I said very seasonably for my Friend, that indeed Mr. *Freeman* was become the common Talk of the Town; and that nothing was so much a Jest as when it was said in Company Mr. *Freeman* had promised to come to such a Place. Upon which the good Lady turned her Softness into downright Rage, and threw the scalding Tea-Kettle upon your humble Servant; flew into the Middle of the Room, and cried out she was the unfortunatest of all Women: Others kept Family Dissatisfactions for Hours of Privacy and Retirement: No Apology was to be made to her, no Expedient to be found, no previous Manner of breaking what was amiss in her; but all the World was to be

acquainted with her Errours without the least Admonition. Mr. *Freeman* was going to make a soft'ning Speech, but I interposed. Look you, Madam, I have nothing to say to this Matter, but you ought to consider you are now past a Chicken; this Humour which was well enough in a Girl, is unsufferable in one of your Motherly Character. With that she lost all Patience, and flew directly at her Husband's Periwig. I got her in my Arms, and defended my Friend: He making Signs at the same time that it was too much; I beckening, nodding, and frowning over her Shoulder that he[a] was lost if he did not persist. In this Manner we[b] flew round and round the Room in a Moment, till the Lady I spoke of above and Servants entered, upon which she fell on a Couch as breathless. I still kept up my Friend; but he, with a very silly Air, bid them bring the Coach to the Door, and we went off, I forced to bid the Coachman drive on. We were no sooner come to my Lodgings but all his Wife's Relations came to inquire after him; and Mrs. *Freeman's* Mother writ a Note, wherein she thought never to have seen this Day, and so forth.

'In a Word, Sir, I am afraid we are upon a thing we have not Talents for; and I can observe already my Friend looks upon me rather as a Man that knows a Weakness of him that he is ashamed of, than one who has rescued him from Slavery. Mr. SPECTATOR, I am but a young Fellow, and if Mr. *Freeman* submits, I shall be looked upon as an Incendiary, and never get a Wife as long as I breathe. He has indeed sent Word home he shall he at *Hampstead* to

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Night; but I believe Fear of the first Onset after this Rupture has too great a Place in this Resolution. Mrs. *Freeman* has a very pretty Sister; suppose I delivered him up, and articled with the Mother for her for bringing him home. If he has not Courage to stand it, (you are a great Casuist) is it such an ill thing to bring my self off as well as I can? What makes me doubt my Man, is, that I find he thinks it reasonable to expostulate at least with her; and Captain SENTREY will tell you, if you let your Orders be disputed you are no longer a Commander. I wish you could advise me how to get clear of this Business handsomely.

Yours,

Tom Meggot.'[1]

T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Terence, *Eunuchus*, 50–55 (altered): Troth, Sir, if you could hold out at this rate, 'twould be the best and bravest thing you ever did: but if you begin upon the huff, and your Heart not serve ye to go through with it; if you faint i' th' Enterprize, and go before you're sent for, or so much as reconcil'd, and sneakingly tell her, you're so entirely devoted to her as not to live an hour without her, your Business is done to all intents and purposes, she'll teaze you to death when she has you at her Mercy.

[2] No. 212.

[a] he] we *Fol.*

[b] we] *12mo*; he *Fol., 8vo*

[1] No. 547 (vol. iv) contains a testimonial in praise of Tom Meggot's letter.

Nichols suggested that in this paper and No. 212 Steele perhaps alludes 'to his own situation with his second wife'.

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Eustace Budgell, The Spectator: No. 217 Thursday, November 8, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1711[1]

[BUDGELL]

... Tunc fœmina Simplex,
Et pariter toto repetitus clamor ab antro.

Juv. Sat. 6.

I SHALL entertain my Reader to day with some Letters from my Correspondents. The first of them is the Description of a Club, whether real or imaginary I cannot determine; but am apt to fancy, that the Writer of it, whoever she is, has formed a kind of Nocturnal Orgie out of her own Fancy; whether this[a] be so, or not, her Letter may conduce to the Amendment of that kind of Persons who are represented in it, and whose Characters are frequent enough in the World.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN some of your first Papers you were pleased to give the Publick a very diverting Account of several Clubs and nocturnal Assemblies; but I am a Member of a Society which has wholly escaped your Notice: I mean a Club of She-Romps. We take each a Hackney-Coach, and meet once a Week in a large upper Chamber, which we hire by the Year for that purpose; our Landlord and his Family, who are quiet People, constantly contriving to be abroad on our Club-night. We are no sooner come together than we throw off all that Modesty and Reservedness with which our Sex are obliged to disguise themselves in publick Places. I am not able to express the

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Pleasure we enjoy from ten at Night till four in the Morning, in being as rude as you Men can be, for your Lives. As our Play runs high the Room is immediately filled with broken Fans, torn Petticoats, Lappets[2] of Head-dresses, Flounces, Furbelows, Garters, and Working-Aprons. I had forgot to tell you at first, that besides the

Coaches we come in our selves, there is one which stands always empty to carry off our *dead Men,* for so we call all those Fragments and Tatters with which the Room is strewed, and which we pack up together in Bundles, and put into the aforesaid Coach. It is no small Diversion for us to meet the next Night at some Member's Chamber, where every one is to pick out what belonged to her, from this confused Bundle of Silks, Stuffs, Laces, and Ribbands. I have hitherto given you an Account of our Diversion on ordinary Club-Nights; but must acquaint you farther, that once a Month we *Demolish a Prude,* that is, we get some queer formal Creature in among us, and unrig her in an instant. Our last Month's Prude was so armed and fortified in Whale-bone and Buckram that we had much ado to come at her, but you would have died with laughing to have seen how the sober awkard Thing looked, when she was forced out of her Intrenchments. In short, Sir, 'tis impossible to give you a true Notion of our Sport, unless you would come one Night amongst us; and tho' it be directly against the Rules of our Society to admit a Male Visitant, we repose so much Confidence in your Silence and Taciturnity, that 'twas agreed by the whole Club, at our last Meeting, to give you Entrance for one Night as a Spectator.

I am
Your Humble Servant,
Kitty Termagant.

'P.S. *We shall Demolish a Prude next* Thursday.'

Tho' I thank *Kitty* for her kind Offer, I do not at present find in my self any Inclination to venture my Person with her and her romping Companions. I should regard my self as a second *Clodius*[1] intruding on the Mysterious Rites of the *Bona Dea,* and should apprehend being *Demolished* as much as the *Prude.*

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The following Letter comes from a Gentleman, whose Taste I find is much too delicate to endure the least Advance towards Romping. I may perhaps hereafter improve upon the Hint he has given me, and make it the Subject of a whole *Spectator,* in the mean time take it as it follows in his own Words.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is my Misfortune to be in Love with a young Creature who is daily committing Faults, which though they give me the utmost

Uneasiness, I know not how to reprove her for, or even acquaint her with. She is pretty, dresses well, is rich, and good-humoured; but either wholly neglects, or has no Notion of that which Polite People have agreed to distinguish by the Name of *Delicacy.*[1] After our Return from a Walk the other Day, she threw her self into an Elbow Chair, and professed before a large Company, that *she was all over in a Sweat.* She told me this Afternoon that her *Stomach aked*; and was complaining yesterday at Dinner of something that *stuck in her Teeth.* I treated her with a Basket of Fruit last Summer, which she eat so very greedily, as almost made me resolve never to see her more. In short, Sir, I begin to tremble whenever I see her about to speak or move. As she does not want Sense, if she takes these Hints, I am happy. If not, I am more than afraid, that these things which shock me even in the Behaviour of a Mistress, will appear insupportable in that of a Wife.

I am,
SIR,
Yours, &c.'

My next[a] Letter comes from a Correspondent whom I cannot but very much value, upon the Account which she gives of her self.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM happily arrived at a State of Tranquility which few People envy, I mean that of an old Maid;[2] therefore being wholly unconcerned in all that Medly of Follies which our Sex is apt to contract

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from their silly Fondness of yours, I read your Railleries on us without Provocation. I can say with *Hamlet,*

… Man Delights not me,
Nor Woman neither …[1]

Therefore, dear Sir, as you never spare your own Sex, do not be afraid of reproving what is ridiculous in ours, and you will oblige at least one Woman, who is

Your humble Servant,
Susanna Frost.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM Wife to a Clergyman, and cannot help thinking that in your Tenth or Tithe-Character of Womankind[2] you meant my self, therefore I have no Quarrel against you for the other Nine Characters.

Your humble Servant,
A.B.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Juvenal, *Satires* 6. 327–8:

A gen'ral Sound,
An universal Groan of Lust goes round;
For then, and only then, the Sex sincere is found, DRYDEN.

[a] this] that *Fol.*

[2] Streamers attached to head-dresses. The earliest quotation in *OED* in this sense is dated *c.* 1720.

[1] P. Clodius Pulcher (see No. 51, vol. i).

[1] Mrs. Thrale, writing in 1782, comments on this passage (*Thraliana*, ed. Katharine C. Balderston, Oxford, 1942, i. 547):

How great a Change has been wrought in Female Manners within these few Years in England! I was reading the Letter in the 3d. Vol: of the Spectator 217. where the Man complains of his indelicate Mistress: I read it aloud to my little daughters of 11 & 12 Years old, and even the Maid who was dressing my Hair, burst out o'laughing at the Idea of *a Lady* saying her Stomach ach'd, or that something stuck between her Teeth. Sure if our Morals are as much mended as our Manners, we are grown a most virtuous Nation!

[a] next] last *Fol.*

[2] A letter in Lillie (i. 353–6) signed Helena and dated 30 Apr. 1712 begins: 'Having observed in your papers, some time ago, that you spoke disrespectfully of old maids, I was a little vex'd at it, having had it in my mind to die a maid… .' It goes on to describe the character of Maria, and includes the following comment on No. 57 (vol. i):

She never enters upon party-disputes: she commended your spectator of the fifth of May, which every body did; but she said most people commended it in the only paragraph it was to be excepted against, which was, bringing all women upon a level when they cease to be handsome.

[1] *Hamlet*, 11. ii. 321.

[2] No. 209.

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 218 Friday, November 9, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1711[3]

[STEELE]

Quid de quoque viro & cui dicas sæpe caveto.

Hor.

I HAPPENED the other Day, as my Way is, to strole into a little Coffee-house beyond *Aldgate*;[4] and as I sat there, two or three very plain sensible Men were talking of the SPECTATOR. One said, he had that Morning drawn the great Benefit Ticket;[5] another wished he had; but a third shaked his Head and said, it was pity that the Writer of that Paper was such a sort of Man, that it was no great Matter whether he had it or no. He is, it seems, said the good

Man, the most extravagant Creature in the World; has run through vast Sums, and yet been in continual Want; a Man, for all he talks so well of Oeconomy, unfit for any of the Offices of Life, by reason of his Profuseness.[1] It would be an unhappy thing to be his Wife, his Child, or his Friend; and yet he talks as well of those Duties of Life as any one. Much Reflection has brought me to so easy a Contempt for every thing which is false, that this heavy Accusation gave me no Manner of Uneasiness; but at the same Time it threw me into deep Thought upon the Subject of Fame in general; and I could not but pity such as were so weak, as to value what the common People say out of their own talkative Temper, to the Advantage or[a] Diminution of those whom they mention, without being moved either by Malice or Good-will. It would be too long to expatiate upon the Sense all Mankind have of Fame, and the inexpressible

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Pleasure which there is in the Approbation of worthy Men, to all who are capable of worthy Actions; but methinks one may divide the general Word Fame into three different Species, as it regards the different Orders of Mankind who have any thing to do with it. Fame therefore may be divided into Glory, which respects the Hero; Reputation, which is preserved by every Gentleman; and Credit, which must be supported by every Tradesman. These Possessions in Fame are dearer than Life to those[b] Characters of Men, or rather are the Life of these[c] Characters. Glory, while the Hero pursues great and noble Enterprizes, is impregnable; and all the Assailants of his Renown do but shew their Pain and Impatience of its Brightness, without throwing the least Shade upon it. If the Foundation of an high Name be Virtue and Service, all that is offered against it is but Rumour, which is too short-lived to stand up in Competition with Glory, which is everlasting.

Reputation, which is the Portion of every Man who would five with the elegant and knowing Part of Mankind, is as stable as Glory if it be as well founded; and the common Cause of humane Society is thought concerned when we hear a Man of good Behaviour calumniated: Besides which, according to a prevailing Custom amongst us, every Man has his Defence in his own Arm; and

Reproach is soon checked, put out of Countenance, and overtaken by Disgrace.

The most unhappy of all Men, and the most exposed to the Malignity or Wantonness of the common Voice, is the Trader. Credit is undone in Whispers: The Tradesman's Wound is received from one who is more private and more cruel than the Ruffian with the Lanthorn and Dagger. The Manner of repeating a Man's Name, As *Mr.* Cash, *Oh! do you leave your Money at his Shop? Why do you know Mr.* Searoom? *He is indeed a general Merchant.* I say, I have seen, from the Iteration of a Man's Name, hiding one Thought of him, and explaining what you hide by saying something to his Advantage when you speak, a Merchant hurt in his Credit; and him who every Day he lived litterally added to the Value of his native Country, undone by one who was only a Burthen and a Blemish to it. Since every Body who knows the World is sensible of this great Evil, how careful ought a Man to be in his Language of a Merchant. It may

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possibly be in the Power of a very shallow Creature to lay the Ruine of the best Family in the most opulent City; and the more so, the more highly he deserves of his Country; that is to say, the farther he places his Wealth out of his Hands, to draw home that of another Climate.

In this Case an ill Word may change Plenty into Want, and by a rash Sentence a free and generous Fortune may in a few Days be reduced to Beggary. How little does a giddy Prater imagine, that an idle Phrase to the Disfavour of a Merchant may be as pernicious in the Consequence, as the Forgery of a Deed to bar an Inheritance would be to a Gentleman? Land stands where it did before a Gentleman was calumniated, and the State of a great Action is just as it was before Calumny was offered to diminish it, and there is Time, Place, and Occasion expected to unravel all that is contrived against those Characters; but the Trader who is ready only for probable Demands upon him, can have no Armour against the Inquisitive, the Malicious, and the Envious, who are prepared to fill the Cry to his Dishonour. Fire and Sword are slow Engines of Destruction, in Comparison of the Babbler in the Case of the Merchant.

For this Reason I thought it an imitable Piece of Humanity of a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who had great Variety of Affairs, and used to talk with Warmth enough against Gentlemen by whom he thought himself ill dealt with; that[a] he would never let any thing

be urged against a Merchant (with whom he had any Difference) except in a Court of Justice. He used to say, that to speak ill of a Merchant was to begin his Suit with Judgment and Execution. One cannot, I think, say more on this Occasion, than to repeat, That the Merit of the Merchant is above that of all other Subjects; for while he is untouched in his Credit, his Hand-writing is a more portable Coin for the Service of his Fellow-Citizens, and his Word the Gold of *Ophir*[1] in[a] the Country wherein he resides.

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NOTES

[3] *Motto*. Horace, *Epistles*, I. 18. 68 ('saepe videto'):

Take heed of whom you speak, and what it is,
Take heed to whom. ... CREECH.

[4] The easternmost part of the city, north of the Tower.

[5] See No. 191.

[1] 'These are just such thoughtless exaggerations as were no doubt sometimes expressed by persons discussing Steele's weaknesses; it is curious to find him recording them here so frankly' (Aitken).

[a] or] *12mo*; and *Fol., 8vo*

[b] those] *12mo*; these *Fol., 8vo*

[c] these] *12mo*; those *Fol., 8vo*

[a] that] *12mo*; but *Fol., 8vo*

[1] A place frequently mentioned in the Old Testament for its fine gold. Its position is uncertain.

[a] in] *12mo*; to *Fol., 8vo*

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 219 Saturday, November 10, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

Vix ea nostra voco ...

Ov.

THERE are but few Men who are not Ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the Nation or Country where they five, and of growing Considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of Grandeur and Respect, which the meanest and most insignificant part of Mankind endeavour to procure in the little Circle of their Friends and Acquaintance. The poorest Mechaniek, nay, the Man who lives upon common Alms, gets him his Sett of Admirers, and delights in that Superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some Respects beneath him. This Ambition, which is natural to the Soul of Man, might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a Person's Advantage, as it generally does to his Uneasiness and Disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some Thoughts on this Subject, which I have not met with in other Writers, and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the Pains to Connect or Methodise them.

All Superiority and Præeminence that one Man can have over

another, may be reduced to the Notion of *Quality,* which considered at large, is either that of Fortune, Body, or Mind. The first is that

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which consists in Birth, Title or Riches, and is the most foreign to our Natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three kinds of Quality. In relation to the Body, Quality arises from Health, Strength or Beauty, which are nearer to us, and more a Part of our selves than the former. Quality as it regards the Mind, has its rise from Knowledge or Vertue, and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The Quality of Fortune, tho' a Man has less reason to value himself upon it than on that of the Body or Mind, is however the kind of Quality which makes the most shining Figure in the Eye of the World.

As Vertue is the most reasonable and genuine Source of Honour, we generally find in Titles an Intimation of some particular Merit that should recommend Men to the high Stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the Pope; Majesty to Kings; Serenity or Mildness of Temper to Princes; Excellence or Perfection to Ambassadors; Grace to Arch-Bishops; Honour to Peers; Worship or Venerable Behaviour to Magistrates; and Reverence, which is of the same Import as the former, to the inferior Clergy.

In the Founders of great Families such[a] Attributes of Honour are generally correspondent with the Vertues of that[b] Person to whom they are applied; but in the Descendants they are too often the Marks rather of Grandeur than of Merit. The Stamp and Denomination still continues, but the Intrinsick Value is frequently lost.

The Death-Bed shews the Emptiness of Titles in a true Light. A poor dispirited Sinner hes trembling under the Apprehensions of the State he is entring on; and is asked by a grave Attendant how his Holiness does? Another hears himself addressed to under the Title of Highness or Excellency, who[c] lies under such mean Circumstances of Mortality as are the Disgrace of Human Nature. Titles at such a time look rather like Insults and Mockery than Respect.

The truth of it is, Honours are in this World under no Regulation; true Quality is neglected, Vertue is oppressed, and Vice triumphant. The last Day will rectifie this Disorder, and assign to every one a Station suitable to the Dignity of his Character; Ranks will be

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then adjusted, and Precedency set right.

Methinks we should have an Ambition, if not to advance our selves in another World, at least to preserve our Post in it, and outshine our Inferiors in Vertue here, that they may not be put above us in a State which is to settle the Distinction for Eternity.

Men in Scripture are called *Strangers and Sojourners upon Earth,*[1] and Life a *Pilgrimage.*[2] Several Heathen as well as Christian Authors, under the same kind of Metaphor, have represented the World as an Inn, which was only designed to furnish us with Accommodations in this our Passage.[3] It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our Rest before we come to our Journey's End, and not rather to take care of the Reception we shall there meet, than to fix our Thoughts on the little Conveniences and Advantages which we enjoy one above another in the Way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of Allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfyed with the Post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a Theatre, where every one has a Part allotted to him. The great Duty which lies upon a Man is to act his Part in Perfection. We may, indeed, say that our Part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this (says the Philosopher) is not our Business. All that we are concerned in is to excell in the Part which is given us. If it be an improper one the Fault is not in us, but in him who has *cast* our several Parts, and is the great Disposer of the Drama.[4]

The Part which was acted by this Philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a Slave. His Motive to Contentment in this particular receives a very great Inforcement from the abovementioned Consideration, if we remember that our Parts in the other World will be *new cast,*[5] and that Mankind will be there ranged in different Stations of Superiority and Præeminence, in Proportion as they have here excelled one another in Vertue, and performed in their several Posts of Life the Duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful Passages in the little Apocryphal Book,

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entitled, *The Wisdom of Solomon,* to set forth the Vanity of Honour, and the like Temporal Blessings, which are in so great Repute among Men, and to comfort those who have not the Possession of them. It represents in very warm and noble Terms this Advancement of a good Man in the other World, and the great Surprize which it will produce among those who are his Superiors in this. 'Then shall the Righteous Man stand in great Boldness before the Face of such as have afflicted him, and made no Account of his Labours. When they see it they shall be troubled with terrible Fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his Salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they repenting, and groaning for Anguish of Spirit, shall say within themselves, This was he whom we had sometime in Derision, and a Proverb of Reproach. We Fools accounted his Life Madness, and his End to be without Honour. How is he numbered among the Children of God, and his Lot is among the Saints!'[1]

If the Reader would see the Description of a Life that is passed away in Vanity, and among the Shadows of Pomp and Greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same Place.[2] In the mean time, since it is necessary, in the present Constitution of things, that Order and Distinction should be kept up in the World, we should be happy if those who enjoy the upper Stations in it would endeavour to surpass others in Vertue, as much as in Rank, and by their Humanity and Condescention make their Superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner Posts of Life, would consider how they may better their Condition hereafter, and by a just Deference and Submission to their Superiors make them happy in those Blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them.[3]

C

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, 13. 141: Scarce do I count them ours.

[a] such] these *Fol.*

[b] that] *12mo*; the *Fol., 8vo*

[c] who] that *Fol.*

[1] Ps. xxxix. 12.

[2] Gen. xlvii. 9.

[3] Cf. Seneca, *Dialogues*, 6. 21. I, and *Epistulae morales*, 120. 14; and Cowley's Pindaric Ode, 'Life', 7–8:

This wretched *Inn,* where we scarce stay to *bait*:
    We call our *Dwelling-place.*

[4] Epictetus, *Encheiridion*, 17 (quoted also in *Tatler* 69). See also Seneca, *Epistulae morales*, 77. 20.

[5] The first quotation in *OED* to illustrate this meaning of *cast.*

[1] Wisdom of Solomon 5. 1–5.

[2] Ibid. 8–14.

[3] Steele's remarks in *Tatler* 69 are similar. 'The Circumstance of Life should not be that which gives us Place, but our Behaviour in that Circumstance is what should be our solid Distinction.'

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 220 Monday, November 12, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Rumoresque serit varios ...

Virg.

SIR,

'WHY will you apply to my Father for my Love? I cannot help it if he will give you my Person; but I assure you it is not in his Power, nor even in my own, to give you my Heart. Dear Sir, do but consider the ill Consequence of such a Match; you are fifty five, I twenty one. You are a Man of Business, and mightily conversant in Arithmetick and making Calculations; be pleased therefore to consider what Proportion your Spirits bear to mine; and when you have made a just Estimate of the necessary Decay on one Side, and the Redundance on the other, you will act accordingly. This, perhaps, is such Language as you may not expect from a young Lady; but my Happiness is at Stake, and I must talk plainly. I mortally hate you; and so, as you and my Father agree, you may take me or leave me: But if you will be so good as never to see me more, you will for ever oblige,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
HENRIETTA.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

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'THERE are so many Artifices and Modes of false Wit, and such a Variety of Humour discovers it self among its Votaries, that it would be impossible to exhaust so fertile a Subject if you would think fit to resume it. The following Instances may, if you think fit, be added by Way of Appendix to your Discourses on that Subject.[2]

'That Feat of poetical Activity, mentioned by *Horace,*[3] of an Author who could compose two hundred Verses while he stood upon one Leg, has been imitated (as I have heard) by a modern Writer; who priding himself on the Hurry of his Invention, thought it no small Addition to his Fame to have each Piece minuted with

the exact Number of Hours or Days it cost him in the Composition.[1] He could taste no Praise till he had acquainted you in how short a Space of Time he had deserved it; and was not so much led to an Ostentation of his Art, as of his Dispatch.

> … *Accipe si vis,*
> *Accipe jam tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,*
> *Custodes: videamus uter plus scribere possit.* Hor.[2]

'This was the whole of his Ambition; and therefore I cannot but think the Flights of this rapid Author very proper to be opposed to those long laborious Nothings which you have observed were the Delight of the *German* Wits, and in which they so happily got rid of such a tedious Quantity of their Time.[3]

'I have known a Gentleman of another Turn of Humour, who, despising the Name of an Author, never printed his Works, but contracted his Talent, and by the Help of a very fine Diamond which he wore on his little Finger, was a considerable Poet upon Glass. He had a very good Epigrammatick Wit; and there was not a Parlour or Tavern Window where he visited or dined for some Years, which did not receive some Sketches or Memorials of it. It was his Misfortune at last to lose his Genius and his Ring to a Sharper[4] at play; and he has not attempted to make a Verse since.

'But of all Contractions or Expedients for Wit, I admire that of an ingenious Projector whose Book I have seen: This Virtuoso being

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a Mathematician, has, according to his Taste, thrown the Art of Poetry into a short Problem, and contriv'd Tables by which any one, without knowing a Word of Grammar or Sense, may, to his great Comfort, be able to compose or rather to erect Latin Verses.[5] His Tables are a kind of poetical Logarithms, which being divided

into several Squares, and all inscribed with so many incoherent Words, appear to the Eye somewhat like a Fortune-telling Screen. What a Joy must it be to the unlearned Operator, to find that these Words, being carefully collected and writ down in order according to the Problem, start of themselves into Hexameter and Pentameter Verses? A Friend of mine, who is a Student in Astrology, meeting with this Book, perform'd the Operation by the Rules there set down; he shew'd his Verses to the next of his Acquaintance, who happened to understand *Latin*; and being informed they described a Tempest of Wind, very luckily prefix'd them, together with a Translation, to an Almanack he was just then printing, and was supposed to have foretold the last great Storm.[1]

'I think the only Improvement beyond this, would be that which the late Duke of *Buckingham* mention'd to a stupid Pretender to Poetry, as the Project of a *Dutch* Mechaniek, *viz.* a Mill to make Verses.[2] This being the most compendious Method of all which have yet been propos'd, may deserve the Thoughts of our modern Virtuosi who are employ'd in new Discoveries for the publick Good; and it may be worth the while to consider, whether, in an Island where few are content without being thought Wits, it will not be a common Benefit that Wit as well as Labour should be made cheap.

I am,
SIR,
Your humble Servant, &c.'[3]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I OFTEN dine at a Gentleman's House, where there are two young Ladies, in themselves very agreeable, but very cold in their Behaviour, because they understand me for a Person that is to break my Mind,[4] as the Phrase is, very suddenly to one of them.

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But I take this Way to acquaint them, that I am not in Love with either of them, in Hopes they will use me with that agreeable Freedom and Indifference which they do all the rest of the World, and not to drink to one another only,[a] but sometimes cast a kind Look, with their Service to,

SIR,
Your humble Servant.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young Gentleman, and take it for a Piece of Good-breeding to pull off my Hat when I see any thing peculiarly charming in any Woman, whether I know her or not. I take Care that there is nothing ludicrous or arch in my Manner, as if I were to betray a Woman into a Salutation by Way of Jest or Humour; and yet except I am acquainted with her, I find she ever takes it for a Rule, that she is to look upon this Civility and Homage I pay to her supposed Merit, as an Impertinence or Forwardness which she is to observe and neglect. I wish, Sir, you would settle the Business of Salutation; and please to inform me how I shall resist the sudden Impulse I have to be civil to what gives an Idea of Merit; or tell these Creatures how to behave themselves in Return to the Esteem I have for them. My Affairs are such, that your Decision will be a Favour to me, if it be only to save the unnecessary Expence of wearing out my Hat so fast as I do at present.

I am,
SIR,
Yours,
T. D.

'There are some that do know me and won't bow to me.'

T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Virgil, *Aeneid*, 12. 228: Spreads abroad many a rumour.

The motto in the original folio sheets was *Aliena negotia centum*/*Per caput, et circa saliunt latus* from Horace, *Satires,* 2. 6. 33–34 ('A hundred concerns of others dance through my head and all about me'), used by Steele for *Tatler* 140.

[2] Nos. 58–63 (vol. i).

[3] *Satires*, I. 4. 9–10.

[1] In his preface Shadwell boasts of the speed with which he wrote *The Libertine,* but the allusion here, if to anyone, is probably to Blackmore. In the preface to *Prince Arthur* (1695) he calls it the work only of his idle hours, and in that to *King Arthur* (1697) states that this poem was mainly written 'in coffee-houses, and in passing up and down the streets, because I had little leisure elsewhere to apply to it'.

[2] Horace, *Satires*, I. 4. 14–16:

Here's Pen and Ink, and Time and Place, let's try
Which can write most and fastest, You or I. CREECH.

[3] No. 60 (vol. i).

[4] Cf. Steele's discussion of sharpers in *Tatler* 56. In Shadwell's *The Volunteers* (acted 1692) Nickum is described in the list of characters as 'a Sharper, which is a new Name for a Rogue and a Cheat'.

[5] Percy first pointed out that this probably referred to the *Artificial Versifying: a new way to make Latin verses* (1678) of John Peter. By distributing the letters into tables he offered to teach anyone how 'to make 590,490 hexameter and pentameter verses'. See also *N* & *Q*, 1st ser., xii (1855), 470; 2nd ser., i (1856), 57; viii (1856), 511–12.

[1] On 26 Nov. 1703.

[2] I have not been able to verify this.

[3] This letter is by John Hughes (Duncombe's list, vol. i, p. xxxv).

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[4] The last date given for this phrase in *OED* is 1840.

[a] to one another only,] *12mo*; to one another, *Fol., 8vo.*

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 221 Tuesday, November 13, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... *ab Ovo*
Usque ad Mala ...

Hor.

WHEN I have finished any of my Speculations, it is my Method to consider which of the Ancient Authors have touched upon the Subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with some celebrated Thought upon it, or a Thought of my own expressed in better Words, or some Similitude for the Illustration of my Subject. This is what gives Birth to the Motto of a Speculation, which I rather chuse to take out of the Poets than the Prose Writers, as

the former generally give a finer Turn to a Thought than the latter, and by couching it in few Words, and in harmonious Numbers, make it more portable to the Memory.

My Reader is therefore sure to meet with at least one good Line in every Paper, and very often finds his Imagination entertained by a Hint that awakens in his Memory some beautiful Passage of a Classick Author.

It was a Saying of an Ancient Philosopher, which I find some of our Writers have ascribed to Queen *Elizabeth,* who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, That a good Face is a Letter of Recommendation.[1] It naturally makes the Beholders inquisitive into the Person who is the Owner of it, and generally prepossesses them

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in his Favour. A handsom Motto has the same Effect. Besides that, it always gives a Supernumerary Beauty to a Paper, and is sometimes in a manner necessary when the Writer is engaged in what may appear a Paradox to vulgar Minds, as it shews that he is supported by good Authorities, and is not singular in his Opinion.

I must confess the Motto is of little use to an unlearned Reader. For which Reason I consider it only as *a Word to the Wise.* But as for my unlearned Friends, if they cannot relish the Motto,[2] I take care to make Provision for them in the Body of my Paper. If they do not understand the Sign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with Entertainment in the House; and I think I was never better pleased than with a plain Man's Compliment, who upon his Friend's telling him that he would like the *Spectator* much better if he understood the Motto, replied, *That good Wine needs no Bush.*

I have heard of a couple of Preachers in a Country Town, who endeavoured which should outshine one another, and draw together the greatest Congregation. One of them being well versed in the Fathers, used to quote every now and then a *Latin* Sentence to his Illiterate Hearers, who it seems found themselves so edified by it, that they flocked in greater Numbers to this Learned Man, than to his Rival. The other finding his Congregation mouldering every *Sunday,* and hearing at length what was the Occasion of it, resolved to give his Parish a little *Latin* in his turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digested into his Sermons the whole Book of *Quœ Genus,* adding however such Explications to it as he

thought might be for the Benefit of his People. He afterwards entered upon *As in præsenti,*[1] which he converted in the same manner to the Use of his Parishioners. This in a very little time thickned his Audience, filled his Church, and routed his Antagonist.

The natural Love to *Latin* which is so prevalent in our common People, makes me think that my Speculations fare never the worse among them for that little Scrap which appears at the Head of them; and what the more encourages me in the use of Quotations in an unknown Tongue is, that I hear the Ladies, whose Approbation I value more than that of the whole Learned World, declare them-

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selves in a more particular manner pleas'd with my *Greek* Motto's.

Designing this Day's Work for a Dissertation upon the two Extremities of my Paper, and having already dispatched my Motto, I shall, in the next place, discourse upon those single Capital Letters which are placed at the End of it, and which have afforded great Matter of Speculation to the Curious. I have heard various Conjectures upon this Subject. Some tell us, that C is the Mark of those Papers that are written by the Clergyman, though others ascribe them to the Club in general. That the Papers marked with R were written by my Friend Sir ROGER. That L signifies the Lawyer, whom I have described in my Second Speculation; and that T stands for the Trader or Merchant: But the Letter X, which is placed at the End of some few of my Papers is that which has puzled the whole Town, as they cannot think of any Name which begins with that Letter, except *Xenophon* and *Xerxes,* who can neither of them be supposed to have had any Hand in these Speculations.

In Answer to these inquisitive Gentlemen, who have many of them made Enquiries of me by Letter, I must tell them the Reply of an ancient Philosopher, who carried something hidden under his Cloak. A certain Acquaintance desiring him to let him know what it was he covered so carefully; *I cover it,* says he, *on purpose that you should not know.*[2] I have made use of these obscure Marks for the same purpose. They are, perhaps, little Amulets or Charms to preserve the Paper against the Fascination and Malice of Evil Eyes; for which Reason I would not have my Reader surprized, if hereafter he sees any of my Papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c. or with the Word *Abracadabra.*

I shall however so far explain my self to the Reader, as to let him

know that the Letters C, L and X are Cabalistical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the World to be acquainted with. Those who are versed in the Philosophy of *Pythagoras,* and swear by the *Tetrachtys,* that is, the number Four, will know very well that the Number *Ten,* which is signified by the Letter X, (and which has so much perplexed the Town) has in it many particular Powers; that it is called by Platonick Writers the Compleat Number; that One, Two, Three and Four put together make up the Number Ten; and

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that Ten is all.[1] But these are not Mysteries for ordinary Readers to be let into. A Man must have spent many Years in hard Study before he can arrive at the Knowledge of them.

We had a Rabbinnical Divine in *England,* who was Chaplain to the Earl of *Essex* in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, that had an admirable Head for Secrets of this Nature. Upon his taking the Doctor of Divinity's Degree he preached before the University of *Cambridge,* upon the *First* Verse of the *First* Chapter of the *First* Book of *Chronicles,* in which, says he, you will see the three following Words,

Adam, Sheth, Enosh.

He divided this short Text into many Parts, and by discovering several Mysteries in each Word, made a most Learned and Elaborate Discourse.[2] The Name of this profound Preacher was Doctor *Alabaster,* of whom the Reader may find a more particular Account in Doctor *Fuller's* Book of *English* Worthies. This Instance will, I hope, convince my Readers that there may be a great deal of fine Writing in the Capital Letters which bring up the Rear of my Paper, and give them some Satisfaction in that Particular. But as for the full Explication of these Matters, I must refer them to Time, which discovers all things.[3]

C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto.* Horace, *Satires*, I. 3. 6–7: From the egg-course to apples.

[1] Diogenes Laertius, *Vitae philosophorum*, 5. 18–19; Publilius Syrus, 169.

[2] This is the first quotation in *OED* in this sense.

[1] *Quœ genus ... As in prœsenti.* The initial words in certain rules in Lily's Latin grammar.

[2] Plutarch, 'On Curiosity', *Moralia,* 516E.

[1] Cf. Bayle, art. Pythagoras, Remark H: 'Others say, That the *Tetractys,* that great Object of Veneration, and by which they used to swear, was only a mysterious way of teaching by Numbers.' Dacier's *Life of Pythagoras,* published in English translation by Tonson in 1707, includes 'the Commentaries of Hierocles on the Golden Verses of Pythagoras', which explain the mysteries of the quaternion or the number four: 'Now the Power of ten is four; for before we come to a compleat and perfect Decad, we discover all the Virtue and all the Perfection of the ten in the four' (pp. 317–18).

[2] According to Fuller's *Worthies of Suffolk* Dr. William Alabaster, rector of Thorfield, Hertfordshire (d. 1640), said that in Hebrew Adam meant 'man', Seth 'placed', and Enoch 'misery', and he drew the inference that man was placed in misery.

[3] A. Otto, *Die Sprichwörter ... der Römer* (Leipzig. 1890). no. 1757.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 222 Wednesday, November 14, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Cur alter fratrum cessare, & ludere, & ungui,
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus …

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is one thing I have often looked for in your Papers, and have as often wonder'd to find my self disappointed; the rather, because I think it a Subject every Way agreeable to your Design, and by being left unattempted by others seems reserv'd as a proper Employment for you: I mean a Disquisition, from whence it proceeds, that Men of the brightest Parts and most comprehensive Genius, compleatly furnished with Talents for any Province in humane Affairs; such as by their wise Lessons of Oeconomy to others have made it evident, that they have the justest Notions of Life and of true Sense in the Conduct of it—; from what unhappy contradictious Cause it proceeds, that Persons thus finished by Nature and by Art should so often fail in the Management of that which they so well understand, and want the Address to make a right Application of their own Rules. This is certainly a prodigious Inconsistency in Behaviour, and makes much such a Figure in Morals as a monstrous Birth in Naturals, with this Difference only, which greatly aggravates the Wonder, that it happens much more frequently; and what a Blemish does it cast upon Wit and Learning in the general Account of the World? and in how disadvantageous

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a Light does it expose them to the busy Class of Mankind, that there should be so many Instances of Persons who have so conducted their Lives in spite of these transcendent Advantages, as neither to be happy in themselves nor useful to their Friends; when every Body sees it was intirely in their own Power to be eminent in both these Characters? For my Part, I think there is no Reflexion more astonishing, than to consider one of these Gentlemen spending a fair Fortune, running in every Body's Debt without the least Apprehension of a future Reckoning, and at last leaving not only his own Children, but possibly those of other People, by his Means in starv-

ing Circumstances; while a Fellow whom one would scarce suspect to have a humane Soul, shall perhaps raise a vast Estate out of nothing, and be the Founder of a Family capable of being very considerable in their Country, and doing many illustrious Services to it: That this Observation is just, Experience has put beyond all Dispute. But though the Fact be so evident and glaring, yet the Causes of it are still in the dark; which makes me perswade my self that it would be no unacceptable Piece of Entertainment to the Town, to inquire into the hidden Sources of so unaccountable an Evil.

I am,
SIR,
Your most humble Servant.'

What this Correspondent wonders at, has been Matter of Admiration ever since there was any such thing as humane Life. *Horace* reflects upon this Inconsistency very agreeably in the Character of *Tigellius,* whom he makes a mighty Pretender to Oeconomy, and tells you, you might one Day hear him speak the most philosophick things imaginable concerning being contented with a Little, and his Contempt of every thing but mere Necessaries, and in Half a Week after spend a thousand Pound.[1] When he says this of him with Relation to Expence, he describes him as unequal to himself in every other Circumstance of Life. And indeed if we consider lavish Men carefully, we shall find it always proceeds from a certain Incapacity of possessing themselves, and finding Enjoyment in their own Minds. Mr. *Dryden* has expressed this very excellently in the Character of *Zimri.*[2]

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A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
Was every thing by Starts, and nothing long;
But in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon.
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking,
Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest Mad-man, who could every Hour employ,
In something new to wish or to enjoy!

In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art,
Nothing went unrewarded but Desert.

This loose State of the Soul hurries the Extravagant from one Pursuit to another; and the Reason that his Expences are greater than another's, is, that his Wants are also more numerous. But what makes so many go on in this Way to their Lives End, is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the Eyes of the rest of Mankind, or rather, that indeed they are not so contemptible as they deserve. *Tully* says it is the greatest of Wickedness to lessen your paternal Estate:[1] And if a Man would thoroughly consider how much worse than Banishment it must be to his Child to ride by the Estate which should have been his had it not been for his Father's Injustice to him, he would be smitten with the Reflection more deeply than can be understood by any but one who is a Father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting, than to think it had been happier for his Son to have been born of any other Man living than himself.

It is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important Lesson to learn how to enjoy ordinary Life, and to be able to relish your Being without the Transport of some Passion or Gratification of some Appetite. For want of this Capacity the World is filled with Whetters,[2] Tipplers, Cutters,[3] Sippers, and all the numerous Train of those who for want of Thinking are forced to be ever exercising their Feeling or Tasting. It would be hard on this Occasion to mention the harmless Smoakers of Tobacco and Takers of Snuff.

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The slower Part of Mankind, whom my Correspondent wonders should get Estates, are the more immediately formed for that Pursuit: They can expect distant things without Impatience, because they are not carried out of their Way either by violent Passion, or keen Appetite to any thing. To Men addicted to Delight, Business is an Interruption; to such as are cold to Delights, Business is an Entertainment. For which Reason it was said by one who commended a dull Man for his Application, *No Thanks to him*;*if he had no Business, he would have nothing to do.*

T[4]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Epistles*, 2. 2. 183–4:

Why, of two Twins, the one his Pleasure loves,
Prefers his Sports to *Herod's* fragrant Groves, CREECH.

[1] *Satires*, I. 3. 1–19. Addison had quoted this passage in No. 162 along with the description of Zimri from Dryden.

[2] *Absalom and Achitophel*, 545–54, 559–60.

[1] A reminiscence of *De Officiis*, 2. 18. 64.

[2] See No. 72 (vol. i).

[3] The meaning may be that of bully or cut-throat; or it may derive from the slang word *cut* (participial adj.) in the sense of drunk or intoxicated, which dates from 1673 (OED).

[4] Nichols refers to 'Mr. Bayne's remarks on this Paper in Hughes's Correspondence'. In the *Letters by Several Eminent Persons Deceased,* ed. by John Duncombe (1772), there is a letter dated from Lincoln's Inn, 20 Nov. 1711 (i. 56–59), from Alexander Bayne to John Hughes discussing this number and sending Hughes some thoughts which might be worked up into a proper answer to the letter in No. 222. Theory is one thing, he says, but application is difficult.

This is a habitude attainable only by repeated acts, which render the execution of any practical thing easy, which we ought to be made acquainted with in our youth, by a proper application to such things as are then suitable to our capacity, but have some analogy with what is to follow, that the habitude may grow up with us, and be gradually directed to more proper objects as we advance in years (i. 58).

None of the identified essays of Hughes in the *Spectator* develops this point.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 223 Thursday, November 15, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

O suavis anima! quale in te dicam bonam
Antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquiæ!

Phaed.

WHEN I reflect upon the various Fate of those multitudes of Ancient Writers who flourished in *Greece* and *Italy*, I consider Time as an Immense Ocean, in which many noble Authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite dis-jointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the Common Wreck; but the Number of the last is very small:

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.[2]

Among the mutilated Poets of Antiquity, there is none whose Fragments are so beautiful as those of *Sappho.*[3] They give us a Taste of her way of Writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary Character we find of her, in the Remarks of those great Criticks who were conversant with her Works when they

were entire. One may see, by what is left of them, that she followed Nature in all her Thoughts, without descending to those little Points, Conceits and Turns of Wit with which many of our Modern Lyricks are so miserably infected. Her Soul seems to have been made

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up of Love and Poetry: She felt the Passion in all its Warmth, and described it in all its Symptoms. She is called by Ancient Authors the Tenth Muse; and by *Plutarch* is compared to *Cacus* the Son of *Vulcan,* who breathed out nothing but Flame.[1] I do not know, by the Character that is given of her Works, whether it is not for the Benefit of Mankind that they are lost. They were filled with such bewitching Tenderness and Rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a Reading.

An Inconstant Lover, called *Phaon*, occasioned great Calamities to this Poetical Lady. She fell desperately in Love with him, and took a Voyage into *Sicily* in Pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that Island, and on this Occasion, she is supposed to have made the Hymn to *Venus,* with a Translation of which I shall present my Reader. Her Hymn was ineffectual for the procuring that Happiness which she prayed for in it. *Phaon* was still obdurate, and *Sappho* so transported with the Violence of her Passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any Price.

There was a Promontory in *Acarnania* called *Leucate,*[a] on the Top of which was a little Temple dedicated to *Apollo.*[2] In this Temple it was usual for *despairing* Lovers to make their Vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the Top of the Precipice into the Sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This Place was therefore called the Lovers-Leap; and whether or no the Fright they had been in, or the Resolution that could push them to so dreadful a Remedy, or the Bruises which they often received in their Fall, banished all the Tender Sentiments of Love, and gave their Spirits another Turn; those who had taken this Leap were observed never to Relapse into that Passion. *Sappho* tried the Cure, but perished in the Experiment.

After having given this short Account of *Sappho* so far as it regards the following Ode, I shall subjoin the Translation of it as it was sent

me by a Friend, whose admirable Pastorals and *Winter-Piece* have been already so well received.[1] The Reader will find in it that Pathetick Simplicity which is so peculiar to him, and so suitable to

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the Ode he has here Translated. This Ode in the *Greek* (besides those Beauties observed by Madam *Dacier*)[2] has several harmonious Turns in the Words, which are not lost in the *English.* I must further add, that the Translation has preserved every Image and Sentiment of *Sappho,* notwithstanding it has all the Ease and Spirit of an Original. In a Word, if the Ladies have a mind to know the manner of Writing practised by the so much celebrated *Sappho,* they may here see it in its genuine and natural Beauty, without any foreign or affected Ornaments.

An HYMN to *VENUS.*

I.

O Venus, *Beauty of the Skies,*
To whom a thousand Temples rise,
Gayly false in gentle Smiles,
Full of Love-perplexing Wiles;
O Goddess! from my Heart remove
The wasting Cares and Pains of Love.

II.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A Song in soft Distress preferr'd,

Propitious to my tuneful Vow,
O gentle Goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright, immortal Guest,
In all thy radiant Charms confest.

III.

Thou once didst leave Almighty Jove,
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew;
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew,
As to my Bow'r they wing'd their Way:
I saw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

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IV.

The Birds dismist (*while you remain*)
Bore back their empty Carr again:
Then You, with Looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd,
And ask'd, what new Complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my Aid?

V.

What Phrenzy in my Bosom raged,
And by what Cure to be asswaged?
What gentle Youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful Toiles secure?
Who does thy tender Heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, *tell me Who?*

VI.

Tho' now he Shuns thy longing Arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted Charms;
Tho' now thy Off'rings he despise,
He soon to Thee shall Sacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy Victim in his turn.

VII.

Celestial Visitant, once more
Thy needful Presence I implore!

In Pity come and ease my Grief,
Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief;
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
And give me All my Heart desires.

Madam *Dacier* observes there is something very pretty in that Circumstance of this Ode, wherein *Venus* is described as sending away her Chariot upon her Arrival at *Sappho's* Lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient Visit which she intended to make

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her.[1] This Ode was preserved by an Eminent *Greek* Critick, who inserted it intire in his Works, as a Pattern of Perfection in the Structure of it.[2]

Longinus has quoted another Ode of this great Poetess, which is likewise admirable in its kind, and has been translated by the same Hand with the foregoing one.[3] I shall oblige my Reader with it in another Paper.[4] In the mean while, I cannot but wonder, that these two finished Pieces have never been attempted before by any of our Countrymen. But the Truth of it is, the Compositions of the Ancients, which have not in them any of those unnatural Witticisms, that are the Delight of ordinary Readers, are extremely difficult to render into another Tongue, so as the Beauties of the Original may not appear weak and faded in the Translation.

C

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NOTES

P. 365, note 1: *for* 3. 1–5 *read* 3. 1. 5–6

[1] *Motto*. Phaedrus, *Fables,* 3. 1–5: Sweet soul! how good shall I say thou wert in time past, when thy remains are such!

Joseph Warton thought the choice of these two lines with reference to Sappho 'perhaps one of the most elegant, and happy applications that ever was made from any classic' (*Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope* (1756, p. 292).

[2] Virgil, *Aeneid*, I. 118.

And here and there above the Waves were seen
Arms, Pictures, precious Goods, and floating Men. DRYDEN.

[3] The first rendering into English of either of the Sapphic fragments seems to be that of John Hall, in his translation of Longinus, in 1652. Madame Dacier had translated the poetry of Anacreon and Sappho into French in 1681. For his remarks Addison has drawn largely on Bayle's articles Sappho and Leucas. In No. 61 is advertised:

This Day is publish'd, The Passion of Sappho, and Feast of Alexander. Set to Musick by Mr. Thomas Clayton. As it is Performed at his House in York-Buildings. Printed for Jacob Tonson …

[1] Both these points come from Bayle, art. Sappho and Remark B.

[a] *Leucate*,]*Leucas, Fol.*

[2] See Bayle, art. Leucas, Remark B.

[1] Ambrose Philips. Philips, who returned from the Continent in the early summer of this year (*Poems*, ed. M. G. Segar, Oxford, 1937, p. xxxiv), had accompanied Addison to Bath in August (Smithers, pp. 226–7), and at this time may have been assisting him on the *Spectator* as an amanuensis. The publication of his translations from Sappho is only one of the friendly gestures made in the *Spectator* to Philips, who was with some difficulty trying to get a post with the aid of his Whig friends, now that Swift had thrown him over. The *Winter-Piece* had appeared in *Tatler* 12, where Philips is introduced as 'the Author of several excellent Poems in Mr. *Tonson's* new Miscellany' and the poem called 'as fine a Winter-piece, as we have ever had from any of the Schools of the most learned Painters'. Joseph Warton (*Essay on Pope*, 1756, p. 291) thought that Addison revised and altered these translations from Sappho.

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[2] André Dacier (1651–1722) and his wife Anne Lefèvre (1654–1720) were indefatigable classical scholars, editing numerous Greek and Latin authors, particularly for the series *in usum Delphini.* Dacier also translated Horace, Aristotle's *Poetics,* Plutarch's *Lives,* and other things. His wife translated Anacreon and Sappho, as well as Homer, and defended (*Des Causes de la Corruption du Goût*, 1714) the ancients against the attacks of Houdart de La Motte. Addison's library contained André Dacier's *Horace* (1681), *Sophocles* (Amsterdam, 1693), and the *Poetics* (1692), as well as the *Iliad* (1712), Terence (1706), and *Anacreon* and *Sappho* (1681, 1699) of Anne Dacier. For the 'beauties' referred to here see *Les Poësie: d'Anacreon et de Sapho, traduites de Grec en François, avec des Remarques, par Mademoiselle Le Fevre* (Paris, 1681), pp. 412–17.

[1] 'Ce passage est fort joly; Sapho pour faire voir que Venus n'alloit point chez elle pour un moment, dit que cette Déesse renvoya son char si-tost qu'elle fut arrivée' (p. 414).

[2] Dionysius Halicarnassensis, *De structura orationis* (London, 1702), p. 202. Cf. Bayle, art. Sappho, Remark C:

The Hymn to *Venus* was preserved by *Dionysius Halicarnasseus* (De colloc. verborum c. 81), who inserted it in his Works as an Example of a Perfection he had a mind to Characterize. On the same Account, and with the same view *Longinus* (c. 9) has preserved to us the Ode to her Mistress. Catullus (see in Isaac Vossius's *commentary upon* Catullus pag. 123 *those two pieces of* Sappho *corrected*) has Translated part of this Ode: all these circumstances are a pregnant Proof of the singular esteem the Ancients had for her Verses.

For the Hymn to Venus see *Lyra Graeca*, edited and translated by J. M. Edmonds (Loeb Library, 1928), i. 182–5.

[3] Madame Dacier, turning to the second Ode, writes: 'Comme nous devons à Denys d' Halicarnasse l'Ode precedente, nous avons l'obligation de celle-ci à Longin, qui a pris le soin de nous la conserver entiere ...' (p. 422).

[4] See No. 229.

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The Spectator: No. 224 Friday, November 16, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1711[1]

... Fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis ...

Hor. Sat. 6.

IF we look abroad upon the great Multitude of Mankind, and endeavour to trace out the Principles of Action in every Individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that Ambition runs through the whole Species, and that every Man in Proportion to the Vigour of his Complection[2] is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with Men, who, by the natural Bent of their Inclinations, and without the Discipline of Philosophy, aspire not to the Heights of Power and Grandeur; who never set their Hearts upon a numerous Train of Clients and Dependancies, nor other gay Appendages of Greatness; who are contented with a Competency, and will not molest their Tranquility to gain an Abundance: But it is not therefore to be concluded that such a Man is not ambitious; his Desires may have cut out another Channel, and determin'd him to other Pursuits; the Motive however may be still the same; and in these Cases likewise the Man may be equally pushed on with the Desire of Distinction.

Though the pure Consciousness of worthy Actions, abstracted from the Views of popular Applause, be to a generous Mind an ample Reward, yet the Desire of Distinction was doubtless implanted in our Natures as an additional Incentive to exert our selves in virtuous Excellence.

This Passion indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil

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and ignoble Purposes; so that we may account for many of the Excellencies and Follies of Life upon the same innate Principle, to wit, the Desire of being remarkable: For this as it has been differently cultivated by Education, Study, and Converse,[3] will bring forth suitable Effects as it falls in with an ingenious Disposition or

a corrupt Mind; it does accordingly express itself in Acts of Magnanimity or selfish Cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak Understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the Mind or adorning the Outside; it renders the Man eminently Praiseworthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one Passion or Pursuit; for as the same Humours in Constitutions otherwise different affect the Body after different Manners, so the same aspiring Principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one Object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted but that there is as great a Desire of Glory in a Ring of Wrestlers or Cudgel-Players, as in any other more refined Competition for Superiority. No Man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his Head to be broken but out of a Principle of Honour; this is the secret Spring that pushes them forward, and the Superiority which they gain above the undistinguished Many, does more than repair those Wounds they have received in the Combat. 'Tis Mr. *Waller's* Opinion, that *Julius Cœsar,* had he not been Master of the *Roman* Empire, would in all Probability have made an excellent Wrestler.

> *Great* Julius *on the Mountains bred,*
> *A Flock perhaps or Herd had led;*
> *He that the World subdued, had been*
> *But the best Wrestler on the Green.*[1]

That he subdued the World, was owing to the Accidents of Art and Knowledge; had he not met with those Advantages, the same Sparks of Emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some Enterprize of a lower Nature. Since therefore no Man's Lot is so unalterably fixed in this Life, but that a thousand Accidents may either forward or disappoint his Advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive Speculation, to consider a great Man as divested of all the adventitious Circum-

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stances of Fortune, and to bring him down in one's Imagination to that low Station of Life, the Nature of which bears some distant Resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in Miniature those Talents of Nature, which being drawn out by Education to their full Length, enable him for the Discharge of some important Employment. On the other

Hand, one may raise uneducated Merit to such a Pitch of Greatness, as may seem equal to the possible Extent of his improved Capacity.

Thus Nature furnishes a Man with a general Appetite of Glory, Education determines it to this or that particular Object. The Desire of Distinction is not, I think, in any Instance more observable than in the variety of Out-sides and new Appearances, which the Modish part of the World are oblig'd to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for any thing glaring and particular, either in Behaviour or Apparel, is known to have this good Effect, that it catches the Eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the Person so adorn'd without due notice and Observation. It has likewise, upon this Account, been frequently resented as a very great Slight, to leave any Gentleman out of a Lampoon or Satyr, who has as much right to be there as his Neighbour, because it supposes the Person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for Distinction are owing various frolicksome and irregular Practises, as sallying out into Nocturnal Exploits, breaking of Windows, singing of Catches, beating the Watch, getting Drunk twice a Day, killing a great Number of Horses; with many other Enterprizes of the like fiery Nature: For certainly many a Man is more Rakish and Extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their Approbation.

One very common, and at the same time the most absurd Ambition that ever shew'd it self in Humane Nature, is that which comes upon a Man with Experience and old Age, the Season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening Circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly Ferments of youthful Blood: I mean the passion for getting Money, exclusive of the Character of the Provident Father, the Affectionate Husband, or the Generous Friend. It may be remarked, for the Comfort of honest Poverty, that this Desire reigns

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most in those who have but few good Qualities to recommend 'em. This is a Weed that will grow in a barren Soil. Humanity, Good Nature, and the Advantages of a Liberal Education, are incompatible with Avarice. 'Tis strange to see how suddenly this abject Passion kills all the noble Sentiments and generous Ambitions that adorn Humane Nature; it renders the Man who is over-run with it a peevish and cruel Master, a severe Parent, an unsociable Husband, a distant and mistrustful Friend. But it is more to the present Purpose to consider it as an absurd Passion of the Heart, rather than as

a vicious Affection of the Mind. As there are frequent Instances to be met with of a proud Humility, so this Passion, contrary to most others affects Applause, by avoiding all Shew and Appearance; for this reason it will not sometimes endure even the common Decencies of Apparel. *A covetous Man will call himself poor, that you may sooth his Vanity by contradicting him.* Love, and the Desire of Glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational Passions. 'Tis true, the wise Man who strikes out of the secret Paths of a private Life for Honour and Dignity, allured by the Splendor of a Court, and the unfelt Weight of publick Employment, whether he succeeds in his Attempts or no, usually comes near enough to this painted Greatness to discern the Dawbing; he is then desirous of extricating himself out of the Hurry of Life, that he may pass away the Remainder of his Days in Tranquility and Retirement.

It may be thought then but common Prudence in a Man not to change a better State for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with Pleasure; and yet if human Life be not a little moved with the gentle Gales of Hopes and Fears, there may be some Danger of its stagnating in an unmanly Indolence and Security.[1] It is a known Story of *Domitian*, that after he had possessed himself of the *Roman* Empire his Desires turn'd upon catching Flies.[2] Active and Masculine Spirits in the Vigour of Youth neither can nor ought to remain at Rest: If they debar themselves from aiming at a noble Object, their Desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject Passion. Thus if you cut off the top Branches of a Tree, and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but

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will quickly shoot out at the Bottom. The Man indeed who goes into the World only with the narrow Views of Self-interest, who catches at the Applause of an idle Multitude, as he can find no solid

Contentment at the End of his Journey, so he deserves to meet with Disappointments in his Way: But he who is actuated by a nobler Principle, whose Mind is so far enlarged as to take in the Prospect of his Country's Good, who is enamour'd with that Praise which is one of the fair Attendants of Virtue, and values not those Acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial Testimony of his own Mind; who repines not at the low Station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable Means to a more rising and advantageous Ground; such a Man is warmed with a generous Emulation; it is a virtuous Movement in him to wish and to endeavour that his Power of doing Good may be equal to his Will.

The Man who is fitted out by Nature, and sent into the World with great Abilities, is capable of doing great Good or Mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the Care of Education to infuse into the untainted Youth early Notices of Justice and Honour, that so the possible Advantages of good Parts may not take an evil Turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy Purposes. It is the Business of Religion and Philosophy not so much to extinguish our Passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen Objects: When these have pointed out to us which Course we may lawfully steer, 'tis no Harm to set out all our Sail; if the Storms and Tempests of Adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the Haven where we would be,[1] it will however prove no small Consolation to us in these Circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our Course, nor fallen into Calamities of our own procuring.

Religion therefore (were we to consider it no further than as it interposes in the Affairs of this Life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great Veneration; as it settles the various Pretensions, and otherwise interfering Interests of mortal Men, and thereby consults the Harmony and Order of the great Community; as it gives a Man room to play his Part, and exert his Abilities; as it animates to Actions truly laudable in themselves, in their Effects beneficial to Society; as it inspires rational Ambitions, correct Love, and elegant

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35 Desires. Z^2

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Satires*, I. 6. 23–24:

Yet Glory's shining Chariot swiftly draws
With equal Whirl the Noble and the Base. CREECH.

[2] Complexion, in the usual (now obsolete) sense of bodily habit or constitution. The last example in *OED* is dated 1761.

[3] This word, like 'conversation', had the common meaning of intercourse, society, intimacy.

[1] *To Zelinda*, 19–22.

[1] A common metaphor, which may be traced back to Plutarch, 'On Moral Virtue', *Moralia,* 452B. The language here is close to that of Sir William Temple ('Of Poetry', 1690):

The Mind of Man is like the Sea, which is neither agreable to the Beholder nor the Voyager in a Calm or in a Storm, but is so to both when a little Agitated by gentle Gales; and so the Mind, when moved by soft and easy Passions or Affections (Spingarn, iii. 108).

Cf. also Fontenelle, *Dialogues des morts* (*Œuvres diverses,* London, 1707, p. 69). For other examples see Ira O. Wade, 'A favorite metaphor of Voltaire', *Romanic Review*, xxvi (1935), 330–4.

[2] Suetonius, *Domitian*, 3. I. A frequently cited story, e.g. in Bayle, art. Rorarius, Remark C.

[1] Ps. cvii. 30 (Prayer Book version).

[2] No. 224, signed Z in the original sheets and without signature in the 8vo and 12mo reprints, is assigned to John Hughes by Nichols, and by subsequent editors. Norman Ault thought it was by Pope and reprints it in vol. i of the *Prose Works.* It is not in Duncombe's list of Hughes's contributions to the *Spectator,* and there is no real evidence as to authorship.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 225 Saturday, November 17, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia ...

Juv.

I HAVE often thought if the Minds of Men were laid open, we should see but little Difference between that of the Wise Man and that of the Fool. There are infinite *Reveries,* numberless Extravagancies, and a perpetual Train of Vanities which pass through both. The great Difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his Thoughts for Conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in Words. This sort of Discretion, however, has no place in private Conversation between intimate Friends. On such occasions the wisest Men very often Talk like the weakest; for indeed the Talking with a Friend is nothing else but *thinking aloud.*

Tully[2] has therefore very justly exposed a Precept delivered by some Ancient Writers,[3] That a Man should five with his Enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his Friend; and with his Friend in such a manner, that if he became his Enemy it should not be in his Power to hurt him. The first part of this Rule, which regards our Behaviour towards an Enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our Behaviour towards a Friend, savours more of Cunning than of Discretion, and would cut a Man off from the greatest Pleasures of Life, which are the Freedoms of Conversation

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with a bosom Friend.[4] Besides, that when a Friend is turned into an Enemy, and (as the Son of *Sirach* calls him) a Bewrayer of Secrets,[5] the World is just enough to accuse the Perfidiousness of the Friend, rather than the Indiscretion of the Person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only shew it self in Words, but in all the Circumstances of Action, and is like an Under-Agent of Providence to guide and direct us in the ordinary Concerns of Life.

There are many more shining Qualities in the Mind of Man, but there is none so useful as Discretion; it is this indeed which gives a Value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper Times and Places, and turns them to the Advantage of the Person who is possessed of them. Without it Learning is Pedantry, and Wit Impertinence; Vertue it self looks like Weakness; the best Parts only qualifie a Man to be more sprightly in Errors, and active to his own Prejudice.

Nor does Discretion only make a Man the Master of his own Parts, but of other Mens. The discreet Man finds out the Talents of those he Converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper Uses. Accordingly if we look into particular Communities and Divisions of Men, we may observe that it is the Discreet Man, not the Witty, nor the Learned, nor the Brave who guides the Conversation, and gives Measures to the Society. A Man with great Talents, but void of Discretion, is like *Polyphemus* in the Fable, Strong and Blind, endued with an Irresistible Force which for want of Sight is of no use to him.[1]

Though a Man has all other Perfections, and wants Discretion, he will be of no great Consequence in the World; but if he has this single Talent in Perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular Station of Life.

At the same time that I think Discretion the most useful Talent a Man can be Master of, I look upon Cunning to be the Accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous Minds.[2] Discretion points out the noblest Ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable Methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private selfish Aims,

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and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended Views, and, like a well-formed Eye, commands a whole Horizon: Cunning is a kind of Short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest Objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion the more it is discovered, gives a greater Authority to the Person who possesses it: Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a Man incapable of bringing about even those Events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain Man. Discretion is

the Perfection of Reason, and a Guide to us in all the Duties of Life: Cunning is a kind of Instinct, that only looks out after our immediate Interest and Welfare. Discretion is only found in Men of strong Sense and good Understandings: Cunning is often to be met with in Brutes themselves, and in Persons who are but the fewest Removes from them. In short, Cunning is only the Mimick of Discretion, and may pass upon weak Men, in the same manner as Vivacity is often mistaken for Wit, and Gravity for Wisdom.

The Cast of Mind which is natural to a discreet Man makes him look forward into Futurity, and consider what will be his Condition millions of Ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the Misery or Happiness which are reserved for him in another World, lose nothing of their Reality by being placed at so great a Distance from him. The Objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those Pleasures and Pains which lie hid in Eternity approach nearer to him every Moment, and will be present with him in their full Weight and Measure, as much as those Pains and Pleasures which he feels at this very Instant. For this Reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper Happiness of his Nature, and the ultimate Design of his Being. He carries his Thoughts to the End of every Action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate Effects of it. He supercedes[1] every little Prospect of Gain and Advantage which offers it self here, if he does not find it consistent with his Views of an Hereafter. In a Word, his Hopes are full of Immortality, his Schemes are large and glorious, and his Conduct suitable to one who knows his true Interest, and how to pursue it by proper Methods.

I have, in this Essay upon Discretion, considered it both as an

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Accomplishment and as a Vertue, and have therefore described it in its full Extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly Affairs, but as it regards our whole Existence; not only as it is the Guide of a mortal Creature, but as it is in general the Director of a reasonable Being. It is in this Light that Discretion is represented by the Wise Man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of Discretion, and sometimes under that of Wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter part of this Paper) the greatest Wisdom, but at the same time in the Power of every one to attain. Its Advantages are infinite, but its Acquisition easie; or, to speak of her in the Words of the

Apocryphal Writer whom I quoted in my last *Saturday's* Paper, *Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making her self first known unto them. He that seeketh her early shall have no great Travel: for he shall find her sitting at his Doors. To think therefore upon her is perfection of Wisdom, and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without Care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth her self favourably unto them in the Ways, and meeteth them in every Thought.*[1]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Adapted from Juvenal, *Satires*, 10. 365: Nothing is wanting where prudence is the guide.

Steele had used this as the motto for *Tatler* 176.

[2] *De Amicitia*, 16. 59–60.

[3] *Publilius Syrus*, no. 284: 'Ita amicum habeas, posse ut facile fieri hunc inimicum putes.'

[4] La Bruyère, who quotes this maxim (*Les Caractères*, iv. Du Cœur), also finds it against the rules of friendship: 'It may be a good Maxim in Politicks, but 'tis a very bad one in Morality' (*Characters*, 3rd ed., London, 1702, p. 76).

[5] Ecclesiasticus 27. 17.

[1] The Cyclops, 'a hideous monster, terrible, deformed', is the subject of Addison's early poem, *Milton's Style Imitated.*

[2] Sophronius, in *Tatler* 21, who is at ease with men of pleasure and men of business, acts 'with so much Success, that, with as much Discretion in Life as any Man ever had, he neither is, nor appears, Cunning'.

[1] To desist from; not to proceed with. The last example of this sense in *OED* is dated 1750.

[1] Wisdom of Solomon, 6. 12–16.

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Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

... *mutum est pictura poema.*

Hor.

I HAVE very often lamented and hinted my Sorrow in several Speculations,[3] that the Art of Painting is made so little Use of to the Improvement of our Manners. When we consider that it places the Action of the Person represented in the most agreeable Aspect imaginable, that it does not only express the Passion or Concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those Features the Height of the Painter's Imagination, What strong Images of Virtue and Humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the Mind from the Labours of the Pencil? This is a Poetry which would be understood with much less Capacity, and less Expence of Time, than what is taught by Writing;[a] but the Use of it is generally perverted, and that admirable Skill prostituted to the basest and most unworthy Ends. Who is the better Man for beholding the most

beautiful *Venus,* the best wrought *Bacchanal,* the Images of sleeping Cupids, Languishing Nymphs, or any of the Representations of Gods, Goddesses, Demy-gods, Satyrs, *Polyphemes,* Sphinxes or Fauns? But if the Virtues and Vices which are sometimes pretended to be represented under such Draughts, were given us by the Painter in the Characters of real Life, and the Persons of Men and Women whose Actions have rendered them laudable or infamous; we should not see a good History-Piece without receiving an instructive

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Lecture. There needs no other Proof of this Truth, than the Testimony of every reasonable Creature who has seen the Cartons in Her Majesty's Gallery at *Hampton-Court*: These are Representations of no less Actions than those of our Blessed Saviour and his Apostles.[1] As I now sit and recollect the warm Images which the admirable *Raphael* has raised, it is impossible, even from the faint Traces in one's Memory of what one has not seen these two Years, to be unmoved at the Horrour and Reverence which appear[a] in the whole Assembly when the mercenary Man fell down dead; at the Amazement of the Man born blind, when he first receives Sight; or at the graceless Indignation of the Sorcerer, when he is struck blind.[2] The Lame, when they first find Strength in their Feet, stand doubtful of their new Vigour. The heavenly Apostles appear acting these great things, with a deep Sense of the Infirmities which they relieve, but no Value of themselves who administer to their Weakness. They know themselves to be but Instruments; and the generous Distress they are painted in when divine Honours are offered to them, is a Representation in the most exquisite Degree of the Beauty of Holiness. When St. *Paul* is preaching to the *Athenians,* with what

wonderful Art are almost all the different Tempers of Mankind represented in that elegant Audience? You see one credulous of all that is said, another wrapt up in deep Suspence, another saying there is some Reason in what he says, another angry that the Apostle destroys a favourite Opinion which he is unwilling to give up, another wholly convinced and holding out his Hands in Rapture; while the Generality attend, and wait for the Opinion of those who are of leading Characters in the Assembly. I will not pretend so much as to mention that Chart on which is drawn the Appearance of our Blessed Lord after his Resurrection.[1] Present Authority, late Suffering, Humility and Majesty, Despotick Command and Divine[a] Love, are at once seated in his Celestial[b] Aspect. The Figures of the Eleven Apostles are all in the same Passion of Admiration, but discover it differently according to their Characters. *Peter* receives his Master's Orders on his Knees with an Admiration mixed with a more particular Attention: The two next with a more open Extasie, though still constrained by the Awe of the Divine[c] Presence: The beloved Disciple, whom I take to be the Right of the two first

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Figures, has in his Countenance Wonder drowned in Love; and the last Personage, whose Back is towards the Spectator and his Side towards the Presence, one would fancy to be St. *Thomas,* as abashed by the Conscience of his former Diffidence; which perplexed Concern it is possible *Raphael* thought too hard a Task to draw but by this Acknowledgement of the Difficulty to describe it.

The whole Work is an Exercise of the highest Piety in the Painter; and all the Touches of a religious Mind are expressed in a Manner much more forcible than can possibly be performed by the most moving Eloquence. These invaluable Pieces are very justly in the Hands of the greatest and most pious Soveraign in the World; and cannot be the frequent Object of every one at their own Leisure: But as an Engraver is to the Painter, what a Printer is to an Author, it is worthy Her Majesty's Name, that she has encouraged that noble Artist, Monsieur *Dorigny,* to publish these Works of *Raphael.*[2]

We have of this Gentleman a Piece of the Transfiguration,[a] which, I think, is held a Work second to none in the World.

Methinks it would be ridiculous in our People of Condition, after their large Bounties to Foreigners of no Name or Merit, should they overlook this Occasion of having for a trifling Subscription, a Work which it is impossible for a Man of Sense to behold, without being warmed with the noblest Sentiments that can be inspired by Love, Admiration, Compassion, Contempt of this World, and Expectation of a Better.

It is certainly the greatest Honour we can do our Country, to distinguish Strangers of Merit who apply to us with Modesty and Diffidence, which generally accompanies Merit. No Opportunity of this Kind ought to be neglected; and a modest Behaviour should alarm us to examine whether we do not lose something excellent under that Disadvantage in the Possessor of that Quality. My Skill in Paintings, where one is not directed by the Passion of the Pictures, is so inconsiderable, that I am in very great Perplexity when I offer to speak of any Performances of Painters of Landskips, Buildings, or single Figures. This makes me at a Loss how to mention the Pieces which Mr. *Boul* exposes to Sale by Auction on *Wednesday* next in *Shandois-street*: But having heard him commended

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by those who have bought of him heretofore for great Integrity in his Dealing, and over-heard him himself (tho' a laudable Painter) say nothing of his own was fit to come into the Room with those he had to sell, I feared I should lose an Occasion of serving a Man of Worth in omitting to speak of his Auction.[1]

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is arrived from Italy *a Painter who acknowledges himself the greatest Person of the Age in that Art, and is willing to be as renowned in this Island as he declares he is in foreign Parts.*

The Doctor paints the Poor for nothing.[1]

T

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Possibly adapted from the *Rhetorica ad Herennium* (formerly attributed to Cicero), 4. 28. 39: A painting is a silent poem. Cf. Plutarch, 'On the Fame of the Athenians', *Moralia,* 346F: 'Simonides calls painting inarticulate poetry and poetry articulate painting.' A critical commonplace often quoted, e.g. John Bodenham, *Wits Commonwealth* (ed. 1640), p. 73: 'Painting is a dumbe Poesie, and Poesie a speaking painting.' For classical parallels see the *Rhetorica ad Herennium,* ed. Harry Caplan (Loeb Library, 1954), 4. 28. 39. In the original folio sheets the motto was 'Pictura Poesis erit—' from Horace, *Ars poetica,* 361 ('A poem will be like a picture').

[3] Nos. 172 and 142 (first letter).

[a] Writing;] *12mo*; Writings; *Fol., 8vo*

[1] The seven tapestry cartoons by Raphael, originally commissioned by Pope Leo X for tapestries in the Sistine Chapel, and purchased by King James I after they had been used at Brussels for making tapestries. When Hampton Court was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, the cartoons were set up there in a special gallery, where Steele saw them. Since 1865 they have been exhibited on loan at the Victoria and Albert Museum. For reproductions see *The Raphael Cartoons,* with Introduction by John Pope-Hennessy, published by the Victoria and Albert Museum, 1950. In 1703 Blackmore had praised the cartoons, in his *Hymn to the Light of the World,* for much the same reasons as Steele does here. See Albert Rosenberg, *Sir Richard Blackmore* (Lincoln, Nebr., 1953), pp. 81–83. An earlier project of engraving them, 'by a very good Hand', each print measuring 26 by 23 inches, is advertised as just published in *Tatler* 69, 'Sold by Henry Overton, Print and Map Seller at the White-Horse without Newgate.'

[a] appear] *12mo*; appears *Fol., 8vo*

[2] The subjects of the cartoons are: (1) Christ's Charge to Peter, (2) The Miraculous Draught of Fishes, (3) The Death of Ananias, (4) The Healing of the Lame Man, (5) The Blinding of Elymas, (6) The Sacrifice at Lystra, and (7) St. Paul Preaching at Athens.

[1] Cf. *Guardian* 21 (by Steele): 'When I look upon *Raphael's* Picture of our Saviour appearing to his Disciples after his Resurrection, I cannot but think the just Disposition of that Piece has in it the Force of many Volumes on the Subject… .'

[a] Divine] Brotherly *Fol.*

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[b] Celestial] divine *Fol.*

[c] Awe of the Divine] Awe of Cœlestial *Fol.*

[2] Nicholas Dorigny (1658–1746), son of the painter Michel Dorigny, came to England in 1711 and was given apartments in Hampton Court, where, with the help of two assistants, he completed the engravings of the cartoons, two sets of which

he presented to the King in 1719. He was knighted by George I in the following year. His *Proposals for Graving and Printing the Gallery of Raphael at Hampton-court* appear in No. 205 (25 Oct.) and in the *Daily Courant* of the same date, at the price of four guineas a set. Subscriptions were to be received 'by Signior Dorigny, at the Golden Head in the Little Piazza, Covent Garden', and by several others, including Charles Lillie. The British Museum possesses a broadside also containing these proposals.

[a] Transfiguration,] Resurrection, *Fol. Corrected in Errata* (*No. 227*)

[1] The advertisement of this sale had appeared three days earlier (16 Nov.) in the *Daily Courant:*

A Curious Collection of Original Pictures, by several excellent Masters, lately brought in England; will be sold by Auction on Wednesday the 21st Instant, at Mr. Boul's, a Painter, next Door to the Three-Tun-Tavern in Shandois street, Covent-Garden. The Pictures to be view'd on Monday and Tuesday next. Catalogues may be had at the Place of Sale, and at Mr. Cooper's, a Printseller, in Half Moon-street, Covent-Garden.

In his essay 'On the Tatler' (*Round Table*) Hazlitt described this paper as 'the best criticism in the *Spectator*' (*Complete Works,* ed. P. P. Howe, iv. 9).

[1] A phrase often appended to advertisements for medicines.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 227 Tuesday, November 20, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

Ὤ μοι ἐγὼ τί πάθω; τί ὁ δύσσους; οὐχ ὑπακούεις;
Τὰν βαίταν ἀποδὺς εἰς κύματα τῆνα ἁλεῦμαι
Ὥπερ τὼς θύννως σκοπιάζεται Ὄλπις ὁ γριπεύς·
Κἤκα μὴ ʾποθάνω, τό γε μὰν τεὸν ἀδὺ τέτυκται.

Theoc.

IN my last *Thursday's* Paper I made mention of a Place called *The Lovers Leap,* which I find has raised a great Curiosity among several of my Correspondents. I there told them that this Leap was used to be taken from a Promontory of *Leucas.*[3] This *Leucas* was formerly a part of *Acarnania,* being joined to[a] it by a narrow Neck of Land, which the Sea has by length of time overflowed and washed away; so that at present *Leucas* is divided from the Continent, and is a little Island in the *Ionian* Sea. The Promontory of this Island, from whence the Lover took his Leap, was formerly called *Leucate.* If the Reader has a mind to know both the Island and the Promontory by their Modern Titles, he will find in his Map the Ancient Island of *Leucas* under the Name of St. *Mauro,* and the Ancient Promontory of *Leucate* under the Name of the Cape of St. *Mauro.*

Since I am engaged thus far in Antiquity, I must observe that *Theocritus* in the Motto prefixed to my Paper, describes one of his

despairing Shepherds addressing himself to his Mistress after the following manner. *Alas! What will become of me? Wretch that I am! Will you not hear me? I'll throw off my Cloaths, and take a Leap into that*

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part of the Sea which is so much frequented by Olphis *the Fisherman. And tho' I should escape with my Life, I know you will be pleased with it.* I shall leave it with the Criticks to determine whether the Place which this Shepherd so particularly points out, was not the above-mentioned *Leucate,* or at least some other Lover's Leap, which was supposed to have had the same Effect. I cannot believe, as all the Interpreters do, that the Shepherd means nothing further here, than that he would drown himself, since he represents the issue of his Leap as doubtful, by adding that if he should escape with his Life, he knows his Mistress would be pleased with it; which is, according to our Interpretation, that she would Rejoice any way to get rid of a Lover who was so troublesome to her.

After this short Preface I shall present my Reader with some Letters which I have received upon this Subject. The first is sent me by a Physician.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Lovers Leap which you mention in your Two hundred and twenty third Paper, was generally, I believe, a very effectual Cure for Love, and not only for Love, but for all other Evils. In short, Sir, I am afraid it was such a Leap as that which *Hero* took to get rid of her Passion for *Leander.*[1] A Man is in no danger of breaking his Heart, who breaks his Neck to prevent it. I know very well the Wonders which Ancient Authors relate concerning this Leap; and in particular, that very many Persons who tried it escaped not only with their Lives, but their Limbs. If by this means they got rid of their Love, tho' it may in part be ascribed to the Reasons you give for it; why may not we suppose, that the Cold Bath into which they plunged themselves, had also some share in their Cure?[2] A Leap into the Sea, or into any Creek of Salt Waters, very often gives a new Motion to the Spirits, and a new Turn to the Blood, for which reason we prescribe it in Distempers which no other Medicine will reach. I could produce a Quotation out of a very venerable Author, in which the Phrenzy produced by

Love is compared to that which is produced by the biting of a mad Dog. But as this Comparison is a little too coarse for your Paper, and might look as if it were cited to ridicule the Author who has

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made use of it, I shall only hint at it, and desire you to consider whether if the Phrenzy produced by these two different Causes be of the same Nature, it may not very properly be cured by the same means.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
and Well-wisher,
ESCULAPIUS.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young Woman crossed in Love. My Story is very long and melancholy. To give you the Heads of it, a young Gentleman, after having made his Applications to me for three Years together, and filled my Head with a thousand Dreams of Happiness, some few Days since married another. Pray tell me in what Part of the World your Promontory lies, which you call the Lovers Leap, and whether one may go to it by Land. But alas I am afraid it has lost its Virtue, and that a Woman of our Times would find no more Relief in taking such a Leap, than in singing an Hymn to *Venus.* So that I must cry out with *Dido* in *Dryden's Virgil,*

Ah! cruel Heav'n, that made no Cure for Love![1]
Your disconsolate Servant,
ATHENAIS.'

MISTER SPICTATUR,[a]

'MY Heart is so full of Loves and Passions for Mrs. *Gwinifrid,*[2] and she is so pettish, and overrun with Cholers against me, that if I had the good Happiness to have my Dwelling (which is placed by my great Cran-Father upon the Pottom of an Hill) no farther distance but twenty Mile from the Lofers Leap, I would indeed indeafour to preak my Neck upon it on purpose. Now good Mister Spictatur[b] of *Crete Prittain,* you must know it, there iss in *Caernarvanshire* a fery pig Mountain, the Clory of all *Wales,* which

iss named *Penmainmaure,*[1] and you must also know, it iss no great Journey on Foot from me; but the Road is stony and bad for Shoes.

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Now there is upon the Forehead of this Mountain a very high Rock, (like a Parish Steeple) that cometh a huge deal over the Sea; so when I am in my Melancholies, and I do throw my self from it, I do desire my fery good Friend to tell me in his Spictatur,[a] if I shall be cure of my griefous Lofes; for there is the Sea clear as the Glass, and ass creen as the Leek: Then likewise, if I be drown, and preak my Neck, if Mrs. *Gwinifrid* Will not lofe me afterwards. Pray be speedy in your Answers, for I am in crete haste, and it is my Tesires to do my Pusiness without loss of Time. I remain, with cordial Affections, your ever lofing[b] Friend

Davyth ap Shenkyn.

'*P. S.* My Law Suits have brought me to *London,* but I have lost my Causes; and so have made my Resolutions to go down and Leap before the Frosts begin; for I am apt to take Colds.'

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better Expedient against Love than sober Advice, and I am of opinion that *Hudibras* and Don *Quixote* may be as effectual to cure the Extravagancies of this Passion, as any of the old Philosophers. I shall therefore publish, very speedily, the Translation of a little *Greek* Manuscript, which is sent me by a Learned Friend.[2] It appears to have been a Piece of those Records which were kept in the little Temple of *Apollo,* that stood upon the Promontory of *Leucate.* The Reader will find it to be a Summary Account of several Persons who tried the Lovers Leap, and of the Success they found in it. As there seem to be in it some Anachronisms and Deviations from the Ancient Orthography, I am not wholly satisfied my self that it is authentick, and not rather the Production of one of those *Græcian* Sophisters, who have imposed upon the World several spurious Works of this Nature. I speak this by way of Precaution, because I know there are several Writers, of uncommon Erudition, who would not fail to expose my Ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a matter of so great moment.

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Theocritus, *Idylls,* 3. 24–27. (Addison provides a translation in the second paragraph of the essay.)

[3] Cf. Bayle, art. Leucas: Leucas was at the beginning a Peninsula, joining to the Continent of *Acarnania,* but became an Island by the industry of the Corinthians… . In the Article of St. *Maure* we shall speak of its present State. As to its State of Old, if any circumstance of it deserves to be related, it's, I think, the ceremony there of leaping down a Precipice. There seems to have been a Set of People who engag'd themselves as if they had been hired to it, to give this Spectacle once at least every year.

[a] joined to] divided from *Fol.*

[1] Ovid, *Heroides*, 18 and 19.

[2] There had been considerable interest in the question of the value of cold baths, since the publication in 1697 of Sir John Floyer's *Inquiry into the Right Use and Abuses of the Hot, Cold, and Temperate Baths in England.* Cf. *Tatler* 15.

[1] The line is not from the *Aeneid,* but from Dryden's translation of Virgil's second eclogue (line 100).

[a] SPICTATUR,] SPICTATOR, *Fol.*

[2] A 'reply' from Gwinifrid is printed in Lillie (ii. 167). In the same collection (ii. 166) there is also a letter signed Dora apropos of the Lover's Leap.

[b] Spictatur] Spictator *Fol.*

[1] Penmaenmawr in Carnarvonshire rises to a height of 1,550 feet.

[a] Spictatur,] *12mo*; Spictator, *Fol*., *8vo*

[b] lofing] *12mo*; loving *Fol*., *8vo*

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 228 Wednesday, November 21, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Percunctatorem fugito, nam Garrulus idem est.

Hor.

THERE is a Creature[2] who has all the Organs of Speech, a tollerable good Capacity for conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty proper Behaviour in all the Occurences of common Life; but naturally very vacant of Thought in its self, and therefore forced to apply it self to foreign Assistances. Of this Make is that Man who is very inquisitive: You may often observe, that though he speaks as good Sense as any Man upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot trust to the Range of his own Fancy to entertain himself upon that Foundation, but goes on still to[a] new Enquiries. Thus, though you know he is fit for the most polite Conversation, you shall see him very well contented to sit by a Jockey giving an Account of the many Revolutions in his Horse's Health, what Potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterwards he came to his Stomach and his Exercise, or any the like Impertinence; and be as well pleased as if you talked to him on the most important Truths. This Humour is far from making a Man unhappy, though it may subject him to Raillery; for he generally falls in with a Person who seems to be born for him, which is your talkative Fellow. It is so ordered that there is a secret Bent, as natural as the Meeting of different Sexes, in these two Characters, to supply each others Wants. I had the Honour the other Day to

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sit in a publick Room, and saw an inquisitive Man look with an Air of Satisfaction upon the Approach of one of these Talkers. The Man of ready Utterance sat down by him; and rubbing his Head, leaning on his Arm, and making an uneasy Countenance, he began; 'There is no Manner of News to Day. I cannot tell what is the Matter with me, but I slept very ill last Night; whether I caught Cold or no I know not, but I fancy I do not wear Shooes thick enough for the Weather, and I have coughed all the Week:[b] It must be so, for the

Custom of washing my Head Winter and Summer with cold Water,[1] prevents any Injury from the Season entering that Way; so it must come in at my Feet: But I take no Notice of it, as it comes so it goes. Most of our Evils proceed from too much Tenderness; and our Faces are naturally as little able to resist the Cold as other Parts. The *Indian* answered very well to an *European*, who asked him how he could go naked; I am all Face.'[2]

I observed this Discourse was as welcome to my general Inquirer as any other of more Consequence could have been; but some Body calling our Talker to another Part of the Room, the Inquirer told the next Man who sat by him, that Mr. such a one, who was just gone from him, used to wash his Head in cold Water every Morning; and so repeated almost *Verbatim* all that had been said to him. The Truth is, the Inquisitive are the Funnels of Conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own Use, but merely to pass it to another: They are the Channels through which all the Good and Evil that is spoken in Town are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or think they suffer by their Behaviour, may themselves mend that Inconvenience; for they are not a malicious People, and if you will supply them, you may contradict any thing they have said before by their own Mouths. A further Account of a thing is one of the gratefullest Goods that can arrive to them; and it is seldom that they are more particular than to say, The Town will have it, or, I have it from a good Hand: So that there is Room for the Town to know the Matter more particularly, and for a better Hand *to* contradict what was said by a good one.

I have not known this Humour more ridiculous than in a Father, who has been earnestly sollicitous to have an Account how his Son

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has passed away his[a] leisure Hours; if it be in a Way thoroughly insignificant, there cannot be a greater Joy than an Inquirer discovers in seeing him follow so hopefully his own Steps: But this Humour among Men is most pleasant when they are saying something which is not wholly proper for a third Person to hear, and yet is in it self indifferent. The other Day there came in a well-dressed young

Fellow, and two Gentlemen of this Species immediately fell a whispering his Pedigree. I could over-hear, by Breaks, She was his Aunt; then an Answer, Ay, she was of the Mother's Side: Then again in a little lower Voice, His Father wore generally a darker Wig; Answer, Not much. But this Gentleman wears higher Heels to his Shooes.

As the Inquisitive, in my Opinion, are such meerly from a Vacancy in their own Imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous as to communicate Secrets to them; for the same Temper of Inquiry makes them as impertinently communicative: But no Man though he converses with them need put himself in their Power, for they will be contented with Matters of less Moment as well. When there is full Fewel enough, no Matter what it is——Thus the Ends of Sentences in the News Papers, as *This wants Confirmation, This occasions many Speculations*, and, *Time will discover the Event,* are read by them, and considered not as meer Expletives.

One may see now and then this Humour accompanied with an insatiable Desire of knowing what passes, without turning it to any Use in the World but meerly their own Entertainment. A Mind which is gratified this Way is adapted to Humour and Pleasantry, and formed for an unconcerned Character in the World; and like my self to be a meer Spectator. This Curiosity, without Malice or Self-Interest, lays up in the Imagination a Magazine of Circumstances which cannot but entertain when they are produced in Conversation. If one were to know from the Man of the first Quality to the meanest Servant, the different Intrigues, Sentiments, Pleasures and Interests of Mankind, would it not be the most pleasing Entertainment imaginable to enjoy so constant a Farce, as the observing Mankind much more different from themselves in their secret Thoughts and publick Actions, than in their Night-Caps and long Periwiggs?

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Mr. SPECTATOR,

' *PLUTARCH* tells us, that *Caius Gracchus*, the *Roman*, was frequently hurried by his Passion into so loud and tumultuous a Way of speaking, and so strained his Voice, as not to be able to proceed.[1] To remedy this Excess, he had an ingenious Servant, by Name *Licinius*, always attending him with a Pitch Pipe, or Instru-

ment, to regulate the Voice; who, whenever he heard his Master begin to be high, immediately touched a soft Note; at which, 'tis said, *Caius* would presently abate and grow calm.

'Upon recollecting this Story, I have frequently wondered that this useful Instrument should have been so long discontinued; especially since we find that this good Office of *Licinius* has preserved his Memory for many hundred Years, which, methinks, should have encouraged some one to have revived it, if not for the publick Good, yet for his own Credit. It may be objected, that our loud Talkers are so fond of their own Noise, that they would not take it well to be checked by their Servants: But granting this to be true, surely any of their Hearers have a very good Title to play a soft Note in their own Defence. To be short, no *Licinius* appearing, and the Noise encreasing, I was resolved to give the late[a] long Vacation to the Good of my Country; and I have at length, by the Assistance of an ingenious Artist, (who works to the Royal Society) almost compleated my Design, and shall be ready in a short Time to furnish the Publick with what Number of these Instruments they please, either to lodge at Coffee-houses, or carry for their own private Use. In the mean Time I shall pay that Respect to several Gentlemen who I know will be in Danger of offending against this Instrument, to give them Notice of it by private Letters, in which I shall only write, *Get a* Licinius.

'I should now trouble you no longer, but that I must not conclude without desiring you to accept one of these Pipes, which shall be left for you with *Buckley*: and which I hope will be serviceable to you, since as you are silent your self, you are most open to the Insults of the Noisy.

I *am, Sir*, &c.

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'I had almost forgot to inform you, that as an Improvement in this Instrument there will be a particular Note which I call a Hush-note; and this is to be made use of against a long Story, Swearing, Obsceneness, and the like.' T[1]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Epistles*, 1. 18. 69:

Fly the inquisitive, they'll talk again,
And tell what you have said, CREECH.

[2] Steele's writing here is in the manner of La Bruyère.

[a] on still to] *12mo*; on to still *Fol*., *8vo*

[b] all the Week:] *12mo*; all this Week: *Fol*., *8vo*

[1] Cf. No. 227.

[2] A well-known story, related by Camden in *Remains concerning Britain* (ed. 1674), p. 249; by Montaigne (*Essays*, 1. xxxv, 'Of the Custome of Wearing Cloaths', trans. Charles Cotton, 1685, i. 405; and others. Cf. Addison in *Guardian* 102: 'The Scythian that was asked how it was possible for the Inhabitants of his frozen Climate to go naked, replied, "Because we are all over face." '

[a] passed away his] *12mo*; passed his *Fol*., *8vo*

[1] Plutarch, *Life of Tiberius Gracchus*, 2. 5 (the story is of Caius Gracchus). See also Plutarch, 'On the Control of Anger', *Moralia*, 456A

[a] the late] *12mo;* this late *Fol*., *8vo*

[1] For a testimonial in praise of this number see No. 547 (vol. iv).

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 229 Thursday, November 22, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... Spirai adhuc amor
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliœ fidibus puellœ.

Hor.

AMONG the many famous Pieces of Antiquity which are still to be seen at *Rome*, there is the Trunc of a Statue which has lost the Arms, Legs and Head, but discovers such an exquisite Work-manship in what remains of it, that *Michael Angelo* declared he had learned his whole Art from it.[2] Indeed he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his Statues, and even his Pictures in that *gusto*, to make use of the *Italian* Phrase; for which reason this maimed Statue is still called *Michael Angelo's* School.

A Fragment of *Sappho*, which I design for the Subject of this Paper, is in as great Reputation among the Poets and Criticks, as the mutilated Figure above-mentioned is among the Statuaries and Painters. Several of our Country-men, and Mr. *Dryden* in particular, seem very often to have copied after it in their Dramatick Writings, and in their Poems upon Love.

Whatever might have been the Occasion of this Ode, the *English* Reader will enter into the Beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the Person of a Lover sitting by his Mistress. I shall set to view three different Copies of this beautiful Original. The

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first is a Translation by *Catullus*,[3] the second by Monsieur *Boileau*, and the last by a Gentleman, whose Translation of the *Hymn to Venus* has been so deservedly admired.

Ad LESBIAM.

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
Ille si fas est, superare divos,

Qui sedens adversus identidem te,
Spectat, & audit
Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
Eripit sensus mihi: *nam simul te*
Lesbia adspexi, nihil est super mi
Quod loquar amens.
Lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
Flamma dimanat, sonitu suopte
Tinniunt aures, gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.

My Learned Reader will know very well the Reason why one of these Verses is Printed in *Roman* Letter;[1] and if he compares this Translation with the Original, will find that the three first Stanza's are rendered almost Word for Word, and not only with the same Elegance, but with the same short Turn of Expression which is so remarkable in the *Greek*, and so peculiar to the *Sapphick* Ode. I cannot imagine for what reason Madam *Dacier* has told us that this Ode of *Sappho* is preserved entire in *Longinus*,[2] since it is manifest to any one who looks into that Author's Quotation of it, that there must at least have been another Stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

The second Translation of this Fragment which I shall here cite, is that of Monsieur *Boileau*'s.[3]

Heureux ! qui prés de toi, pour toi seule soupire:
Qui joüit du plaisir de t'entendre parler:
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui soûrire.
Les Dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égaler?

Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme

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Courir par tout mon corps, si-tost que je te vois:
Et dans les doux transports, où s'egare mon ame,
Je ne sçaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

Un nuage confus se répand sur ma vuë,
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs;
Et pasle, sans haleine, interdite, esperduë,
Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.

The Reader will see that this is rather an Imitation than a Translation. The Circumstances do not lie so thick together, and follow one another with that Vehemence and Emotion as in the Original. In Short, Monsieur *Boileau* has given us all the Poetry, but not all the Passion of this famous Fragment.

I shall in the last Place present my Reader with the *English* Translation.[1]

I.
Blest as th'Immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

II.
'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;
For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,
My Breath was gone, my voice was lost:

III.
My Bosom glow'd; the subtle Flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung:

IV.
In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;
My Blood with gentle Honours thrill'd;
My feeble Pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

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Instead of giving any Character of this last Translation, I shall desire my Learned Reader to look into the Criticisms which *Longinus* has made upon the Original. By that means he will know to which of the Translations he ought to give the Preference. I shall only add, that this Translation is written in the very Spirit of *Sappho*, and as near the *Greek* as the Genius of our Language will possibly suffer.

Longinus has observed, that this Description of Love in *Sappho* is an exact Copy of Nature, and that all the Circumstances, which follow one another in such an hurry of Sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the Phrenzies of Love.[1]

I wonder that not one of the Criticks or Editors, through whose Hands this Ode has passed, has taken occasion from it to mention a Circumstance related by *Plutarch.*[2] That Author in the Famous Story of *Antiochus*, who fell in Love with *Stratonice*, his Mother in Law, and (not daring to discover his Passion) pretended to be confined to his Bed by Sickness, tells us, that *Erasistratus*, the Physician, found out the Nature of his Distemper by those Symptoms of Love which he had learnt from *Sappho's* Writings. *Stratonice* was in the Room of the Love-sick Prince, when these Symptoms discovered themselves to his Physician; and it is probable that they were not very different from those which *Sappho* here describes in a Lover sitting by his Mistress. This Story *oí Antiochus* is so well known, that I need not add the Sequel of it, which has no Relation to my present Subject. C[3]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Odes*, 4. 9. 10–12:

And Sappho's charming Lyre
Preserves her soft desire,
And tunes our ravisht Souls to Love, CREECH.

[2] The statue described here is the Belvedere Torso in the Vatican Museum (Museo dementino), believed to represent the deified Hercules. The aged Michelangelo, his sight failing, is supposed to have come to the Vatican to pass his fingers over its contours.

[3] *Carmina*, 51. Addison omits the last five lines of Catullus's version.

[1] This line was supplied by conjecture, by Parthenius. Madame Dacier has a long note on this (p. 424). Cf. No. 223.

[2] Madame Dacier observes that we owe the preservation of this ode to Longinus (p. 422).

[3] Boileau's translation of Longinus, chap. viii.

[1] By Ambrose Philips. The three translations, by Catullus, Boileau, and Philips, are reprinted together at the end of vol. i of Boileau's *Works* (London, 1712), pp. 321–3. For the original see *Lyra Graeca*, ed. J. M. Edmonds (Loeb Library, 1928), i. 186–7.

[1] Longinus, 10. 3.

[2] *Life of Demetrius*, 38. The story is summarized by Bayle, art. Sappho, Remark B.

[3] In the 'Remarks on Longinus, in a Letter to a Friend', appended (pp. 144–89) to Welsted's translation, *The Works of Dionysius Longinus, on the Sublime* (1712), many of the ideas in this number are repeated. Welsted's translation is advertised in No. 372 (7 May 1712).

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1711[4]

[STEELE]

Homines ad Deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem Hominibus dando.

Tull.

25 HUMAN Nature appears a very deformed, or a very beautiful Object, according to the different Lights in which it is view'd. When we see Men of inflamed Passions, or of wicked

Designs, tearing one another to Pieces by open Violence, or undermining each other by secret Treachery; when we observe base and narrow Ends pursued by ignominious and dishonest Means; when we behold Men mix'd in Society as if it were for the Destruction of
5 it; we are even ashamed of our Species, and out of Humour with our own Being: But in another Light, when we behold them mild, good, and benevolent, full of a generous Regard for the publick Prosperity, compassionating each[a] others Distresses and relieving each others Wants, we can hardly believe they are Creatures of the same Kind.
10 In this View they appear Gods to each other, in the Exercise of the noblest Power, that of doing Good; and the greatest Compliment we have ever been able to make to our own Being, has been by calling this Disposition of Mind Humanity. We cannot but observe a Pleasure arising in our own Breast upon the seeing or hearing of
15 a generous Action, even when we are wholly disinterested in it. I cannot give a more proper Instance of this, than by a Letter from *Pliny,*[1] in which he recommends a Friend in the most handsome

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Manner; and, methinks, it would be a great Pleasure to know the Success of this Epistle, though each Party concerned in it has been so many hundred Years in his Grave.

To MAXIMUS.

'WTHAT I should gladly do for any Friend of yours, I think I may now with Confidence request for a Friend of mine. *Arrianus Maturius* is the most considerable Man of his Country; when I call him so, I do not speak with Relation to his Fortune, though that is very plentiful, but to his Integrity, Justice, Gravity and Prudence; his Advice is useful to me in Business, and his Judgment in Matters of Learning: His Fidelity, Truth, and good Understanding, are very great; besides this, he loves me as you do, than which I cannot say any thing that signifies a warmer Affection. He has nothing that's aspiring; and tho' he might rise to the highest Order of Nobility, he keeps himself in an inferiour Rank; yet I think my self bound to use my Endeavours to serve and promote him; and would therefore find the Means of adding something to his Honours while he neither expects nor knows it, nay though he

should refuse it. Something, in short, I would have for him that may be honourable, but not troublesome; and I entreat that you will procure him the first thing of this Kind that offers, by which you will not only oblige me, but him also; for though he does not covet it, I know he will be as grateful in acknowledging your Favour as if he had asked it.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Reflections in some of your Papers[1] on the servile Manner of Education now in use, have given Birth to an Ambition, which unless you discountenance it, will, I doubt, engage me in a very difficult, tho' not ungrateful Adventure. I am about to undertake for the Sake of the *British* Youth, to instruct them in such a Manner, that the most dangerous Page in *Virgil* or *Homer* may be read by them with much Pleasure, and with perfect Safety to their Persons.

'Could I prevail so far as to be honoured with the Protection of

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some few of them, (for I am not Heroe enough to rescue many) my Design is to retire with them to an agreeable Solitude; tho' within the Neighbourhood of a City, for the Convenience of their being instructed in Musick, Dancing, Drawing, Designing, or any other such Accomplishments, which it is conceived may make as proper Diversions for them, and almost as pleasant, as the little sordid Games which dirty School-boys are so much delighted with. It may easily be imagined how such a pretty Society, conversing with none beneath themselves, and sometimes admitted as perhaps not unentertaining Parties amongst better Company, commended and caressed for their little Performances, and turned by such Conversations to a certain Gallantry of Soul, might be brought early acquainted with some of the most polite *English* Writers. This having given them some tolerable Taste of Books, they would make themselves Masters of the *Latin* Tongue by Methods far easier than those in *Lilly*,[2] with as little Difficulty or Reluctance as young Ladies learn to speak *French* or to sing *Italian* Operas. When they had advanced thus far, it would be Time to form their Taste something more exactly: One that had any true Relish of fine Writing, might with great Pleasure both to himself and them, run over together with them the best *Roman* Historians, Poets, and Orators, and point out their more remarkable Beauties; give them a short

Scheme of Chronology, a little View of Geography, Medals, Astronomy, or what else might best feed the busy inquisitive Humour so natural to that Age. Such of them as had the least Spark of Genius, when it was once awakened by the shining Thoughts and great Sentiments of those admired Writers, could not, I believe, be easily with-held from attempting that more difficult Sister Language, whose exalted Beauties they would have heard so often celebrated as the Pride and Wonder of the whole learned World.[1] In the mean while it would be requisite to exercise their Stile in writing any light Pieces that ask more of Fancy than of Judgment; and that frequently in their native Language, which every one methinks should be most concerned to cultivate, especially Letters in which a Gentleman must have so frequent Occasions to distinguish himself. A Set of genteel good-natur'd Youths fallen into such a Manner of Life, would form almost a little Academy, and doubtless prove no such contemptible Companions, as might not often tempt a wiser

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Man to mingle himself in their Diversions, and draw them into such serious Sports as might prove nothing less instructing than the gravest Lessons. I doubt not but it might be made some of their favourite Plays, to contend which of them should recite a beautiful Part of a Poem or Oration most gracefully, or sometimes to join in acting a Scene of *Terence, Sophocles*, or our own *Shakespear*. The Cause of *Milo* might again be pleaded before more favourable Judges, *Casar* a second Time be taught to tremble, and another Race of *Athenians* be afresh enraged at the Ambition of another *Philip*. Amidst these noble Amusements we could hope to see the early Dawnings of their Imagination daily brighten into Sense, their Innocence improve into Virtue, and their unexperienc'd Good-nature directed to a generous Love of their Country.

I am, &c.'
T

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NOTES

[4] *Motto*. Cicero, *Pro Ligario*, 12. 38: Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as when they are doing good to mankind.

The first half of this number, down to the closing letter, is by Hughes (Duncombe's list, vol. i, p. xxxv).

[a] compassionating each] compassionating of each *Fol*.

[1] *Letters*, book 3, letter 2.

[1] Nos. 157, 168.

[2] No. 221,

[1] In spite of the doubts expressed by various writers (e.g. Locke, *Thoughts on Education*, 1693), Greek continued throughout the century to be the second language, after Latin, taught at Eton, Westminster, and other public schools. See M. L. Clarke, *Greek Studies in England*, 1700–1830 (Cambridge, 1945), chap. ii.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 231 Saturday, November 24, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

O Pudor! O Pietas! ...

Mart.

LOOKING over the Letters, which I have lately received from my Correspondents, I met with the following one, which is written with such a Spirit of Politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it my self, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the Reader.[2]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU, who are no Stranger to Publick Assemblies, cannot but have observed the Awe they often strike on such as are obliged to exert any Talent before them. This is a sort of Elegant Distress, to which ingenuous Minds are the most hable, and may therefore deserve some Remarks in your Paper. Many a brave Fellow, who has put his Enemy to Flight in the Field, has been in the utmost Disorder upon making a Speech before a Body of his Friends at home: One would think there was some kind of Fascination in the Eyes of a large Circle of People, when darting all together upon one Person. I have seen a new Actor in a Tragedy so bound up by it as to be scarce able to speak or move, and have expected he would have died above three Acts before the Dagger or Cup of Poison were brought in. It would not be amiss, if such an one were at first introduced as a Ghost, or a Statue, till he recovered his Spirits, and grew fit for some living Part.

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'As this sudden Desertion of ones-self shews a Diffidence, which is not displeasing, it implies at the same time the greatest Respect to an Audience that can be. It is a sort of Mute Eloquence, which pleads for their Favour much better than Words could do; and we find their Generosity naturally moved to support those who are in so much Perplexity to entertain them. I was extreamly pleased with a late Instance of this kind at the Opera of *Almahide*,[3] in the

Encouragement given to a young Singer, whose more than ordinary Concern on her First Appearance, recommended her no less than her agreeable Voice, and just Performance.[1] Meer Bashfullness, without Merit, is awkward; and Merit, without Modesty, insolent: But Modest Merit has a double Claim to Acceptance, and generally meets with as many Patrons as Beholders.

I am, &c.'

It is impossible that a Person should exert himself to Advantage in an Assembly, whether it be his part either to sing or speak, who lies under too great Oppressions of Modesty. I remember, upon talking with a Friend of mine concerning the force of Pronunciation, our Discourse led us into the Enumeration of the several Organs of Speech, which an Orator ought to have in Perfection, as the Tongue, the Teeth, the Lips, the Nose,[a] the Palate and the Wind-pipe. Upon which, says my Friend, you have omitted the most material Organ of them all, and that is the Forehead.[2]

But notwithstanding an Excess of Modesty obstructs the Tongue, and renders it unfit for its Offices, a due Proportion of it is thought so requisite to an Orator, that Rhetoricians have recommended it to their Disciples as a Particular in their Art. *Cicero* tells us, that he never liked an Orator, who did not appear in some little Confusion at the beginning of his Speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an Oration without trembling and concern.[3] It is indeed a kind of Deference which is due to a great Assembly, and seldom fails to raise a Benevolence in the Audience towards the Person who speaks.[4] My Correspondent has taken notice, that the bravest Men often appear timorous on these Occasions; as indeed we may observe that there is generally no Creature more impudent than a Coward,

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... Linguâ melior sed frigida bello
Dextera ...[1]

A bold Tongue, and a feeble Arm, are the Qualifications of *Dranees* in *Virgil*; as *Homer*, to express a Man both timorous and sawcy, makes use of a kind of Point, which is very rarely to be met with in his Writings; namely, that he had the Eyes of a Dog, but the Heart of a Deer.[2]

A just and reasonable Modesty does not only recommend Eloquence, but sets off every great Talent which a Man can be possessed of. It heightens all the Vertues which it accompanies; like the Shades in Paintings, it raises and rounds every Figure, and makes the Colours more beautiful, tho' not so glaring as they would be without it.[3]

Modesty is not only an Ornament, but also a Guard to Vertue. It is a kind of quick and delicate *feeling* in the Soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw her self from every thing that has Danger in it. It is such an exquisite Sensibility,[4] as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the Place or Time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the History of Ancient *Greece*, that the Women of the Country were seized with an unaccountable Melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves.[5] The Senate, after having tryed many Expedients to prevent this Self-Murder, which was so frequent among them, Published an Edict, that if any Woman whatever

should lay violent Hands upon herself, her Corps[a] should be exposed Naked in the Street, and dragged about the City in the most publick manner. This Edict immediately put a stop to the Practice which was before so common. We may see in this Instance the Strength of Female Modesty, which was able to overcome the Violence even of Madness and Despair. The Fear of Shame in the Fair Sex, was in those Days more prevalent than that of Death.

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If Modesty has so great an Influence over our Actions, and is in many cases so impregnable a fence to Vertue; what can more undermine Morality than that Politeness which reigns among the unthinking part of Mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous part of our Behaviour; which recommends Impudence as Good-Breeding, and keeps a Man always in Countenance, not because he is Innocent, but because he is Shameless?

Seneca thought Modesty so great a Check to Vice, that he prescribes to us the Practice of it in Secret, and advises us to raise it in our selves upon imaginary Occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves;[1] for this is the meaning of his Precept, that when we are by our selves, and in our greatest Solitudes, we should fancy that *Cato* stands before us, and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish Modesty out of the World, she carries away with her half the Vertue that is in it.

After these Reflections on Modesty, as it is a Vertue, I must observe, that there is a vicious Modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those Persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well-bred Confidence. This happens when a Man is ashamed to act up to his Reason, and would not upon any Consideration be surprized in the practice of those Duties, for the Performance of which he was sent into the World. Many an Impudent Libertine would blush to be caught in a serious Discourse, and would Scarce be able to show his Head, after having disclosed a Religious Thought. Decency of Behaviour, all outward Show of Vertue, and Abhorrence of Vice, are carefully avoided by this Sett of shamefaced People, as what would disparage their gayety of Temper, and infallibly bring them to Dishonour. This is such a poorness of Spirit, such a despicable Cowardice, such a degenerate abject state of Mind as one would think Human Nature incapable

of, did we not meet with frequent Instances of it in ordinary Conversation.

There is another kind of Vicious Modesty which makes a Man ashamed of his Person, his Birth, his Profession, his Poverty, or the like Misfortunes, which it was not in his Choice to prevent, and is not in his Power to rectifie. If a Man appears ridiculous by any of the

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aforementioned Circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of Countenance for them. They should rather give him occasion to exert a noble Spirit, and to paliate those Imperfections which are not in his Power, by those Perfections which are; or to use a very witty Allusion of an eminent Author, he should imitate *Cœsar*, who because his Head was bald, covered that Defect with Laurels.[1]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Martial, *Epigrams*, 8. 78. 4: O Modesty! Piety!

[2] This letter is by Hughes (Duncombe's list, vol. i, p. xxxv).

[3] An opera composed perhaps by Giovanni Battista Bononcini (brother of the more famous Marc Antonio Bononcini) with libretto by an unknown author based on the second part of Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*; first performed at the Haymarket on 10 Jan. 1710. Shortly before the publication of this number it had had three performances at the Haymarket (10, 14, and 17 Nov.), with Mrs. Barbier in the role of Almanzor.

[1] According to Chalmers, this was Mrs. Barbier (see Burney's *General History of Music*, ed. Frank Mercer, 1935, ii. 678). In 1710 the principal female parts had been taken by Margarite de l'Épine and Isabella Girardeau, but in the advertisements for performances in Nov. and Dec. 1711 Mrs. Barbier as Almanzor is the only singer featured. She took the role of Telemachus in the following May in Hughes's own opera, *Calypso and Telemachus*.

[a] the Teeth, the Lips, the Nose,] *Fol*.

[2] John Hughes, the author of the preceding letter, may be the friend mentioned here; his 'rules for pronunciation and action' are given in No. 554 (vol. iv).

[3] *De Oratore*, 1. 26. 119–21. See also Plutarch, *Life of Cicero*, 35. 3. Cicero's faltering and diffidence in the defence of Milo are cited in *Tatler* 70.

[4] This essay may be read as a justification on Addison's part for his own diffidence in public speaking. 'In the house of commons', wrote Dr. Johnson, 'he could not speak, and therefore was useless to the defence of the government' (*Lives of the Poets*, World's Classics ed., i. 434). Cf. Smithers, p. 377.

[1] Virgil, *Aeneid*, II. 338–9.

Factious and rich, bold at the Council Board,
But cautious in the Field, he shun'd the Sword;
A close Caballer, and Tongue-valiant Lord, DRYDEN.

[2] *Iliad*, 1. 225.

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[3] La Bruyère's figure: 'Modesty is to Merit what Shades are to the Figures in a Picture. It gives it Strength and Heightnining' ('Of Personal Merit', *Characters*, 3rd ed., 1702, p. 34). *Tatler* 52 had also borrowed the allusion: 'A *French* Author says very justly, That Modesty is to the other Virtues in a Man, what Shade in a Picture is to the Parts of the Thing represented: It makes all the Beauties conspicuous, which would otherwise be but a wild Heap of Colours.'

[4] 'Quickness and acuteness of apprehension or feeling; the quality of being easily and strongly affected by emotional influences.' This is the first example of this sense in *OED*. An earlier instance (1698) is pointed out in *N & Q*, 3 Apr. 1948, p. 150.

[5] The story is told by Plutarch, 'The women of Miletus', *Moralia* 249B-D, and is often quoted (Montaigne's *Essays*, book ii, chap, iii; L'Estrange's *Fables and Stories Moraliz'd*, 1699, pp. 51–52; &c). Addison probably takes it from Bayle, art. Abdera, Remark O.

[a] her Corps] *Fol*.

[1] *Epistulae Morales*, II. 8–10, 25. 5–6. Tillotson quotes this in Sermon CI, 'The Immensity of the Divine Nature' (*Works*, 1738, ii. 680).

[1] Suetonius, *Lives of the Caesars*, 1. 45. 2. The eminent author is probably Balthazar Gracián, whose *Art of Prudence*: *or, A Companion for a Man of Sense* (1702), cites this in *Maxim XXIII*: *To Have No Blemish*:

There are but very few exempt from Faults, either in Manners or Body. But there are a great many who are even Vain of those Faults, which it would be an easie matter for them to amend. When we see the smallest Defect in an accomplish'd Person, we say 'tis pity because one Cloud is enough entirely to Eclipse the Sun. These Defects are Blemishes, at which Envy levels her Snakes. It would be a notable piece of Skill to change them into Perfections, as *Julius Caesar* did, who being Bald, cover'd that Defect with his Laurels (pp. 23–24).

[2] For a testimonial praising this essay see No. 547 (vol. iv).

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The Spectator: No. 232 Monday, November 26, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1711[3]

Nihil largiundo gloriam adeptus est.

Sallust.

MY wise and good Friend Sir *Andrew Freeport* divides himself almost equally between the Town and the Country: His Time in Town is given up to the Publick and the Management of his private Fortune; and after every three or four Days spent in this Manner, he retires for as many to his Seat within a few Miles of the Town, to the Enjoyment of himself, his Family, and his Friend. Thus Business and Pleasure, or rather, in Sir *Andrew*, Labour and Rest, recommend each other: They take their Turns with so quick a Vicisitude, that neither becomes a Habit, or takes Possession of

the whole Man; nor is it possible he should be surfeited with either. I often see him at our Club in good Humour, and yet sometimes too with an Air of Care in his Looks: But in his Country Retreat he is always unbent, and such a Companion as I could desire; and therefore I seldom fail to make one with him when he is pleased to invite me.

The other Day, assoon as we were got into his Chariot, two or three Beggars on each Side hung upon the Doors, and sollicited our Charity with the usual Rhetoric of a sick Wife or Husband at Home, three or four helpless little Children all starving with Cold and Hunger. We were forc'd to part with some Money to get rid of their Importunity; and then we proceeded on our Journey with the Blessings and Acclamations of these People.[1]

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'Well then, says Sir *Andrew*, we go off with the Prayers and good Wishes of the Beggars, and perhaps too our Healths will be drunk[a] at the next Ale-House: So all we shall be able to value our selves upon, is, that we have promoted the Trade of the Victualler, and the Excises of the Government. But how few Ounces of Wooll do we see upon the Backs of those poor Creatures? And when they shall next fall in our Way, they will hardly be better drest; they must always live in Rags to look like Objects of Compassion. If their Families too are such as they are represented, 'tis certain they cannot be better cloathed, and must be a great deal worse fed: One would think Potatoes should be all their Bread, and their Drink the pure Element; and then what goodly Customers are the Farmers like to have for their Wooll, Corn and Cattle? Such Customers and such a Consumption cannot but[b] advance the landed Interest, and hold up the Rents of the Gentlemen.[c]

'But of all Men living, we Merchants, who live by Buying and Selling, ought never to encourage Beggars. The Goods which we export are indeed the Product of the Lands, but much the greatest Part of their Value is the Labour of the People: But how much of these Peoples Labour shall we export, whilst we hire them to sit

still? The very Alms they receive from us, are the Wages of Idleness. I have often thought that no Man should be permitted to take Relief from the Parish, or to ask it in the Street, till he has first purchas'd as much as possible of his own Livelihood by the Labour of his own Hands; and then the Publick ought only to be tax'd to make good the Deficiency. If this Rule was strictly observed, we should see every where such a Multitude of new Labourers, as would in all Probability reduce the Prices of all our Manufactures. It is the very Life of Merchandise to buy cheap and sell dear. The Merchant ought to make his Out-set[1] as cheap as possible, that he may find the greater Profit upon his Returns; and nothing will enable him to do this like the Reduction of the Price of Labour upon all our Manufactures. This too would be the ready Way to increase the Number of our foreign Markets: The Abatement of the Price of the Manufacture would pay for the Carriage of it to more distant Countries; and this Consequence would be equally beneficial both to the landed and trading Interests. As so great an Addition of labouring

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Hands would produce this happy Consequence both to the Merchant and the Gentleman; our Liberality to common Beggars, and every other Obstruction to the Increase of Labourers, must be equally pernicious to both.'[2]

Sir *Andrew* then went on to affirm, That the Reduction of the Prices of our Manufactures by the Addition of so many new Hands, would be no Inconvenience to any Man: But observing I was something startled at the Assertion, he made a short Pause, and then resum'd the Discourse. 'It may seem, says he, a Paradox, that the Price of Labour should be redue'd without an Abatement of Wages, or that Wages can be abated without any Inconvenience to the Labourer; and yet nothing is more certain than that both these[a] things may happen. The Wages of the Labourers make the greatest Part of the Price of every thing that is useful; and if in Proportion with the Wages the Prices of all other things shall be abated, every Labourer with less Wages would be still able to purchase as many

Necessaries of Life, where then would be the Inconvenience? But the Price of Labour may be reduc'd by the Addition of more Hands to a Manufacture, and yet the Wages of Persons remain as high as ever. The admirable Sir *William Petty* has given Examples of this in some of his Writings: One of them, as I remember, is that of a Watch, which I shall endeavour to explain so as shall suit my present Purpose.[1] It is certain that a single Watch could not be made so cheap in Proportion by one only Man, as a hundred Watches by a hundred; for as there is vast Variety in the Work, no one Person could equally suit himself to all the Parts of it; the Manufacture would be tedious, and at last but clumsily performed: But if an hundred Watches were to be made by a hundred Men, the Cases may be assigned to one, the Dials to another, the Wheels to another, the Springs to another, and every other Part to a proper Artist; as there would be no need of perplexing any one Person with too much Variety, every one would be able to perform his single Part with greater Skill and Expedition; and the hundred Watches would be finished in one-fourth Part of the Time of the first one, and every one of them at one-fourth Part of the Cost, though the Wages of every Man were equal. The Reduction of the Price of the Manufacture would increase the Demand of it, all the same Hands would be

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still employed and as well paid. The same Rule will hold in the Cloathing, the Shipping, and all the other Trades whatsoever. And thus an Addition of Hands to our Manufactures will only reduce the Price of them; the Labourer will still have as much Wages, and will consequently be enabled to purchase more Conveniencies of Life; so that every Interest in the Nation would receive a Benefit from an Increase of our working People.

'Besides, I see no Occasion for this Charity to common Beggars, since every Beggar is an Inhabitant of a Parish, and every Parish is tax'd to the Maintenance of their own Poor.[2] For my own Part, I cannot be mightily pleas'd with the Laws which have done this, which have provided better to feed than employ the Poor. We have a Tradition from our Forefathers, that after the first of those Laws was made, they were insulted with that famous Song,

Hang Sorrow, cast away Care,
The Parish is bound to find us, &c.[1]

And if we will be so good-natur'd as to maintain them without Work, they can do no less in Return than sing us *The merry Beggars*.

'What then? am I against all Acts of Charity? God forbid! I know of no Virtue in the Gospel that is in more pathetical Expressions recommended to our Practice. [a] *I was hungry and ye gave me no Meat, thirsty and ye gave me no Drink; naked and ye cloathed me not, a Stranger and ye took me not in; sick and in Prison and ye visited me not.*[a2] Our blessed Saviour treats the Exercise or Neglect of Charity towards a poor Man, as the Performance or Breach of this Duty towards himself. I shall endeavour to obey the Will of my Lord and Master: And therefore if an industrious Man shall submit to the hardest Labour and coarsest Fare, rather than endure the Shame of taking Relief from the Parish or asking it in the Street, this is the Hungry, the Thirsty, the Naked; and I ought to believe if any Man is come hither for Shelter against Persecution or Oppression, this is the Stranger, and I ought to take him in. If any Countryman of our own is fallen into the Hands of Infidels, and lives in a State of miserable Captivity, this is the Man in Prison, and I should contribute to his Ransom. I ought to give to an Hospital of Invalids, to recover as

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many useful Subjects as I can; but I shall bestow none of my Bounties upon an Almshouse of idle People; and for the same Reason I should not think it a Reproach to me if I had withheld my Charity from those common Beggars. But we prescribe better Rules than we are able to practise; we are asham'd not to give into the mistaken Customs of our Country: But at the same Time I cannot but think it a Reproach worse than that of common Swearing, that the Idle and the Abandoned are suffered in the Name of Heaven and all that is sacred, to extort from christian and tender Minds a Supply to a profligate Way of Life, that is always to be supported but never relieved.'[b3]

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NOTES

[3] *Motto*. Sallust, *Bellum Catilinae*, 54. 3: Not by distributing largesse did he attain glory.

[1] Misson describes London as a city extremely rich, but 'crouded with Beggars. Among other Customs of those Gentlemen, it is one with them to knock at Peoples Doors, as boldly as if they were the Masters of the House, when they beg Alms' (p. 221). Miege cites among the inconveniences of London 'the importunate *Clamours* of *Street Beggars*, especially within the City and Liberties of *Westminster*' (p. 143).

[a] drunk] *12mo;* drank *Fol*., *8vo*

[b] cannot but] *12mo*; cannot chuse but *Fol*., *8vo*

[c] Gentlemen.] *12mo;* Gentleman. *Fol*., *8vo*

[1] i.e. primary outlay. The earliest example of this meaning in *OED* is dated 1719.

[2] Sir Andrew, of course, is stating the orthodox Whig view of the relationship of labour to national wealth, in opposition to the increasing pressure of Tory propagandists, who continued to insist on land as the real source of the nation's riches. In the first of his *Examiners* Swift had complained that 'the Wealth of the Nation, that used to be reckoned by the Value of Land, is now computed by the Rise and Fall of Stocks …' (*Examiner* 13, 2 Nov. 1710; *Prose Works*, ed. Herbert Davis, iii. 6).

[a] these] *12mo*; those *Fol*., *8vo*

[1] From his essay 'Concerning the Growth of the City of London' (1683), one of the *Essays in Political Arithmetick*. See *The Economic Writings of Sir William Petty*, ed. C. H. Hull (Cambridge, 1899), ii. 473.

[2] The Act of Settlement of the Poor (1662) provided that a parish in which a labourer settled could send him back to the parish of which he was native, since each parish was responsible only for its own poor. At this period nearly a quarter of the population was occasionally in receipt of parochial relief (Trevelyan, i. 20).

[1] See Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 777.

[a-a] *ye*] *amo*; *you Fol*., *8vo* (*throughout*)

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[2] Matt. xxv. 42–43.

[b] *No. 232 is signed* X *in Fol.*, Z *in 8vo, and not signed in 12mo*

[3] The signatures for this number (X in the folio sheets, Z in the 8vo, and unsigned in 12mo) leave the authorship uncertain. Since Z is used as the signature for some of Hughes's contributions, Nichols and other editors have suggested Hughes as the author. Nichols, however, thought it 'more probable' that Henry Martyn wrote the paper, doubtless because of the subject-matter. Morley assigns it to 'Hughes? or Henry Martyn?' Gregory Smith thought it 'probably' by Henry Martyn. Aitken's note reads: 'Though generally attributed to Hughes, this paper may be by Henry Martyn.' It is not in Duncombe's list of Hughes's contributions. On the basis of subject-matter the paper may be by Martyn, but there is no external evidence as to authorship.

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 233 Tuesday, November 27, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... Tanquam hœc sit nostri medicina furoris,
Aut Deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.

Virg.

I SHALL, in this Paper, discharge my self of the Promise[2] I have made to the Publick, by obliging them with a Translation of the little *Greek* Manuscript, which is said to have been a Piece of those Records that were preserved in the Temple of *Apollo*, upon the Promontory of *Leucate*: It is a short History of the Lovers Leap, and is inscribed, *An Account of Persons Male and Female, who offered up their Vows in the Temple of the* Pythian Apollo, *in the Forty sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the Promontory of* Leucate *into the* Ionian *Sea, in order to cure themselves of the Passion of Love*.

This Account is very dry in many Parts, as only mentioning the Name of the Lover who leaped, the Person he leaped for, and relating in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed, by the Fall. It indeed gives the Names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a Bill of Mortality, had I translated it at full length; I have therefore made an Abridgment of it, and only extracted such particular Passages as have something extraordinary, either in the Case, or in the Cure, or in the Fate of the Person who is mentioned in it. After this short Preface, take the Account as follows.

Battus,[3] the Son of *Menalcas* the *Sicilian*, leaped for *Bombyca* the

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Musician: Got rid of his Passion with the Loss of his Right Leg and Arm, which were broken in the Fall.

Melissa, in Love with *Daphnis*, very much bruised, but escaped with Life.

Cynisca, the Wife of *Eschines*, being in Love with *Lycus*; and

Eschines her Husband being in Love with *Eurilla*; (which had made this Married Couple very uneasy to one another for several Years) both the Husband and the Wife took the Leap by consent; they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

Larissa, a Virgin of *Thessaly*, deserted by *Plexippus*, after a Courtship of Three Years; She stood upon the Brow of the Promontory for some time, and after having thrown down a Ring, a Bracelet, and a little Picture, with other Presents which she had received from *Plexippus*, she threw her self into the Sea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Larissa, before she leaped, made an Offering of a Silver *Cupid* in the Temple of *Apollo*.

Simœtha, in Love with *Daphnis* the *Myndian*, perished in the Fall.

Charixus,[1] the Brother of *Sappho*, in Love with *Rhodope* the Courtezan, having spent his whole Estate upon her, was advised by his Sister to Leap in the beginning of his Amour, but would not hearken to her 'till he was reduced to his last Talent; being forsaken by *Rhodope*, at length resolved to take the Leap. Perished in it.

Aridœus, a beautiful Youth of *Epirus*, in Love with *Praxinoe*, the Wife of *Thespis*, escaped without Damage, saving only that two of his fore Teeth were struck out, and his Nose a little flatted.

Chora, a Widow of *Ephesus*,[2] being inconsolable for the Death of her Husband, was resolved to take this Leap, in order to get rid of her Passion for his Memory; but being arrived at the Promontory, she there met with *Dimmachus* the *Miletian*, and after a short Conversation with him, laid aside the Thoughts of her Leap, and Married him in the Temple of *Apollo*.

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N. B. Her Widow's Weeds are still to be seen hanging up in the Western Corner of the Temple.

Olphis, the Fisherman,[3] having received a Box on the Ear from *Thestylis* the Day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and escaped with Life.

Atalanta, an old Maid, whose Cruelty had several Years before driven two or three despairing Lovers to this Leap; being now in the Fifty fifth Year of her Age, and in Love with an Officer of *Sparta*. Broke her Neck in the Fall.

Hipparchus beine passionately Fond of his own Wife, who was

Enamour'd of *Bathyllus*, leaped and died of his Fall; upon which his Wife married her Gallant.

Tettyx, the Dancing-Master, in Love with *Olympia*, an *Athenian* Matron, threw himself from the Rock with great Agility, but was crippled in the Fall.

Diagoras, the Usurer, in Love with his Cook-Maid; He peeped several times over the Precipice, but his Heart misgiving him, he went back, and Married her that Evening.

Cinœdus, after having entred his own Name in the *Pythian* Records, being asked the Name of the Person whom he leaped for, and being ashamed to discover it, he was set aside, and not suffered to Leap.

Eunica,[1] a Maid of *Paphos*, aged Nineteen, in Love with *Eurybates*. Hurt in the Fall, but recovered.

N.B. This was her second time of Leaping.

Hesperus, a young Man of *Tarentum*, in Love with his Master's Daughter. Drowned, the Boats not coming in soon enough to his Relief.

Sappho, the *Lesbian*, in Love with *Phaon*, arrived at the Temple of *Apollo*, habited like a Bride in Garments as white as Snow. She wore a Garland of Mirtle on her Head, and carried in her Hand the little Musical Instrument of her own Invention. After having Sung an

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Hymn to *Apollo*, she hung up her Garland on one side of his Altar, and her Harp on the other. She then tucked up her Vestments like a *Spartan* Virgin, and amidst thousands of Spectators, who were Anxious for her Safety, and offered up Vows for her Deliverance, marched[a] directly forwards to the utmost Summit of the Promontory, where after having repeated a Stanza of her own Verses, which we could not hear, she threw her self off the Rock with such an Intrepidity, as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous Leap. Many, who were present related, that they saw her fall into the Sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed, that she never came to the bottom of her Leap; but that she was changed into a Swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the Air under that Shape. But whether or no the whiteness and fluttering of her Garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not

really be Metamorphosed into that Musical and Melancholy Bird, is still a doubt among the *Lesbians.*

Ahaus, the famous *Lyrick* Poet, who had for some time been passionately in Love with *Sappho*, arrived at the Promontory of *Leucate* that very Evening, in order to take the Leap upon her Account; but hearing that *Sappho* had been there before him, and that her Body could be no where found, he very generously lamented her Fall, and is said to have written his Hundred and twenty fifth Ode upon that Occasion.[1]

Leaped in this Olympiad 250.[a]

Males	124
Females	126
Cured	120[b]
Males	51
Females	69

C[2]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Virgil, *Eclogues*, 10. 60–61:

As if such Remedies would fruitful prove,
To heal our Madness, or our Pains remove,
Or there was Pity in the God of Love.

[2] See No. 227.

[3] Many of the names given here are those of characters in Greek and Latin antiquity, but needless to say the list of lovers is fictitious.

[1] Properly Charaxus. For his love for Rhodope see Bayle, art. Sappho, and Remark H.

[2] Cf. No. 11 (vol. i).

[3] See No. 227, motto.

[1] One of Sappho's pupils was Euneica of Salamis, according to Suidas. See J. M. Edmonds, *Lyra Graeca*, i. 147.

[a] marched] she marched *Fol*.

[1] Bayle, art. Alcaeus, tells the story of his love for Sappho, but he says nothing about his 125th Ode. No. 124 of the fragments of Alcaeus is a two-line poem on Sappho (*Lyra Graeca*, ed. J. M. Edmonds, i. 399).

[a] *Leaped* ... 250.] *1721*; *Leaped* ... 350. *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[b] *Cured* 120] *Cured* 150 *Fol. Corrected in Errata* (*No. 235*)

[2] Bayle, art. Leucas, tells the story of the Lovers' Leap. In Remark B he writes: 'Photius gives us a long Catalogue of Persons who had Recourse to this Remedy.' The *Bibliotheca* of Photius (ed. 1606, p. 189) gives a list of names, but they are not the names mentioned in this paper.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 234 Wednesday, November 28, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1711[3]

[STEELE]

Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus ...

Hor.

YOU very often hear People, after a Story has been told with some entertaining Circumstances, tell it over again with Particulars that destroy the Jest, but give Light into the Truth of the Narration. This sort of Veracity, though it is impertinent, has some-

thing amiable in it, because it proceeds from the Love of Truth even in frivolous Occasions. If such honest Amendments do not promise an agreeable Companion, they do a sincere Friend; for which Reason one should allow them so much of our Time, if we fall into their Company, as to set us right in Matters that can do us no Manner of Harm, whether the Facts be one Way or the other. Lies which are told out of Arrogance and Ostentation a Man should detect in his own Defence, because he should not be triumph'd over; Lies which are told out of Malice he should expose, both for his own Sake and that of the rest of Mankind, because every Man should rise against a common Enemy: But the officious Liar many have argued is to be excused, because it does some Man Good and no Man Hurt.[1] The Man who made more than ordinary Speed from a Fight in which the *Athenians* were beaten, and told them they had obtained a compleat Victory, and put the whole City into the utmost Joy and Exultation, was checked by the Magistrates for his Falshood; but excused himself by saying, Oh *Athenians*! am I your Enemy

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because I gave ye two happy Days?[2] This Fellow did to a whole People what an Acquaintance of mine does every Day he lives in some eminent Degree to particular Persons. He is ever lying People into good Humour, and, as *Plato* said it was allowable in Physicians to lie to their Patients to keep up their Spirits,[3] I am half doubtful whether my Friend's Behaviour is not as excusable. His Manner is to express himself surprised at the chearful Countenance of a Man whom he observes diffident of himself; and generally by that Means makes his Lie a Truth. He will, as if he did not know any thing of the Circumstance, ask one whom he knows at Variance with another, what is the Meaning that Mr. Such a one, naming his Adversary, does not applaud him with that Heartiness which formerly he has heard him? He said indeed (continues he) I would rather have that Man for my Friend than any Man in *England*; but for an Enemy—— This melts the Person he talks to, who expected nothing but down-

right Raillery from that Side. According as he sees his Practices succeed, he goes to the opposite Party and tells him, he cannot imagine how it happens that some People know one another so little; you spoke with so much Coldness of a Gentleman who said more Good of you, than, let me tell you, any Man living deserves. The Success of one of these Incidents was, that the next Time that one of the Adversaries spy'd the other, he hems after him in the publick Street; and they must crack a Bottle at the next Tavern, that used to turn out of the other's Way to avoid one another's Eye-shot. He will tell one Beauty she was commended by another, nay, he will say she gave the Woman he speaks to the Preference in a Particular for which she herself is admired. The pleasantest Confusion imaginable is made through the whole Town by my Friend's indirect Offices; you shall have a Visit returned after half a Year's Absence, and mutual Railing at each other every Day of that Time. They meet with a thousand Lamentations for so long a Separation, each Party naming her self for the greater Delinquent, if the other can possibly be so good as to forgive her, which she has no Reason in the World but from the Knowledge of her Goodness to hope for. Very often a whole Train of Raillers of each Side tire their Horses in setting Matters right which they have said during the War between the Parties, and a whole Circle of Acquaintance are put into a thousand pleasing Passions and Sentiments, instead of the Pangs of

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Anger, Envy, Detraction and Malice.

The worst Evil I ever observed this Man's Falshood occasion, has been that he turned Detraction into Flattery: He is well skilled in the Manners of the World, and by over-looking what Men really are, he grounds his Artifices upon what they have a Mind to be: Upon this Foundation, if two distant Friends are brought together, and the Cement seems to be weak, he never rests till he finds new Appearances to take off all Remains of Ill-Will; and that by new Misunderstandings they are thoroughly reconciled.

To the SPECTATOR,

SIR,

Devonshire, Nov. 14, 1711.

'THERE arrived in this Neighbourhood two Days ago one of your gay Gentlemen of the Town, who being attended at his Entry with a Servant of his own, besides a Countryman he had taken up for a Guide, excited the Curiosity of the Village to learn whence and what he might be. The Countryman (to whom they applied as

most easy of Access) knew little more than that the Gentleman came from *London* to travel and see Fashions, and was, as he heard say, a Free-thinker:[1] What Religion that might be, he could not tell, and for his own part, if they had not told him the Man was a Free-thinker, he should have guessed, by his way of talking, he was little better than a Heathen; excepting only that he had been a good Gentleman to him, and made him drunk twice in one Day, over and above what they had bargain'd for.

'I do not look upon the Simplicity of this, and several odd Enquiries with which I shall trouble you, to be wondered at, much less can I think that our Youths of fine Wit, and enlarged Understandings have any Reason to laugh. There is no necessity that every Squire in *Great-Brittain* should know what the Word Free-thinker stands for; but it were much to be wish'd, that they who value themselves upon that conceited Title, were a little better instructed what it ought to stand for; and that they would not perswade themselves a Man is really and truly a Free-thinker in any tolerable

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Sense, merely by Virtue of his being an Atheist, or an Infidel of any other Distinction. It may be doubted, with good Reason, whether there ever was in Nature a more abject, slavish, and bigotted Generation than the Tribe *oí Beaux Esprits*, at present so prevailing in this Island. Their Pretension to be Free-thinkers, is no other than Rakes have to be Free-livers, and Savages to be Free-men; that is, they can think whatever they have a mind to, and give themselves up to whatever Conceit the Extravagancy of their Inclination, or their Fancy, shall suggest; they can think as wildly as they talk and act, and will not endure that their Wit should be controuled by such Formal Things as Decency and common Sense: Deduction, Coherence, Consistency, and all the Rules of Reason they accordingly disdain, as too precise and Mechanical for Men of a liberal Education. 'This, as far as I could ever learn from their Writings, or my own Observation, is a true Account of a *British* Free-thinker. Our

Visitant here, who gave Occasion to this Paper, has brought with him a New System of common Sense, the particulars of which I am not yet acquainted with, but will lose no opportunity of informing my self whether it contain any thing worth Mr. SPECTATOR's Notice. In the mean time, Sir, I cannot but think it would be for the good of Mankind, if you would take this Subject into your own consideration, and convince the hopeful Youth of our Nation, that Licentiousness is not Freedom; or, if such a Paradox will not be understood, that a Prejudice towards Atheism is not Impartiality.

I am,
SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
PHILONOUS.'

T

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NOTES

[3] *Motto*. Horace, *Satires*, 1. 3. 41:

I wish this error in our friendship reign'd. CREECH.

The motto in the folio sheets was *Splendide mendax*, from Horace, *Odes*, 3. 11. 35 ('Gloriously false'), the motto of *Tatler* 254.

[1] The 'Officious lie' (Lat. *mendacium officiosum*), a lie told as an act of kindness to further another's interests, was a familiar phrase in the seventeenth century. See *OED*.

[2] Plutarch, *Life of Demetrius*, II. (The man's name was Stratocles.) Bayle, 'Dissertation concerning Defamatory Libels', Remark B, appended to the *Dictionary*, also tells the story.

[3] Plato frequently speaks of a lie as a kind of *pharmakon*, a word which means both poison and medicine. It is not clear what passage in Plato, if any, Steele has in mind; the idea occurs at *Republic*, 389B. Steele may be recalling the passage in Xenophon's *Memorabilia* (4. 2. 17), where Socrates says a father may induce his son to take medicine by pretending it is food, thus curing him by means of a lie.

[1] Cf. No. 166, and also *Guardian* 3 (on the character of the free-thinker). 'The person here alluded to, was probably Mr. Toland, who is said by the *Examiner*, to have been the Butt of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* ...' (Nichols). In *The Drummer* (1. i) Tinsel explains to Lady Truman and Abigal that 'atheist' is an old-fashioned word and that he is a free-thinker. When asked where he has got all his learning, he replies:

To tell you the Truth, I have not time to look into these dry Matters my self, but I am convinc'd by four or five learned Men, whom I sometimes over-hear at a Coffee-house I frequent, that our Fore-fathers were a Pack of Asses, that the World has been in an Error for some Thousands of Years, and that all the People upon Earth, excepting those two or three worthy Gentlemen, are impos'd upon, cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozl'd—(Guthkelch, i. 441–2).

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 235 Thursday, November 29, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... Populares
Vincentem strepitus ...

Hor.

THERE is nothing which lies more within the Province of a Spectator than Publick Shows and Diversions; and as among these there are none which can pretend to Vie with those Elegant Entertainments that are exhibited in our Theatres, I think it particularly Incumbent on me to take Notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined Assemblies.

It is observed, that of late Years, there has been a certain Person in the Upper Gallery of the Play-house, who when he is pleased with any thing that is acted upon the Stage, expresses his Approbation by a loud Knock upon the Benches, or the Wainscot, which may be heard over the whole Theatre. This Person is commonly known by the Name of the *Trunk-maker in the Upper-Gallery*. Whether it be, that the Blow he gives on these Occasions resembles that which is often heard in the Shops of such Artizans, or that he was supposed to have

been a real Trunk-maker, who after the finishing of his Day's Work, used to unbend his Mind at these Publick Diversions with his Hammer in his Hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a Spirit which haunts the Upper-Gallery, and from time to time makes those strange Noises; and the rather, because he is observed to be louder

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than ordinary every time the Ghost of *Hamlet* appears. Others have reported, that it is a Dumb Man, who has chosen this way of uttering himself, when he is transported with any thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the Play-house Thunderer,[1] that exerts himself after this manner in the Upper Gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the Roof.

But having made it my business to get the best Information I cou'd in a matter of this Moment, I find that the Trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black[2] Man, whom no body knows. He generally leans forward on a huge Oaken Plant with great Attention to every thing that passes upon the Stage. He is never seen to Smile; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his Staff with both Hands, and lays it upon the next piece of Timber that stands in his way with exceeding Vehemence: After which he composes himself in his former Posture, 'till such time as something new sets him again at Work.

It has been observed his Blow is so well timed, that the most judicious Critick could never except against it. As soon as any shining Thought is expressed in the Poet, or any uncommon Grace appears in the Actor, he smites the Bench or Wainscot. If the Audience does not concur with him, he smites a second time; and if the Audience is not yet awaked, looks round him with great Wrath, and repeats the Blow a third time, which never fails to produce the Clap. He sometimes lets the Audience begin the Clap of themselves, and at the Conclusion of their Applause ratifies it with a single Thwack.

He is of so great use to the Play-house, that it is said a former Director of it, upon his not being able to pay his Attendance by reason of Sickness, kept one in Pay to officiate for him 'till such time as he recovered; but the Person so employed, tho' he laid about him with incredible Violence, did it in such wrong Places, that the

Audience soon found out it[a] was not their old Friend the Trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with Vigour this Season. He sometimes plies at the Opera; and upon

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Nicolini's first Appearance,[1] was said to have demolished three Benches in the Fury of his Applause. He has broken half a dozen Oaken Plants upon *Dogget*,[2] and seldom goes away from a Tragedy of *Shakespear*,[3] without leaving the Wainscot extreamly shattered.

The Players do not only connive at this his obstreperous Approbation, but very chearfully repair at their own Cost whatever Damages he makes. They had once a Thought of erecting a kind of Wooden Anvil for his use, that should be made of a very sounding Plank, in order to render his Stroaks more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been distinguished from the Musick of a Kettle Drum, the Project was laid aside.

In the mean while I cannot but take notice of the great use it is to an Audience, that a Person should thus preside over their Heads, like the Director of a Consort, in order to awaken their Attention, and beat Time to their Applauses. Or to raise my Simile, I have sometimes fancied the Trunk-maker in the Upper Gallery to be like *Virgil*'s Ruler of the Winds,[4] seated upon the Top of a Mountain, who, when he struck his Sceptre upon the side of it, roused an Hurricane, and set the whole Cavern in an Uproar.

It is certain the Trunk-maker has saved many a good Play, and brought many a graceful Actor into Reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, as the Audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a Clap, when their Friend in the Upper Gallery does not come into it; so the Actors do not value themselves upon the Clap, but

regard it as a meer *Brutum fulmen*,[1] or empty Noise, when it has not the Sound of the Oaken Plant in it. I know it has been given out by those, who are Enemies to the Trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the Interest of a bad Poet, or a vicious Player; but this is a Surmise, which has no Foundation; his Stroaks are always just, and his Admonitions seasonable; he does not deal about his Blows at Random, but always hits the right Nail upon the Head. The[a] inexpressible Force wherewith he lays them on, sufficiently shews the Evidence and Strength of his Conviction. His Zeal for a good Author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every Fence[b]

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and Partition, every Board and Plank, that stands within the Expression of his Applause.

As I do not care for terminating my Thoughts in Barren Speculations, or in Reports of pure Matter of Fact, without drawing something from them for the Advantage of my Countrymen, I shall take the Liberty to make an humble Proposal, that whenever the Trunk-maker shall depart this Life, or whenever he shall have lost the Spring of his Arm by Sickness, Old Age, Infirmity, or the like, some able-bodied Critick should be advanced to this Post, and have a competent Salary setled on him for Life, to be furnished with Bamboos for Operas, Crabtree-Cudgels for Comedies, and Oaken Plants for Tragedy, at the publick Expence. And to the End that this Place should always be[C] disposed of, according to Merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing Proofs, both of a sound Judgment and a strong Arm, and who could not, upon Occasion, either knock down an Ox or write a Comment upon *Horace*'s Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due Composition of *Hercules* and *Apollo*, and so rightly qualifyed for this important Office, that the *Trunk-maker* may not be missed by our Posterity.

C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Ars poetica*, 81–82: Stilling the tumultuous noises of the pit.

[1] The new method of making thunder had been introduced by Dennis for his *Appius and Virginia* (1709). See Pope, *Dunciad*, ii. 218 ('thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl') and the *Critical Specimen* (*Prose Works*, ed. Ault, i. 16).

[2] i.e. dark in complexion.

[a] found out it] *8vo*; found out that it *Fol*., *12mo*

[1] See No. 5 (vol. i).

[2] Thomas Doggett, the Irish actor, had been acting in London since 1691. He created the role of Ben in *Love for Love* at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1695, and in the following year produced his own play, *The Country Wake* (cf. No. 502, vol. iv). It was altered into a pastoral opera, *Hob, or the Country Wake*, by Cibber and played at Drury Lane on 6 Oct. 1711, with Doggett as Hob, as an afterpiece to serious plays. Further performances are announced in Oct. and Nov., including one on 30 Nov., the day following the publication of this paper. *Hob*, which was published in 1715, is a shorter and different play from the earlier *Country Wake*.

[3] Among performances of Shakespearian tragedy in the autumn season of 1711 at Drury Lane were *Macbeth* (20 Oct.), *Hamlet* (27 Oct.), *Timon of Athens* (30 Oct.), *King Lear* (10 Nov.), and *Othello* (27 Nov.).

[4] Aeolus (*Aeneid*, 1. 52 ff.).

[1] 'Some Thunders were called by the *Romans Vana* and *Bruta*, which signified nothing at all, and made more noise than did harm …' (Danet).

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[b] Fence] *12mo*; Force *Fol*., *corrected in Errata* (*No. 239*) to Fence; Force *8vo*

[c] always be] *8vo*; be always *Fol*., *12mo*

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 236 Friday, November 30, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... *Dare Jura maritis*.

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have not spoken in so direct a Manner upon the Subject of Marriage as that important Case deserves. It would not be improper to observe upon the Peculiarity in the Youth of *Great Britain*, of Railling and Laughing at that Institution; and when they fall into it, from a profligate Habit of Mind, being insensible of the Satisfactions in that Way of Life, and treating their Wives with the most barbarous Disrespect.

'Particular Circumstances and Cast of Temper, must teach a Man the Probability of mighty Uneasinesses in that State, (for unquestionably some there are whose very Dispositions are strangely averse to conjugal Friendship;) but no one, I believe, is by his own natural Complexion prompted to teaze and torment another for no Reason but being nearly allied to him: And can there be any thing more base, or serve to sink a Man so much below his own distinguishing Characteristick,[2] (I mean Reason) than returning Evil for Good in so open a Manner, as that of treating an helpless Creature with Unkindness, who has had so good an Opinion of him as to believe what he said relating to one of the greatest Concerns of Life, by delivering her Happiness in this World to lus Care and Protec-

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tion? Must not that Man be abandoned even to all Manner of Humanity, who can deceive a Woman with Appearances of Affection and Kindness, for no other End but to torment her with more Ease and Authority? Is any thing more unlike a Gentleman, than when his Honour is engaged for the performing his Promises, because nothing but that can oblige him to it, to become afterwards false to his Word, and be alone the Occasion, of Misery to one whose Happiness he but lately pretended was dearer to him than his own? Ought such a one to be trusted in his common Affairs? or treated but as one whose Honesty consisted only in his Incapacity of being otherwise?

'There is one Cause of this Usage no less absurd than common, which takes Place among the more unthinking Men; and that is the Desire to appear to their Friends free and at Liberty, and without those Trammells they have so much ridiculed. To avoid[a] this they fly into the other Extream, and grow Tyrants that they may seem Masters. Because an uncontroulable Command of their own Actions is a certain Sign of entire Dominion, they wont so much as recede from the Government even in one Muscle of their Faces. A kind Look they believe would be fawning, and a civil Answer yielding the Superiority. To this must we attribute an Austerity they betray in every Action: What but this can put a Man out of Humour in his Wife's Company, tho' he is so distinguishingly pleasant every where else? The Bitterness of his Replies and the Severity of his Frowns to the tenderest of Wives, clearly demonstrate, that an ill-grounded Fear of being thought too submissive, is at the Bottom of this, as I am willing to call it, affected Moroseness; but if it be such only, put on to convince his Acquaintance of his entire Dominion, let him take Care of the Consequence, which will be certain, and worse than the present Evil; his seeming Indifference will by Degrees grow into real Contempt, and if it doth not wholly alienate the Affections of his Wife for ever from him, make both him and her more miserable than if it really did so.

'However inconsistent it may appear, to be thought a well bred Person has no small Share in this clownish Behaviour: A Discourse therefore relating to Good-breeding towards a loving and a tender Wife, would be of great use to this sort of Gentlemen. Could you but once convince them, that to be civil at least is not beneath the

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Character of a Gentleman, nor even tender Affection, towards one who would make it reciprocal, betray any Softness or Effeminacy that the most masculine Disposition need be ashamed of: Could you satisfy them of the Generosity of voluntary Civility, and the Greatness of Soul that is conspicuous in Benevolence without immediate Obligations; could you recommend to People's Practice the Saying of the Gentleman quoted in one of your Speculations,[1] *That he thought it incumbent upon him to make the Inclinations of a Woman of Merit go*

along with her Duty: Could you, I say, perswade these Men of the Beauty and Reasonableness of this Sort of Behaviour, I have so much Charity for some of them at least, to believe you would convince them of a thing they are only ashamed to allow: Besides, you would recommend that State in its truest, and consequently its most agreeable Colours; and the Gentlemen who have for any Time been such professed Enemies to it, when Occasion should serve would return you their Thanks for assisting their Interest in prevailing over their Prejudices. Marriage in general would by this Means be a more easy and comfortable Condition; the Husband would be no where so well satisfied as in his own Parlour, nor the Wife so pleasant as in the Company of her Husband; a Desire of being agreeable in the Lover would be increased in the Husband, and the Mistress be more amiable by becoming the Wife. Besides all which, I am apt to believe we should find the Race of Men grow wiser as their Progenitors grew kinder, and the Affection of the Parents would be conspicuous in the Wisdom of their Children; in short, Men would in general be much better humoured than they are, did not they so frequently exercise the worst Turns of their Temper where they ought to exert the best.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Woman who left the Admiration of this whole Town, to throw my self (by Love of Wealth) into the Arms of a Fool. When I married him I could have had any one of several Men of Sense who languished for me; but my Case is just, I believed my Superiour Understanding would form him into a tractable Creature. But alass my Spouse has Cunning and Suspicion, the inseparable Companions of little Minds; and every Attempt I make to divert, by putting on an agreeable Air, a sudden Chearfulness, or kind

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Behaviour, he looks upon as the first Acts towards an Insurrection against his undeserved Dominion over me. Let every one who is still to chuse, and hopes to govern a Fool, remember

TRISTISSA.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

St. Martins, November 25.

THIS is to complain of an evil Practice which I think very well deserves a Redress, tho' you have not as yet taken any Notice of it: If you mention it in your Paper, it may perhaps have a very good Effect. What I mean is the Disturbance some People give to

others at Church, by their Repitition of the Prayers after the Minister, and that not only in the Prayers, but also the Absolution and the Commandments fare no better, which are in a particular Manner the Priest's Office: This I have known done in so audible a Manner, that sometimes their Voices have been as loud as his.[1] As little as you would think it, this is frequently done by People seemingly devout. This irreligious Inadvertency is a thing extremely offensive; but I do not recommend it as a thing I give you Liberty to ridicule, but hope it may be amended by the bare Mention.

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

T. S.'

T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Ars poetica* 398: To prescribe laws for husbands.

[2] Sir William Temple ('Of Popular Discontents', *Miscellanea*, Part III) lists among the differences between animals and human beings 'Weeping, Laughter, Speech, Reason' (*Works*, 1720, i. 255).

[a] ridiculed. To avoid] i*2mo;* ridiculed: To avoid *8vo*; ridiculed: For this Reason should they appear the least like what they were so much used to laugh at, they would become the Jest of themselves, and the Object of that Raillery they formerly bestowed on others. To avoid *Fol*.

[1] No. 178.

[1] The following pamphlet is advertised in the *Post Boy* of 24 Mar. 1711:

A Brief Admonition to the Members of the Church of England, who attend the Publick Service of it, that they repeat not *Aloud*, the Prayers after the Minister, unless where it is requir'd. The 2d Edition. Printed for Tho. Baker, at the Bible and Rose in Ludgate-street. Price 1d. or 6s. per Hundred.

The same point is discussed at some length in a letter signed R. T. (Lillie, ii. 292–5).

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 237 Saturday, December 1, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

Visu carenti magna Pars Veri latet.

Senec. in OEdip.

IT is very reasonable to believe, that part of the Pleasure which happy Minds shall enjoy in a future State, will arise from an enlarged Contemplation of the Divine Wisdom in the Government of the World, and a Discovery of the secret and amazing Steps of Providence, from the Beginning to the End of Time. Nothing seems to be an Entertainment more adapted to the Nature of Man, if we consider that Curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting Appetites implanted in us, and that Admiration is one of our most pleasing Passions; and what a perpetual Succession of Enjoyments will be afforded to both these, in a Scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to our View in the Society of superior Spirits, who perhaps will[a] joyn with us in so delightful a Prospect.

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that part of the Punishment of such as are excluded from Bliss may consist not only in their being denied this Privilege, but in having their Appetites at the same time vastly encreased, without any Satisfaction afforded to them. In these, the vain Pursuit of Knowledge shall, perhaps, add to their Infelicity, and bewilder them in Labyrinths of Error, Darkness, Distraction, and Uncertainty of every thing but their own Evil State. *Milton* has thus represented the fallen Angels reasoning together in a kind of Respite from their Torments, and creating to themselves a new Disquiet amidst their very Amusements; he could not pro-

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perly have described the Sports of condemned Spirits, without that Cast of Horror and Melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them.

Others apart sate on a Hill retir'd,
In Thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, Free will, Foreknowledge absolute,
And found no End, in wandring Mazes lost.[1]

In our present Condition, which is a middle State, our Minds are, as it were, chequered with Truth and Falshood; and as our Faculties are narrow and our Views imperfect, it is impossible but our Curiosity must meet with many Repulses. The Business of Mankind in this Life being rather to act than to know, their Portion of Knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is, that the Reason of the Inquisitive has so long been exercised with Difficulties, in accounting for the promiscuous Distribution of Good and Evil to the virtuous and the wicked in this World. From hence come all those Pathetical Complaints of so many Tragical Events, which happen to the Wise and the Good; and of such surprizing Prosperity, which is often the Lot[a] of the Guilty and the Foolish; that Reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a Dispensation.

Plato expresses his Abhorrence of some Fables of the Poets, which seem to reflect on the Gods as the Authors of Injustice;[2] and lays it down as a Principle, that whatever is permitted to befal a Just Man, whether Poverty, Sickness, or any of those things which seem to be

Evils, shall either in Life or Death conduce to his Good. My Reader will observe how agreeable this Maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater Authority. *Seneca* has written a Discourse purposely on this Subject, in which he takes Pains, after the Doctrine of the *Stoicks*, to shew, that Adversity is not in it self an Evil; and mentions a noble Saying of *Demetrius*, That *nothing wou'd be more Unhappy than a Man who had never known Affliction*. He compares Prosperity to the Indulgence of a fond Mother to a Child, which often proves his Ruin; but the Affection of the Divine Being to that of a Wise Father, who

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wou'd have his Sons exercised with Labour, Disappointment and Pain, that they may gather Strength, and improve their Fortitude. On this Occasion the Philosopher rises into that celebrated Sentiment, that there is not on Earth a Spectacle more worthy the Regard of a Creator[a] intent on his Works, than a brave Man superior to his Sufferings; to which he adds, that it must be a Pleasure to *Jupiter* himself to look down from Heaven, and see *Cato* amidst the Ruins of his Country preserving his Integrity.[1]

This Thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider Human Life as a State of Probation, and Adversity as the Post of Honour in it, assign'd often to the best and most select Spirits.

But what I wou'd chiefly insist on here, is, that we are not at present in a proper Situation to judge of the Counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our Knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; or, according to the elegant Figure in Holy Writ, *we see but in part, and as in a Glass darkly*.[2] It is to be consider'd that Providence in its OEconomy regards the whole System of Time and Things together, so that we cannot discover[b] the beautiful Connexions between Incidents which lye widely separated in Time, and by losing so many Links of the Chain, our Reasonings become broken and imperfect. Thus those Parts in the Moral World which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative Beauty, in respect of some other Parts concealed from us, but open to his Eye before whom *Past, Present* and *To come*, are set together in one point of View; and those Events, the Permission of which seems now to accuse his Goodness, may in the Consummation of Things,

both magnifie his Goodness and exalt his Wisdom. And this is enough to check our Presumption, since it is in vain to apply our Measures of Regularity to Matters of which we know neither the Antecedents nor the Consequents, the Beginning nor the End.

I shall relieve my Readers from this abstracted Thought, by relating here a *Jewish* Tradition concerning *Moses*, which seems to be a kind of Parable, illustrating what I have last mentioned.[1] That great Prophet, it is said, was called up by a Voice from Heaven to the Top of a Mountain; where, in a Conference with the Supreme

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Being, he was permitted to propose to him some Questions concerning his Administration of the Universe. In the midst of this Divine Colloquy[a] he was commanded to look down on the Plain below. At the Foot of the Mountain there issued out a clear Spring of Water, at which a Soldier alighted from his Horse to Drink. He was no sooner gone than a little Boy came to the same Place, and finding a Purse of Gold which the Soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an Infirm old Man, weary with Age and Travelling, and having quenched his Thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the Spring. The Soldier missing his Purse returns to search for it, and demands it of the old Man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in witness of his Innocence. The Soldier, not believing his Protestations, kills him. *Moses* fell on his Face with Horror and Amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his Expostulation, 'Be not surprised, *Moses*, nor ask why the Judge of the whole Earth has[b] suffer'd this thing to come to pass; the Child is the Occasion that the Blood of the old Man is spilt; but know, that the old Man whom thou sawest was the Murderer of that Child's Father.'[2]

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Seneca, *Oedipus*, 295: From the dim of sight a great part of truth is hidden.

[a] perhaps will] *12mo*; will perhaps *Fol*., *8vo*

[1] *Paradise Lost*, ii. 557–61. This passage is quoted in *Tatler* 114.

[a] Lot] *M*; Reward *all edd. In Fol. corrected in Erratum* (*No. 238*) *to* Lot

[2] *Apology*, 41D.

[a] worthy … Creator] *12mo*; worthy for a Creator *Fol*., *8vo*

[1] *De Providentia* 3. 3 (the saying of Demetrius), 2. 5–6 ('he compares prosperity'), 2. 9 ('that celebrated sentiment').

[2] 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

[b] It is … discover] *12mo*; Since Providence therefore in its OEconomy regards the whole System of Time and Things together, we cannot discover *Fol*., *8vo*

[1] This anecdote of Moses, derived from the Talmud, is to be found in several medieval collections, including the *Gesta Romanorum* and the *Scala Coeli* of Jeane Le Jeune. See Gaston Paris, *La Poésie du moyen âge* (1880), pp. 177 ff. The relationship between this story and other Rabbinical legends which occur in Parnell's poem, *The Hermit*, and in Voltaire's *Zadig* (chap, xviii), is outlined in Georges Ascoli's critical edition of *Zadig*(*ii.* 136–44). Henry More's *Divine Dialogues*, which has been cited as a source for Addison's essay, belongs to the quite different version of Parnell and Voltaire. A letter in the *British Mercury* of 28 Jan. 1712 begins: 'I was last Night in Company where there was a very hot Dispute about the Conduct of Providence in human Affairs; and one of the Company quoted a Story out of one of the *Spectators* in its Justification.' The story in No. 237 is told, followed by another founded on an actual happening in London, 'a truer Justification of Providence, than the *Spectator*'s Jewish Tradition'. The theme is developed in two further essays in the *British Mercury* (1 and 4 Feb. 1712).

[a] Colloquy] *12mo*; Conference *Fol*., *8vo*

[b] has] *12mo*; hath *Fol*., *8vo*

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[2] No. 237 is unsigned in all three texts (folio, 8vo, and 12mo) but was reprinted by Tickell in his edition of Addison's *Works* (1721). It is claimed for John Hughes by Duncombe (see Introduction). Morley, Gregory Smith, and Aitken all assign it to Addison.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 238 Monday, December 3, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris Aures,
Respue quod non es ...

Persius, Sat. 4.

AMONG all the Diseases of the Mind there is not one more epidemical or more pernicious than the Love of Flattery. For as where the Juices of the Body are prepared to receive a malignant Influence, there the Disease rages with most Violence; so, in this Distemper of the Mind, where there is ever a Propensity and Inclination to suck in the Poison, it cannot be but that the whole Order of reasonable Action must be overturn'd; for like Musick it

> ... *So softens and disarms the Mind*,
> *That not one Arrow can Resistance find*.[2]

First we flatter our selves, and then the Flattery of others is sure of Success. It awakens our Self-Love within, a Party which is ever ready to revolt from our better Judgment, and joyn the Enemy without. Hence it is, that the Profusion of Favours we so often see poured upon the Parasite, are represented to us by our Self-Love, as Justice done to the Man, who so agreeably reconciles us to our selves.[a] When we are overcome by such soft Insinuations and ensnaring Compliances, we gladly recompence the Artifices that are[b] made Use of to blind our Reason, and which triumph over the Weaknesses of our Temper and Inclinations.

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But were every Man perswaded from how mean and low a Principle this Passion is deriv'd, there can be no Doubt but the Person

who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. 'Tis the Desire of some Quality we are not possess'd of, or Inclination to be something we are not, which are the Causes of our giving our selves up to that Man, who bestows upon us the Characters and Qualities of others; which perhaps suits us as ill,[a] and were as little design'd for our wearing as their Cloaths. Instead of going out of our own complectional[1] Nature into that of others, 'twere a better and more laudable Industry to improve our own, and instead of a miserable Copy become a good Original; for there is no Temper, no Disposition so rude and untractable, but may in its own peculiar Cast and Turn be brought to some agreeable Use in Conversation, or in the Affairs of Life. A Person of a rougher Deportment, and less tied up to the usual Ceremonies of Behaviour, will, like *Manly*[2] in the Play, please by the Grace which Nature gives to every Action wherein she is complied with; the Brisk and Lively will not want their Admirers, and even a more Reserved and Melancholly Temper may at some Times be agreeable.

When there is not Vanity enough awake in a Man to undo him, the Flatterer stirs up that dormant Weakness, and inspires him with Merit enough to be a Coxcomb. But if Flattery be the most sordid Act that can[b] be complied with, the Art of Praising justly is as commendable: For 'tis laudable to praise well; as Poets at one and the same Time give Immortality, and receive it themselves for a Reward: Both are pleased, the one whilst he receives the Recompence of Merit, the other, whilst he shews he knows how to discern it; but above all that Man is happy in this Art, who, like a skilful Painter, retains the Features and Complection, but still softens the Picture into the most agreeable Likeness.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagin'd a more desirable Pleasure, than that of Praise unmix'd with any Possibility of Flattery. Such was that which *Germanicus* enjoyed, when, the Night before a Battle, desirous of some sincere Mark of the Esteem of his Legions for him, he is described by *Tacitus*[3] list'ning in a Disguise to the Discourse of

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a Soldier, and wrapt up in the Fruition of his Glory, whilst with an undesigned Sincerity they praised his noble and majestick Mein, his Affability, his Valour, Conduct, and Success in War. How must a Man have his Heart full-blown with Joy in such an Article of Glory as this? What a Spur and Encouragement still to proceed in those Steps which had already brought him to so pure a Taste of the greatest of mortal Enjoyments?

It sometimes happens that even Enemies and envious Persons bestow the sincerest Marks of Esteem when they least design it. Such afford a greater Pleasure, as extorted by Merit and freed from all Suspicion of Favour or Flattery. Thus it is with *Malvolio*, he has Wit, Learning, and Discernment, but temper'd with an Allay of Envy, Self-Love, and Detraction: *Malvolio* turns pale at the Mirth and good Humour of the Company, if it center not in his Person; he grows jealous and displeased when he ceases to be the only Person admired, and looks upon the Commendations paid to another as a Detraction from his Merit, and an Attempt to lessen the Superiority he affects; but by this very Method he bestows such Praise as can never be suspected of Flattery. His Uneasiness and Distastes are so many sure and certain Signs of another's Title to that Glory he desires, and has the Mortification to find himself not possessed of.

A good Name is fitly compared to a precious Ointment,[1] and when we are praised with Skill and Decency, 'tis indeed the most agreeable Perfume; but if too strongly admitted into a Brain of a less vigorous and happy Texture, 'twill like too strong an Odour overcome the Senses, and prove pernicious to those Nerves 'twas intended to refresh. A generous Mind is of all others the most sensible of Praise and Dispraise; and a noble Spirit is as much invigorated with its due Proportion of Honour and Applause, as 'tis depressed by Neglect and Contempt: But 'tis only Persons far above the common Level who are thus affected with either of these Extreams; as in a Thermometer[2] 'tis only the purest and most sublimated Spirit, that is either contracted or delated[3] by the Benignity or Inclemency of the Season.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

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'THE Translations which you have lately given us from the A *Greek* in some of your last Papers, have been the Occasion of my looking into some of those Authors; among whom I chanced on a Collection of Letters which pass under the Name of *Aristœnetus*.[1] Of all the Remains of Antiquity I believe there can be nothing produced of an Air so gallant and polite; each Letter contains a little Novel or Adventure, which is told with all the Beauties of Language, and heightened with a Luxuriance of Wit. There are several of them translated, but with such wide Deviations from the Original, and in a Stile so far differing from the Authors, that the Translator seems rather to have taken Hints for the expressing his own Sense and Thoughts, than to have endeavoured to render those of *Aristœnetus.* In the following Translation I have kept as near the Meaning of the *Greek* as I could, and have only added a few Words to make the Sentences in *English* fit together a little better than they would otherwise have done. The Story seems to be taken from that of *Pigmalion* and the Statue in *Ovid*:[2] Some of the Thoughts are of the same Turn, and the Whole is written in a kind of poetical Prose.

Philopinax to *Chromation*.

"NEVER was Man more overcome with so fantastical a Passion as mine. I have painted a beautiful Woman, and am despairing, dying for the Picture. My own Skill has undone me; 'tis not the Dart of *Venus*, but my own Pencil has thus wounded me. Ah me! with what Anxiety am I necessitated to adore my own Idol? How miserable am I, whilst every one must as much pity the Painter as he praises the Picture, and own my Torment more than equal to my Art. But why do I thus complain? have there not been more unhappy and unnatural Passions than mine? Yes, I have seen the Representations of *Phœdra, Narcissus*, and *Pasiphae. Phœdra* was unhappy in her Love; that of *Pasiphae* was monstrous; and whilst the other caught at his beloved Likeness, he destroyed the watry Image, which ever eluded his Embraces: The Fountain represented *Narcissus* to himself, and the Picture both that and him, thirsting after his adored Image. But

I am yet less unhappy, I enjoy her Presence continually, and if I touch her I destroy not the beauteous Form, but she looks pleas'd, and a sweet Smile sits in the charming Space which divides her Lips. One would swear that Voice and Speech were issuing out, and that

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ones Ears felt the melodious Sound. How often have I, deceived by a Lover's Credulity, hearkened if she had not something to whisper me? and when frustrated of my Hopes, how often have I taken my Revenge in Kisses from her Cheeks and Eyes, and softly wooed her to my Embrace? whilst she (as to me it seem'd) only withheld her Tongue, the more to enflame me. But, Madman that I am, shall I be thus taken with the Representation only of a beauteous Face and flowing Hair, and thus waste my self and melt to Tears for a Shadow? Ah sure 'tis something more, 'tis a Reality! for see her Beauties shine out with new Lustre, and she seems to upbraid me with such unkind Reproaches. O may I have a living Mistress of this Form, that when I shall compare the Work of Nature and that of Art, I may be still at a Loss which to chuse, and be long perplex'd with the pleasing Uncertainty."

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Persius, *Satires*, 4. 50–51:

Reject the nauseous Praises of the Times:
Give thy base Poets back their cobbled Rhimes:
Survey thy Soul, not what thou do'st appear,
But what thou art … DRYDEN.

Cf. No 188: 'The Satyrist said very well of popular Praise and Acclamations, *Give the Tinkers and Coblers their Presents again, and learn to live of your self.*'

[2] Waller, *Of My Lady Isabella, playing on the lute*, 11–12 ('That not an Arrow does Resistance find').

[a] Parasite, … selves.] *12mo*; Parasite, are represented to us by our Self-Love; as Justice done to the Man so agreeably, reconciles us to our selves. *Fol*., *8vo*

[b] Artifices that arel 1723; Artifices are *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[a] Man, … ill,] *12mo*; Man; who bestows upon us the Characters and Qualities of others, which perhaps suit us as ill, *Fol*., *8vo*

[1] Pertaining to the mental constitution, temperament, or disposition (*OED*). *Obs*. Cf. No. 224.

[2] In Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*.

[b] Act that can] *1723*; Act can *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[3] Annals, 2. 13.

[1] Eccles. vii. 1.

[2] The invention of the thermometer is usually accredited to Galileo. Among the first Englishmen to occupy themselves with thermometric experiments were Robert Boyle and Robert Hooke, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The device of a fixed zero seems to have been introduced by Hooke about 1665. D. G. Fahrenheit's invention dates from about 1714–20. See A. Wolf, *A History of Science, Technology, and Philosophy in the 16th & 17th Centuries* (New York, 1939), pp. 82–92.

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[3] An obsolete form of *dilated*.

[1] Aristaenetus, a Greek writer of Nicaea (d. A.D. 358). Certain erotic letters (in reality rhetorical treatises) are attributed to him. Abel Boyer's *Letters of Wit, Politicks and Morality ..., also Select Letters of Gallantry out of the Greek of Aristanetus* appeared in 1701. 'Philopinax to Chromation' is Epistle x in Book II of Aristaenetus. In Boyer's volume it will be found on pp. 46–47; the version in the *Spectator*, however, is an independent translation. The *Letters of Love and Gallantry* of Aristaenetus published in 1715 has an ironic dedication 'to Eustatius Budgel, Esq.'

[2] *Metamorpboses*, 10. 243 ff.

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 239 Tuesday, December 4, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... Bella, horrida Bella!

Virg.

I HAVE sometimes amused my self with considering the several Methods of managing a Debate, which have obtained in the World.

The first Races of Mankind used to dispute, as our ordinary People do now-a-days, in a kind of wild Logick, uncultivated by Rules of Art.

Socrates introduced a Catachetical[2] Method of Arguing. He would ask his Adversary Question upon Question, till he had convinced him out of his own Mouth that his Opinions were wrong. This way of debating drives an Enemy up into a Corner, seizes all the Passes

through which he can make an Escape, and forces him to surrender at Discretion.[1]

Aristotle changed this Method of Attack, and invented a great variety of little Weapons, called Syllogisms. As in the *Socratic* way of Dispute you agree to every thing which your Opponent advances, in the *Aristotelic* you are still denying and contradicting some part or other of what he says. *Socrates* conquers you by Stratagem, *Aristotle* by Force: The one takes the Town by Sapp, the other Sword in Hand.

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The Universities of *Europe*, for many Years, carried on their Debates by Syllogism, insomuch that we see the Knowledge of several Centuries laid out into Objections and Answers, and all the good Sense of the Age cut and minced into almost an Infinitude of Distinctions.

When our Universities found that there was no End of wrangling this way, they invented a kind of Argument, which is not reducible to any Mood or Figure in *Aristotle*. It was called the *Argumentum Basilinum* (others write it *Bacilinum* or[a] *Baculinum*) which is pretty well expressed in our *English* Word Club-Law. When they were not able to confute their Antagonist, they knock'd him down. It was their Method in these Polemical[b] Debates first to discharge their Syllogisms, and afterwards to betake themselves to their Clubs, till such time as they had one way or other confounded their Gainsayers. There is in *Oxford* a narrow Defilé,[2] (to make use of a Military Term) where the Partisans used to Encounter, for which Reason it still retains the Name of *Logic Lane*.[3] I have heard an old Gentleman, a Physician, make his Boasts, that when he was a young Fellow he marched several times at the Head of a Troop of *Scotists*,[4] and Cudgell'd a Body of *Smiglesians* half the length of *High-street*; till they had dispersed themselves for Shelter into[c] their respective Garrisons. This Humour, I find, went very far in *Erasmus*'s Time. For that Author tells us, That upon the Revival of *Greek* Letters, most of the Universities in *Europe* were divided into *Greeks* and *Trojans*. The latter

were those who bore a mortal Hatred[a] to the Language of the *Grecians*, insomuch that if they met with any who understood it, they did not fail to treat him as a Foe. *Erasmus* himself had, it seems, the Misfortune to fall into the Hands of a Party of *Trojans*, who laid him on with so many Blows and Buffets, that he never forgot their Hostilities to his dying Day.[1]

There is a way of managing an Argument not much unlike the former, which is made use of by States and Communities, when they draw up a Hundred thousand Disputants on each side, and convince one another by dint of Sword. A certain grand Monarch was so sensible of his Strength in this way of Reasoning, that he writ upon

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his great Guns—*Ratio ultima Regum*. The Logick of Kings.[2] But God be thanked he is now pretty well baffled at his own Weapons. When one has to do with a Philosopher of this kind, one shou'd remember the old Gentleman's Saying who had been engaged in an Argument with one of the *Roman* Emperors.[3] Upon his Friend's telling him, That he wonder'd he wou'd give up the Question, when he had visibly the better of the Dispute, *I am never ashamed*, says he, *to be Confuted by one who is Master of Fifty Legions.*

I shall but just mention another kind of Reasoning, which may be called Arguing by Poll; and another which is of equal force, in which Wagers are made use of as Arguments, according to the celebrated Line in *Hudibras.*[4]

But the most notable way of managing a Controversy is that which we may call *Arguing by Torture*. This is a Method of Reasoning which has been made use of with the poor Refugees,[5] and which

was so fashionable in our Country during the Reign of Queen *Mary*, that in a Passage of an Author quoted by Monsieur *Bayle*,[1] it is said, the Price of Wood was raised in *England*, by reason of the Executions that were made in *Smithfield*. These Disputants convince their Adversaries with a *Sorites*[2] commonly called a Pile of Faggots. The Rack is also a kind of Syllogism which has been used with good Effect, and has made multitudes of Converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their Doubts, reconciled to Truth by force of Reason, and won over to Opinions by the Candour, Sense and Ingenuity of those who had the Right of their Side; but this method of Conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more Enlightning than Reason. Every Scruple was look'd upon as Obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several Engines invented for that purpose. In a Word, the Application of Whips, Racks, Gibbets, Gallies, Dungeons, Fire and Faggot, in a Dispute, may be looked upon as Popish Refinements upon the old Heathen Logick.

There is another way of Reasoning which seldom fails, tho' it be of a quite different Nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean convincing a Man by ready Mony, or, as it is ordinarily called, Bribing a Man to an Opinion.[3] This Method has often proved

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successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A Man who is furnished with Arguments from the Mint, will convince his Antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from Reason and Philosophy. Gold is a wonderful Clearer of the Understanding: It dissipates every Doubt and Scruple in an Instant: Accommodates it self to the meanest Capacities; Silences the Loud and Clamorous, and brings over the most Obstinate and Inflexible. *Philip* of *Macedon* was a Man of most Invincible Reason this way.

He refuted by it all the Wisdom of *Athens*, confounded their Statesmen, struck their Orators Dumb, and at length argued them out of all their Liberties.

Having here touched upon the several Methods of Disputing, as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World, I shall very suddenly give my Reader an Account of the whole Art of Cavilling; which shall be a full and satisfactory Answer to all such Papers and Pamphlets as have yet appeared against the *Spectator*. C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Virgil, *Aeneid*, 6. 86: Wars, fearsome wars.

[2] Resembling the method of instruction by questions and answers, as in the catechism.

[1] i.e. unconditionally, to be disposed of as the victor sees fit.

[a] or] *12mo*; and *Fol.*, *8vo*

[b] Polemical] Political *Fol. Corrected in Errata* (*No. 241*)

[2] One of the French terms used in the letter in No. 165.

[3] Logic Lane runs off the High Street by University College; the Master's Lodging is situated here.

[4] The followers of Duns Scotus. Smiglesians were the followers of Martin Smiglecius, the Polish Jesuit (d. 1618).

[c] into] in *Fol*.

[a] Hatred] *12mo*; Enmity *Fol.*, *8vo*

[1] I have not located the story of this assault. According to Froude (*Erasmus*, p. 139) the quarrel of the Greeks and Trojans developed after Erasmus left Oxford.

[2] Louis XIV is said to have had the motto *Ratio ultima regum* inscribed on his cannon. Cf. *Letters writ by a Turkish Spy*, vol. ii, book ii, letter xv. Büchmann, *Geflügelte Worte*, and Charles Rozan, *Petites Ignorances historiques et littéraires* (1888), attribute the saying to Richelieu. Cf. Bayle, Anabaptists, Remark B: 'What is said of Artillery, that it is the last Reason of Kings, *Ratio ultima regum*, may be applied to the Penal Laws; they are the last Reason of Divines, their most powerful Argument, their *Achilles*, &c.'

[3] Hadrian. See Thomas Bayly, *Witty Apophthegms delivered ... by King James, King Charles, the Marquess of Worcester, Francis Lord Bacon and Sir Thomas Moor* (1658), no. 88 (p. 123).

[4] 11, i. 297–8:

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning *Stagers*

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Say, Fools for *Arguments* use wagers.

[5] The French Huguenots, who came to England in great numbers especially after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. Misson (pp. 231–3) speaks of their kind treatment at the hands of the English: 'they can never sufficiently express their Gratitude, and bless a Nation which has so charitably open'd her Arms to receive them' (p. 232).

[1] The author is Andrew Ammonius, who died in England in 1517. Bayle writes of him: 'He has an Hyperbolical Expression in one of his Letters, wherein he says that so many Hereticks were daily burnt that it rais'd the price of Wood.' The reference to Queen Mary suggests that the quotation from Bayle is done from memory.

[2] The method of proceeding by minute steps of gradual addition or withdrawal. See Cicero, *Academica 2* (*Lucullus*), 16. 49: 'Soritas hoc vocant, quia acervum efficiunt uno addito grano' (They call this class of arguments sorites, because by adding a single grain at a time they make a heap).

[3] Defoe (*Review*, 24 Jan. 1712) comments on this passage: 'That happy Genius that writes the *Spectator*, gave us lately a very nice Dissertation, concerning the several Methods of Managing Debates; … he closes with a sort of Mercenary Way of Disputing … au *coup de Pistoles, Anglice* Bribery But I wonder how the *Spectator* came to forget a sort of People, whose Judgments are Convinc'd for want of Money; People that Rail because they arc not Brib'd, and that make a Noise, on purpose to have their Mouths stop'd….'

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 240 Wednesday, December 5, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

... *Aliter non fit, Avite*, l*iber*.

Mart.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM of one of the most gentile Trades in the City, and understand thus much of liberal Education as to have an ardent Ambition of being useful to Mankind, and to think that the chief End of Being as to this Life. I had these good Impressions given me from the handsome Behaviour of a learned, generous, and wealthy Man towards me when I first began the World. Some Dissatisfactions between me and my Parents made me enter into it with less Relish of Business than I ought, and to turn off this Uneasiness I gave my self to criminal Pleasures, some Excesses, and a general loose Conduct. I know not what the excellent Man abovemention'd saw in me, but he descended from the Superiority of his Wisdom and Merit, to throw himself frequently into my Company: This made me soon hope that I had something in me worth cultivating; and his Conversation made me sensible of Satisfactions in a regular Way, which I had never before imagined. When he was grown familiar with me, he opened himself like a good Angel, and told me, he had long laboured to ripen me into a Preparation to receive his Friendship and Advice, both which I should daily command, and the Use of any Part of his Fortune, to apply the Measures he should

propose to me, for the Improvement of my own. I assure you I

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cannot recollect the Goodness and Confusion of the good Man when he spoke to this Purpose to me without melting into Tears; but in a Word, Sir, I must hasten to tell you, that my Heart burns with Gratitude towards him, and he is so happy a Man that it can never be in my Power to return him his Favours in Kind, but I am sure I have made him the most agreeable Satisfaction I could possibly, in being ready to serve others to my utmost Ability, as far as is consistent with the Prudence he prescribes to me. Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, I do not owe to him only the good Will and Esteem of my own Relations (who are People of Distinction) the present Ease and Plenty of my Circumstances, but also the Government of my Passions, and Regulation of my Desires. I doubt not, Sir, but in your Imagination such Virtues as these of my worthy Friend, bear as great a Figure, as Actions which are more glittering in the common Estimation. What I would ask of you is, to give us a whole *Spectator* upon Heroick Virtue in common Life, which may incite Men to the same generous Inclinations, as have by this admirable Person been shewn to, and rais'd in,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Country Gentleman, of a good plentiful Estate, and live as the rest of my Neighbours with great Hospitality. I have been ever reckoned among the Ladies the best Company in the World, and have Access as a sort of Favourite. I never came in publick, but I saluted them tho' in great Assemblies all around, where it was seen how genteely I avoided hampering my Spurs in their Petticoats, while I moved amongst them; and on the other Side, how prettily they curtisied and receiv'd me, standing in proper Rows and advancing as fast as they saw their Elders or their Betters dispatched by me. But so it is, Mr. SPECTATOR, that all our good Breeding is of late lost by the unhappy Arrival of a Courtier, or Town-Gentleman, who came lately among us: This Person wherever he came into a Room, made a profound Bow and fell back, then recovered with a soft Air and made a Bow to the next, and so to one or two more, and then took the Gross[1] of the Room, by passing by

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them in a continued Bow till he arriv'd at the Person he thought proper particularly to entertain. This he did with so good a Grace and Assurance, that it is taken for the present Fashion; and there is no young Gentlewoman within several Miles of this Place has been kissed ever since his first Appearance among us. We Country Gentlemen cannot begin again and learn these fine and reserved Airs; and our Conversation is at a Stand, till we have your Judgment for or against Kissing, by Way of Civility or Salutation, which is impatiently expected by your Friends of both Sexes, but by none so much as

Your humble Servant,

Rustick Sprightly.'[1]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

December 3d, 1711.

'I WAS the other Night at *Philaster*,[2] where I expected to hear your famous Trunk-maker,[3] but was unhappily disappointed of his Company; and saw another Person who had the like Ambition to distinguish himself in a noisy Manner, partly by Vociferation or talking loud, and partly by his bodily Agility. This was a very lusty Fellow, but withal a sort of Beau, who getting into one of the Side-Boxes on the Stage before the Curtain drew, was disposed to shew the whole Audience his Activity by leaping over the Spikes; he pass'd from thence to one of the ent'ring Doors, where he took Snuff with a tolerable good Grace, display'd his fine Cloaths, made two or three feint Passes at the Curtain with his Cane,[4] then faced about and appear'd at t'other Door: Here he affected to survey the whole House, bow'd and smil'd at Random, and then shew'd his Teeth (which were some of them indeed very white): After this he retir'd behind the Curtain, and obliged us with several Views of his Person from every Opening.

'During the Time of acting he appear'd frequently in the Prince's Apartment, made one at the Hunting-Match,[5] and was very forward in the Rebellion. If there were no Injunctions to the contrary, yet this Practice must be confess'd to diminish the Pleasure of the Audience, and for that Reason presumptuous and unwarrantable:

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But since her Majesty's late Command has made it criminal,[1] you have Authority to take Notice of it.

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Charles Easy.'

T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Martial, *Epigrams*, I. 16. 2: Not otherwise, Avitus, is a book made.

[1] i.e. the greater part, the majority. The last date for this sense in *OED* is *c*. 1766.

[1] For a testimonial in praise of this letter see No. 547 (vol. iv).

[2] By Beaumont and Fletcher. It is advertised for performance at Drury Lane on the preceding Friday night, 30 Nov.

[3] See No. 235.

[4] Cf. *Tatler* 103 on the use of canes.

[5] The hunting-match is in the fourth Act of *Philaster*, the rebellion in Act V.

[1] The advertisements for plays usually contain the line: 'By her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.' The latest of these many commands on this subject seems to have been the one dated 13 Nov. 1711, published in the *London Gazette* of 15 Nov. I owe this reference to the kindness of Professor Emmett Avery.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

... *Semperque relinqui*
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam ...

Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH you have considered Virtuous Love in most of its Distresses, I do not remember that you have given us any Dissertation upon the Absence of Lovers, or laid down any Methods how they should support themselves under those long Separations which they are sometimes forced to undergo. I am at present in this unhappy Circumstance, having parted with the best of Husbands, who is Abroad in the Service of his Country, and may not possibly return for some Years. His warm and generous Affection while we were together, with the Tenderness which he expressed to me at parting, make his Absence almost insupportable. I think of him every moment of the Day, and meet him every Night in my Dreams. Every thing I see puts me in mind of him. I apply my self with more than ordinary Diligence to the Care of his Family and his Estate; but this, instead of relieving me, gives me but so many occasions of

wishing for his Return. I frequent the Rooms where I used to Converse with him, and not meeting him there, sit down in his Chair and fall a weeping. I love to read the Books he delighted in, and to Converse with the Persons whom he esteem'd. I visit his Picture

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an Hundred times a Day, and place my self over against it whole Hours together. I pass a great part of my time in the Walks where I used to lean upon his Arm, and recollect in my Mind the Discourses which have there passed between us: I look over the several Prospects and Points of View which we used to survey together, fix my Eye upon the Objects which he has made me take Notice of, and call to mind a thousand agreeable Remarks[a] which he has made on those Occasions. I write to him by every Conveyance, and, contrary to other People, am always in good Humour when an East Wind[1] blows, because it seldom fails of bringing me a Letter from him. Let me intreat you, Sir, to give me your Advice upon this Occasion, and to let me know how I may relieve my self in this my Widowhood.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
ASTERIA.'

Absence is what the Poets call Death in Love, and has given occasion to abundance of beautiful Complaints in those Authors, who have treated of this Passion in Verse.[2] *Ovid*'*s* Epistles[3] are full of them. *Otway*'s *Monimia* talks very tenderly upon this Subject.

... It was not kind
To leave me, like a Turtle, here alone,
To droop and mourn the Absence of my Mate.
When thou art from me every Place is desart;
And I methinks am Savage and forlorn.
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blessed,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

The Consolations of Lovers on these Occasions are very extra-

ordinary. Besides those mentioned by *Asteria*, there are many other Motives of Comfort, which are made use of by absent Lovers.

I remember in one of *Scudery*'s Romances, a couple of honourable Lovers agreed at their parting to set aside one half Hour in the Day to think of each other during a tedious Absence.[1] The Romance tells us, that they both of them punctually observed the time thus agreed upon; and that whatever Company or Business they were engaged

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in, they left it abruptly as soon as the Clock warned them to retire. The Romance further adds, That the Lovers expected the return of this stated Hour with as much Impatience, as if it had been a real Assignation, and enjoy'd an imaginary Happiness, almost[a] as pleasing to them as what they wou'd have found from a real Meeting. It was an inexpressible Satisfaction to these divided Lovers to be assured that each was at the same time employed in the same kind of Contemplation, and making equal Returns of Tenderness and Affection.

If I may be allowed to mention a more serious Expedient for the alleviating of Absence, I shall take notice of one which I have known two Persons practise, who joined Religion to that Elegance of Sentiments with which the Passion of Love generally inspires its Votaries. This was, at the return of such an Hour to offer up a certain Prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their Parting. The Husband, who is a Man that makes a Figure in the polite World, as well as in his own Family, has often told me that he could not have supported an Absence of three Years without this Expedient.

Strada in one of his Prolusions gives[b] an Account of a Chimerical Correspondence between two Friends, by the Help of a certain Loadstone, which had such Vertue[c] in it, that if it touched two several Needles, when one of the Needles so touched begun to move, the other, tho' at never so great a distance, moved at the same Time and in the same Manner. He tells us, that the two Friends, being

each of them possessed of one of these Needles, made a kind of Dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty Letters, in the same manner as the Hours of the Day are marked upon the ordinary Dial-plate. They then fixed one of the Needles on each of these Plates in such manner that it could move round without Impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty Letters. Upon their Separating from one another into distant Countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their Closets at a certain hour of the Day, and to converse with one another by means of this their Invention. Accordingly when they were some hundred Miles asunder each of them shut himself up in his Closet at the time

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appointed, and immediately cast his Eye upon his Dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his Friend, he directed his Needle to every Letter that formed the Words which he had occasion for, making a little Pause at the end of every Word or Sentence, to avoid Confusion. The Friend, in the mean while, saw his own Sympathetick Needle moving of it self to every Letter which that of his Correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole Continent, and conveyed their Thoughts to one another in an Instant over Cities or Mountains, Seas or Desarts.[1]

If Monsieur *Scudery*, or any other Writer of Romance, had introduced a Necromancer, who is generally in the Train of a Knight Errant, making a Present to two Lovers of a couple of these above-mentioned Needles, the Reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by Spies and Watches, or separated by Castles and Adventures.

In the mean while, if ever this Invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose that upon the Lover's Dial-plate there should be written not only the four and twenty Letters, but several entire Words which have always a place in passionate Epistles, as *Flames, Darts, Die, Languish, Absence, Cupid, Heart, Eyes, Hang, Drown*, and the like. This would very much abridge the Lover's Pains in

this way of writing a Letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant Words with a single Touch of the Needle.

C

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Virgil, *Aeneid*, 4. 466–8:

She seems alone,
To wander in her Sleep, thro ways unknown,
Guideless and dark, DRYDEN.

Addison quotes these lines in No. 487 (vol. iv).

[a] a thousand agreeable Remarks] a thousand Remarks *Fol*.

[1] On the ill effects traditionally associated with this wind see Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, iv. 20. For other examples see Ascoli, i. 293.

[2] Bysshe's *Art of English Poetry* opens with quotations under the head of'Absence'. Its first quotation ('I Mourn in Absence, Love's eternal Night') suggests the reference here to 'Death in Love', and the second quotation is the passage from Otway's *Orphan* (ii. 325–31) reproduced here.

[3] The popular translation 'by several hands' (Dryden and others) which first appeared in 1680.

[1] I have not identified this. This seems to be 'the story from the Spectator' which Tom Jones relates to Partridge as they are leaving Gloucester, although here it is recalled as the story 'of two lovers who had agreed to entertain themselves when they were at a great distance from each other, by repairing, at a certain fixed hour, to look at the moon ...' (*Tom Jones*, vili. ix).

[a] Happiness, almost] *8vo*; Happiness that was almost *Fol*., *12mo*

[b] *Strada* ... gives] In one *of Strada*'s Prolusions he gives *Fol*.

[c] such Vertue] *8vo*; such a Vertue *Fol*., *12mo*

[1] Addison repeats this paragraph verbatim in *Guardian* 119 (28 July 1713), one of the three *Guardian* papers (Nos. 115, 119, 122) devoted to Strada.

The passage in Strada's *Session of the Poets* is an exercise in the style of Lucretius, introduced by the poet Bembus, who announces that he will 'teach those, who are employ'd

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with my self in y^{e} Office of a Secretary, a Speedy way of communicating with an Absent Friend without y^{e} trouble of sending Posts or Letters'. A passage from Strada's *Sessions of the Poets* translated into English will be found in No. 617 (vol. iv).

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 242 Friday, December 7, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Creditur ex medio quia res accersit habere
Sudoris minimum ...

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Speculations do not so generally prevail over Mens Manners as I could wish. A former Paper[2] of yours, concerning the Misbehaviour of People, who are necessarily in each other's Company in travelling, ought to have been a lasting Admonition against Transgressions of that kind: But I had the Fate of your Quaker, in meeting with a rude Fellow in a Stage-Coach, who entertained Two or Three Women of us (for there was no Man besides himself) with Language as indecent as ever was heard upon the Water.[3] The impertinent Observations which the Coxcomb made upon our Shame and Confusion, were such, that it is an unspeakable Grief to reflect upon them. As much as you have declaimed against Duelling,[4] I hope you will do us the Justice to declare, that if the Brute has Courage enough to send to the Place where he saw us all alight together to get rid of him, there is not one of us but has a Lover who shall avenge the Insult. It would certainly be worth your Consideration, to look into the frequent Misfortunes of this kind, to which the Modest and Innocent are exposed, by the licentious Behaviour of such, as are as much Strangers to Good Breeding as to Virtue. Could we avoid hearing

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what we do not approve, as easily as we can seeing what is disagreeable, there were some Consolation; but since, at a Box in a Play, in an Assembly of Ladies, or even in a Pew at Church, it is in the Power of a gross Coxcomb to utter what a Woman cannot avoid hearing, how miserable[a] is her Condition who comes within the Power of such Impertinents? and how necessary is it to repeat Invectives against such a Behaviour? If the Licentious had not utterly forgot what it is to be modest, they would know, that offended Modesty labours under one of the greatest Sufferings to which Human Life can be exposed. If one of these Brutes could reflect thus much, though they want Shame, they would be moved, by their Pity, to abhor an impudent Behaviour in the Presence of the Chaste and Innocent. If you will oblige us with a *Spectator* on this Subject, and procure it to be pasted against every Stage-Coach in *Great-Britain* as the Law of the Journey, you will highly oblige the whole Sex, for which you have professed so great an Esteem; and, in particular, the two Ladies, my late Fellow-Sufferers, and,

SIR,
Your most Humble Servant,
Rebecca Ridinghood.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Matter which I am now going to send you is an unhappy X Story in low Life, and will recommend it self, so that you must excuse the Manner of expressing it. A poor idle drunken Weaver in *Spittle-Fields*[1] has a faithful laborious Wife, who by her Frugality and Industry had laid by her as much Money as purchased her a Ticket in the present Lottery.[2] She had hid this very privately in the Bottom of a Trunk, and had given her Number to a Friend and Confident, who had promis'd to keep the Secret, and bring her News of the Success. The poor Adventurer was one Day gone abroad, when her careless Husband, suspecting she had saved some Money, searches every Corner, till at length he finds this same Ticket; which he immediately carries abroad, sells, and squanders

away the Money, without his[a] Wife's suspecting any thing of the

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Matter. A Day or two after this, this Friend, who was a Woman, comes, and brings the Wife Word that she had a Benefit of five hundred Pounds. The poor Creature overjoy'd, flies up Stairs to her Husband, who was then at work, and desires him to leave his Loom for that Evening, and come and drink with a Friend of his and hers below. The Man received this chearful Invitation, as bad Husbands sometimes do; and after a cross Word or two told her he wou'dn't come. His Wife with Tenderness renewed her Importunity, and at length said to him, My Love! I have within these few Months, unknown to you, scrap'd together as much Money as has bought us a Ticket in the Lottery, and now here is Mrs. *Quick* comes to tell me, that 'tis come up this Morning a five hundred Pound Prize. The Husband replies immediately, You lie you Slut, you have no Ticket, for I have sold it. The poor Woman upon this faints away in a Fit, recovers, and is now run distracted. As she had no Design to defraud her Husband, but was willing only to participate in his good Fortune, every one pities her, but thinks her Husband's Punishment but just. This, Sir, is Matter of Fact, and would, if the Persons and Circumstances were greater, in a well wrought Play be call'd *Beautiful Distress.*[b] I have only scetch'd it out with Chalk, and know a good Hand can make a Moving-Picture[1] with worse Materials.

Sir, &c.'

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Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM what the World calls a warm[1] Fellow, and by good Success X in Trade I have raised my self to a Capacity of making some Figure in the World; but no matter for that, I have now under my Guardianship a Couple of Neices, who will certainly make me run mad; which you will not wonder at when I tell you they are female Virtuosos, and during the three Years and a half that I have had them under my Care, they never in the least inclined their Thoughts towards any one single Part of the Character of a notable Woman. Whilst they should have been considering the proper Ingredients for a Sack-Posset, you should hear a Dispute concerning the Magnetical Virtue of the Loadstone, or perhaps the Pressure of the Atmosphere: Their Language is peculiar to themselves, and they scorn to express themselves on the meanest Trifle, with Words that

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are not of a *Latin* Derivation. But this were supportable still, would they suffer me to enjoy an uninterrupted Ignorance; but, unless I fall in with their distracted[a] Ideas of Things (as they call them) I must not expect to smoak one Pipe in quiet.[2] In a late Fit of the Gout I complained of the Pain of that Distemper, when my Niece *Kitty* begged leave to assure me, that whatever I might think, several great Philosophers, both Ancient and Modern, were of Opinion, that both Pleasure and Pain were imaginary Distinctions;[b] and that there was no such thing as either *in rerum Naturâ*. I have often heard them affirm that the Fire was not hot; and one Day when I, with the Authority of an old Fellow, desired one of them to put my Blue Cloak on my Knees, she answered, Sir, I will reach the Cloak; but, take notice, I do not do it as allowing your Description, for it might as well be called Yellow as Blue; for Colour is nothing but the various Infractions of the Rays of the Sun. Miss *Molly* told me one Day, That to say Snow is white, is allowing a vulgar Error; for as it contains a great Quantity of Nitrous Particles, it may more reasonably[c] be supposed to be Black. In short, the young Husseys

would perswade me, that to beheve ones Eyes, is a sure way to be deceived; and have often advised me, by no means, to trust any Thing so fallible as my Senses. What I have to beg of you now, is, to turn one Speculation to the due Regulation of Female Literature, so far at least, as to make it consistent with the Quiet of such, whose Fate it is to be liable to its Insults; and to tell us the difference between a Gentleman that should make Cheesecakes, and raise Paste, and a Lady that reads *Lock*, and understands the Mathematicks. In which you will extremely oblige

Your hearty Friend and Humble Servant,
Abraham Thrifty.'

T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Epistles* 2. 1. 168–9:

The *Comic* then was thought the easier way,
Because 'tis common Humour makes the Play. CREECH.

[2] No. 132.

[3] The Thames watermen had a reputation for violent language. Cf. Misson: 'The Watermen, and all other Wits of the same polite Stamp, abuse one another heartily upon the *Thames*, as such Rabble do in all other Countries upon great Rivers' (p. 320).

[4] Nos. 84, 97 (vol. i).

[a] miserable] miserably *Fol*.

[1] A poor district in the north-eastern part of the city, between Bishopsgate and Bethnal Green, inhabited chiefly by silk-weavers.

[2] Cf. No. 191. Advertisements for lost lottery tickets appear in No. 378 ('Bring them to the Sign of the Lamp in Phoenix-street, Spittle-fields. 5s. Reward') and No. 380 ('Return to Mr. Tho. Shuttleworth at Jonathan's Coffee-house in Change-Ally, 10s. Reward').

[a] his] *12mo*; the *Fol*., *8vo*

[b] *Italics added in 12mo*

[1] The *Post Boy* of 12 Mar. 1709 advertises a 'Curious Original Moving Picture which came from Germany, that was designed for the Elector of Bavaria', to be seen at the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet-street, and warns against 'several Impostures,... so defective, that any Person may discover them to be most shameful Counterfeits, and perfect Impositions upon the Publick'. In *Tatler* 113 (29 Dec. 1709) is an advertisement of a different one, 'a Picture finely drawn, by an extraordinary Master, which has many curious and wonderfully pleasing and surprising Motions in it, all natural', to be seen 'next Door to the Grecian's Head Coffee-House, over against Cecil-street in the Strand'. In 1710 moving pictures are advertised to be seen at the Green-Man near Bloomsbury Square, at David Randal's in Channel Row, and again at the Duke of Marlborough's Head. The last-named is advertised in the *Daily Courant* of 20 and 22 Feb. 1710:

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To be seen daily at the Duke of Marlborough's Head over-against Salisbury-Court in Fleetstreet, A MOVING-PICTURE intirely new, far exceeding the German Picture formerly shewn at the same House in the Opinion of all who have yet seen it. It is a most noble Landskip finely Painted by the best Hand, it contains the prospect of a City with a Harbour; a large Extent of Land with a River winding and running into the Sea; a Bridge leading to the City; and near 70 Figures in lively Motion: viz. Several stately Ships and Vessels sailing; a Coach and 4 Horses; a Gentleman in a Chair saluting the Company; a Cart; a Windmill; Swans whose Motions are to the Life; a Man diging Gravel; Gentlemen on Horseback; Huntsmen and Dogs; Shepherds and Cattle; Milkmaids, &c. Nothing but the Sight can give a right Notion of this curious Piece of Art. This 'moving-picture', apparently an early form of the camera obscura, is probably the one which Addison refers to in No. 414 (vol. iii). Cf. also No. 31 (vol. i).

[1] Comfortably off, rich, affluent. Now chiefly colloquial (*OED*). The word is used in No. 450 (vol. iv) also in this sense.

[a] distracted] *12mo*; abstracted *Fol*., *8vo*

[2] Jack Lizard in *Guardian* 24 deals in the same kind of paradoxes as these of Abraham Thrifty's nieces.

[b] Distinctions;] *12mo;* Distractions; *Fol*., *8vo*

[c] reasonably] *12mo*; seasonably *Fol*., *8vo*

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 243 Saturday, December 8, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, & tanquam faciem Honesti vides: *quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores* (*ut ait Plato*) *excitaret Sapientiæ*.

Tuli. Offic.

I DO not remember to have read any Discourse written expresly upon the Beauty and Loveliness of Virtue, without considering it as a Duty, and as the Means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this Speculation as an Essay upon that Subject, in which I shall consider Virtue no further than as it is in it self of an amiable Nature, after having premised that I understand by the word Virtue such a general Notion as is affixed[a] to it by the Writers of Morality, and which by Devout Men generally goes under the Name of Religion, and by Men of the World under the Name of Honour.

Hypocrisie it self does great Honour, or rather Justice, to Religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an Ornament to Human

Nature.[1] The Hypocrite would not be at so much Pains to put on the Appearance of Virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual Means to gain the Love and Esteem of Mankind.

We learn from *Hierocles* it was a common Saying among the Heathens, that the Wise Man hates no Body, but only loves the Virtuous.[2]

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Tully has a very beautiful Gradation of Thoughts, to shew how amiable Virtue is. We love a Virtuous Man, says he, who lives in the remotest Parts of the Earth, tho' we are altogether out of the reach of his Virtue, and can receive from it no manner of Benefit; nay, one who died several Ages ago, raises a secret Fondness and Benevolence for him in our Minds, when we read his Story: Nay, what is still more, one who has been the Enemy of our Country, provided his Wars were regulated by Justice and Humanity, as in the Instance of *Pyrrhus*, whom *Tully* mentions on this Occasion in opposition to *Hannibal.* Such is the natural Beauty and Loveliness of Virtue.[3]

Stoicism, which was the Pedantry of Virtue,[4] ascribes all good Qualifications of what kind soever to the Virtuous Man. Accordingly *Cato*,[a] in the Character *Tully* has left of him, carried Matters so far, that he would not allow any one but a Virtuous Man to be handsom.[5] This indeed looks more like a Philosophical Rant, than the real Opinion of a Wise Man: Yet this was what *Cato* very seriously maintained. In short, the Stoicks thought they cou'd not sufficiently represent the Excellence of Virtue, if they did not comprehend in the Notion of it all possible Perfection; and therefore did not only suppose, that it was transcendently Beautiful in it self, but that it made the very Body amiable, and banished every kind of Deformity from the Person in whom it resided.[6]

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It is a common Observation, that the most abandoned to all Sense of Goodness are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different Character; and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the Charms of Virtue in the fair Sex, than those who by their very Admiration of it are carried to a Desire of ruining it.

A virtuous Mind in a fair Body is indeed a fine Picture in a good Light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful Sex all over Charms.

As Virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely Nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do Good to Mankind. Temperance and Abstinence, Faith and Devotion, are in themselves perhaps as

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laudable as any other Virtues; but those which make a Man popular and beloved are Justice, Charity, Munificence, and in short all the good Qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For which Reason even an extravagant Man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false Generosity, is often more beloved and esteemed than a Person of a much more finished Character, who is defective in this Particular.

The two great Ornaments of Virtue, which shew her in the most advantageous Views, and make her altogether lovely, are Chearfulness and Good-nature. These generally go together, as a Man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easie within himself. They are both very requisite in a Virtuous Mind, to keep out Melancholy from the many serious Thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural Hatred of Vice from sow'ring into Severity and Censoriousness.

If Virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we think of those who can look upon it with an Eye of Hatred and Ill-Will, or can suffer their Aversion for a Party to blot out all the Merit of the Person who is engaged in it. A Man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no Virtue but on his own Side, and that there are not Men as honest as himself who may differ from him in political Principles. Men may oppose one another in some Particulars, but ought not to carry their Hatred to those Qualities which are of so amiable a Nature in themselves, and have nothing to do with the Points in dispute. Men of Virtue, though of different Interests, ought to consider themselves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious Part of Mankind, who embark with them in the same civil Concerns. We should bear

the same Love towards a Man of Honour, who is a living Antagonist, which *Tully* tells us in the forementioned Passage every one naturally does to an Enemy that is dead. In short, we should esteem Virtue though in a Foe, and abhor Vice though in a Friend.

I speak this with an Eye to those cruel Treatments which Men of all sides are apt to give the Characters of those who do not agree with them. How many Persons of undoubted Probity and exemplary Virtue, on either Side, are blackned and defamed? How many Men

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of Honour exposed to publick Obloquy and Reproach? Those therefore who are either the Instruments or Abettors in such infernal Dealings, ought to be looked upon as Persons who make use of Religion to promote their Cause, not of their Cause to promote Religion.[1] C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Cicero, *De Officiis*, 1. *s.* 15: Oh! my son, *Marcus*, we may fashion to our selves some faint *Idea* of *Virtue* or *Wisdom*; but if it could be presented to our *Eyes* in its *Genuine Lustre* .how should we be *transported* (says *Plato)* with the Love of it? L'ESTRANGE.

[a] such … affixed] that general Notion which is affixed *Fol*.

[1] Addison is probably thinking of La Rochefoucauld's maxim no. 219: '*Hypocrisie* is a Sort *of Homage* which *Vice* pays to *Vertue*' (*Maxims and Reflections*, 1706, p. 43).

[2] 'And therefore 'tis a true Saying, *That the Wise hates no Man, but loves only the Virtuous.*' See the commentaries of Hierocles on the golden verses of Pythagoras, in André Dacier's *Life of Pythagoras* (Tonson, 1707), p. 218.

[3] *De Amicitia*, 8. 28.

[4] See No. 105 (vol. i).

[a] Accordingly *Cato*,] Accordingly we find, that *Cato, Fol*.

[5] Probably an allusion to Cicero's oration *Pro L. Murena*, 61: 'solos sapientes esse, si distortissimi sint, formosos ….' In the passage Cicero is criticizing the younger Cato and the Stoics in general.

[6] For the wise man of the Stoics see Cicero's *Paradoxa Stoicorum*, 6. According to this view the truly wise man was perfect, and therefore also rich, beautiful, and accomplished. Horace ridicules this (*Satires*, 1. 3. 124); see also Plutarch, 'On Tranquillity of Mind' (*Moralia*, 472A) and 'On Brotherly Love' (*Moralia*, 485A).

[1] According to Percy this is an allusion to the Tories' constant political cry, 'The Church in danger'.

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 244 Monday, December 10, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

... *Judex & Callidus Audis.*

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Covent-Garden, Nov.* 7.

'I CANNOT without a double Injustice forbear expressing to you the Satisfaction which a whole Clan of Virtuosos have received from those Hints which you have lately given the Town on the Cartons of the inimitable *Raphael.*[3] It should be methinks the Business of a SPECTATOR to improve the Pleasures of Sight, and there cannot be a more immediate Way to it than recommending the Study and Observation of excellent Drawings and Pictures. When I first went to view those of *Raphael* which you have celebrated, I must confess I was but barely pleas'd; the next Time I lik'd them better, but at last as I grew better acquainted with them I fell deeply in love with them, like wise Speeches they sunk deep into my Heart; for you know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that a Man of Wit may extreamly affect one for the present, but if he has not Discretion his

Merit soon vanishes away, while a wise Man that has not so great a Stock of Wit shall nevertheless give you a far greater and more lasting Satisfaction: Just so it is in a Picture that is smartly touch'd but not well study'd, one may call it a witty Picture, tho' the Painter in the mean time may be in Danger of being call'd a Fool. On the other Hand, a Picture that is thoroughly understood in the Whole, and well performed in the Particulars, that is begun on a Founda-

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tion of Geometry, carry'd on by the Rules of Perspective, Architecture, and Anatomy, and perfected by a good Harmony, a just and natural Colouring, and such Passions and Expressions of the Mind as are almost peculiar to *Raphael;* this is what you may justly stile a wise Picture, and which seldom fails to strike us dumb, till we can assemble all our Faculties to make but a tolerable Judgment upon it. Other Pictures are made for the Eyes only, as Rattles are made for Childrens Ears; and certainly that Picture that only pleases the Eye, without representing some well-chosen Part of Nature or other, does but shew what fine Colours are to be sold at the Colour-shop, and mocks the Works of the Creator. If the best Imitator of Nature is not to be esteemed the best Painter, but he that makes the greatest Show and Glare of Colours; it will necessarily follow, that he who can array himself in the most gaudy Draperies is best drest, and he that can speak loudest the best Orator. Every Man when he looks on a Picture should examine it according to that Share of Reason he is Master of, or he will be in Danger of making a wrong Judgment. If Men as they walk abroad would make more frequent Observations on those Beauties of Nature which every Moment present themselves to their View, they would be better Judges when they saw her well imitated at home: This would help to correct those Errors which most Pretenders fall into, who are over hasty in their Judgments, and will not stay to let Reason come in for a Share in the Decision: 'Tis for want of this that Men mistake in this Case and in common Life, a wild extravagant Pencil for one that is truly bold and great, an impudent Fellow for a Man of true Courage and Bravery, hasty and unreasonable Actions for Enterprizes of Spirit and Resolution, gaudy Colouring for that which is truly beautiful, a false and insinuating Discourse for simple Truth elegantly recommended. The Parallel will hold through all the Parts of Life and Painting too; and the Virtuosos above-mentioned will be glad to see you draw it with your Terms of Art. As the Shadows in Picture represent the serious or melancholy, so the Lights do the bright and

lively Thoughts;[1] As there should be but one forcible Light in a Picture which should catch the Eye and fall on the Heroe, so there should be but one Object of our Love, even the Author of Nature. These and the like Reflections well improv'd might very much contribute to open the Beauty of that Art, and prevent young

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People from being poisoned by the ill Gusto[2] of any extravagant Workman that should be impos'd upon us.

I am,
SIR,
Your most humble Servant.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HOUGH I am a Woman, yet I am one of those who confess themselves highly pleas'd with a Speculation[3] you obliged the World with some time ago, from an old *Greek* Poet you call *Simonides,* in Relation to the several Natures and Distinctions of our own Sex. I could not but admire how justly the Characters of Women in this Age fall in with the Times of *Simonides,* there being no one of those sorts I have not at some Time or other of my Life met with a Sample of: But, Sir, the Subject of this present Address, are a Set of Women comprehended, I think, in the Ninth Specie of that Speculation, call'd the Apes; the Description of whom I find to be, "That they are such as are both ugly and ill-natur'd, who have nothing beautiful themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing that appears so in others." Now, Sir, this Sect, as I have been told, is very frequent in the great Town where you live; but as my Circumstance of Life obliges me to reside altogether in the Country, though not many Miles from *London,* I can't have met with a great Number of'em, nor indeed is it a desirable Acquaintance, as I have late found by Experience. You must know, Sir, that at the Beginning of this Summer a Family of these Apes came and settled for the Season not far from the Place where I live: As they were Strangers in the Country they were visited by the Ladies about 'em, of whom I was, with an Humanity usual in those who pass most of their Time in Solitude. The Apes lived with us very agreeably our own Way, till towards the End of the Summer, when they began to bethink themselves of returning to Town; then it was, Mr. SPECTATOR, that they began to set themselves about the proper and distinguishing Business of their Character; and, as 'tis said of

evil Spirits, that they are apt to carry away a Piece of the House they are about to leave, the Apes, without Regard to common Mercy, Civility, or Gratitude, thought fit to mimick and fall foul on the

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Faces, Dress and Behaviour of their innocent Neighbours, bestowing abominable Censures and disgraceful Appellations, commonly call'd Nick-names, on all of'em; and in short, like true fine Ladies, made their honest Plainness and Sincerity Matter of Redicule. I could not but acquaint you with these Greivances, as well at the Desire of all the Parties injured, as from my own Inclination. I hope, Sir, if you can't propose intirely to reform this Evil, you will take such Notice of it in some of your future Speculations, as may put the deserving Part of our Sex on their Guard against these Creatures; and at the same Time the Apes may be sensible, that this sort of Mirth is so far from an innocent Diversion, that it is in the highest Degree that Vice which is said to comprehend all others.[1] I am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Constantia Feild.'

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Horace, *Satires,* 2, 7. 101: You are called a judge, a man of skill.

[3] No. 226.

[1] Cf. No. 231, where Addison compares modesty to 'the shades in paintings'.

[2] Cf. No. 229.

[3] No. 209.

[1] The allusion here seems to be to envy and malice, but the vice which comprehends all others is commonly said to be ingratitude: *Si ingratum dixeris, omnia dixeris* (Publilius Syrus, no. 149). Swift refers to it in the *Tritical Essay* of 1711 (*Prose Works,* ed. H. Davis, i. 248), and James Hodges (*Essays on Several Subjects,* 1710, p. 27) calls it 'the Proverb allow'd all the World over'. Cf. Cicero, *Oratio pro Cnaeo Plancio,* 33. 80–81; Seneca, *De Beneficiis,* 1. 10. 4. Robert South, in a sermon preached at Christ Church, Oxford, 17 Oct. 1675, summed it up: 'In the Charge of Ingratitude, *Omnia Dixeris:* It is one great Blot upon all Morality: It is all in a Word: It says *Amen* to the black Roll of Sins: It gives Completion and Confirmation to them all' (*Twelve Sermons,* ed. 1727, i. 435).

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 245 Tuesday, December 11, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

Ficta Voluptatis causâ sint proxima Veris.

Hor.

THERE is nothing which one regards so much with an Eye of Mirth and Pity as Innocence, when it has in it a Dash of Folly.

At the same time that one esteems the Virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the Simplicity which accompanies it. When a Man is made up wholly of the Dove, without che least Grain of the Serpent in his Composition, he becomes ridiculous in many Circumstances of Life, and very often discredits his best Actions. The *Cordeliers* tell a Story of their Founder St. *Francis,* that as he passed the Streets in the Dusk of the Evening, he discovered a young Fellow with a Maid in a Corner; upon which the good Man, say they, lifted up his Hands to Heaven with a Secret Thanksgiving, that there was still so much Christian Charity in the World.[1] The Innocence of the Saint made him mistake the Kiss of a Lover for a Salute of Charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a Virtuous Man without a competent Knowledge of the World; and if there be any use in these my Papers, it is this, that without representing Vice under any false alluring Notions, they give my Reader an Insight into the Ways of Men, and represent Human Nature in all its changeable Colours. The Man who has not been engaged in any of the Follies of the World, or as *Sbakespear* expresses it, *Hackney'd in the ways of Men,*[2] may here find a Picture of its Follies and Extravagances. The Virtuous and the

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Innocent may know in Speculation what they could never arrive at by Practice, and by this means avoid the Snares of the Crafty, the Corruptions of the Vicious, and the Reasonings of the Prejudiced. Their Minds may be opened without being viciated.

It is with an Eye to my following Correspondent, Mr. *Timothy Doodle,* who seems a very well meaning Man, that I have written this short Preface, to which I shall subjoin a Letter from the said Mr. *Doodle.*

SIR,

'I COULD heartily wish that you would let us know your Opinion upon several innocent Diversions which are in use among us,

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and which are very proper to pass away a Winter Night for those who do not care to throw away their time at an Opera, or at the Play-house. I would gladly know in particular what Notion you have of Hot-Cockles;[1] as also whether you think that Questions and Commands,[2] Mottoes, Similies[3] and Cross Purposes[4] have not more Mirth and Wit in them, than those publick Diversions which are grown so very fashionable among us. If you would recommend to our Wives and Daughters, who read your Papers with a great deal of Pleasure, some of those Sports and Pastimes that may be practised within Doors, and by the Fire side, we who are Masters of Families should be hugely obliged to you. I need not tell you that I would have these Sports and Pastimes not only Merry, but Innocent, for which reason I have not mentioned either Whisk[5] or Lanterloo,[6] nor indeed so much as One and Thirty.[7] After having communicated

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to you my Request upon this Subject, I will be so free as to tell you how my Wife and I pass away these tedious Winter Evenings with a great deal of Pleasure. Tho' she be young and handsome, and good-humoured to a Miracle, she does not care for gadding Abroad like others of her Sex. There is a very friendly Man, a Colonel in the Army, whom I am mightily obliged to for his Civilities, that comes to see me almost every Night; for he is not one of those giddy young Fellows that cannot live out of a Play-house. When we are together

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we very often make a Party at blind Man's Buff, which is a Sport that I like the better, because there is a good deal of Exercise in it. The Colonel and I are blinded by Turns, and you would Laugh your Heart out to see what pains my Dear takes to Hoodwink us, so that it is impossible for us to see the least glimpse of Light. The poor Colonel sometimes hits his Nose against a Post, and makes us die with Laughing. I have generally the good Luck not to hurt my self, but am very often above half an Hour before I can catch either of them; for you must know we hide our selves up and down in Corners, that we may have the more Sport. I only give you this Hint as a Sample of such Innocent Diversions as I would have you recommend; and am,

Most Esteemed SIR,
Your ever loving Friend,
Timothy Doodle.'

The following Letter was occasioned by my last *Thursday's* Paper upon the Absence of Lovers, and the Methods therein mentioned, of making such Absence supportable.

SIR,

'AMONG the several ways of Consolation, which absent Lovers make use of while their Souls are in that State of Departure, which, you say, is Death in Love, there are some very material ones, that have escaped your Notice. Among these, the First and most received is a crooked Shilling, which has administred great Comfort to our Fore-fathers, and is still made use of on this Occasion with very good Effect in most Parts of Her Majesty's Dominions. There are some, I know, who think a Crown Piece cut into two equal Parts, and preserved by the distant Lovers, is of more Sovereign Vertue than the former. But since Opinions are divided in this Particular, why may not the same Persons make use of both? The Figure of

a Heart, whether cut in Stone[a] or cast in Metal, whether bleeding upon an Altar, stuck with Darts, or held in the Hand of a *Cupid,* has always been looked upon as Talismannick in Distresses of this nature. I am acquainted with many a brave Fellow, who[b] carries his Mistress in the Lid of his Snuff-box, and by that Expedient has

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supported himself under the Absence of a whole Campaign. For my own part, I have tried all these Remedies, but never found so much Benefit from any as from a Ring, in which my Mistress's Hair is platted together very artificially in a kind of True-Lover's knot. As I have received great Benefit from this Secret, I think my self obliged to communicate it to the Publick, for the good of my Fellow Subjects. I desire you will add this Letter as an Appendix to your Consolations upon Absence, and am,

Your very Humble Servant,
T. B.'

I shall conclude this Paper with a Letter from an University Gentleman, occasioned by my last *Tuesday's* Paper, wherein I gave some Account of the great Feuds which happened formerly in those learned Bodies, between the modern *Greeks* and *Trojans.*

SIR,

'THIS will give you to understand, that there is at present in the Society, whereof I am a Member, a very considerable Body of *Trojans,* who, upon a proper Occasion, would not fail to declare our selves. In the mean while we do all we can to annoy our Enemies by Stratagem, and are resolved, by the first Opportunity, to attack Mr. *Joshua Barnes,* whom we look upon as the *Achilles* of the opposite Party.[1] As for my self, I have had the Reputation, ever since I came from School, of being a trusty *Trojan,* and am resolved never to give Quarter to the smallest Particle of *Greek,* where-ever I chance to meet it. It is for this reason I[c] take it very ill of you, that you sometimes hang out *Greek* Colours at the Head of your Paper, and sometimes give a Word of the Enemy even in the Body of it. When I meet with any thing of this Nature I throw down your Speculations upon the Table; with that Form of Words which we make use of when we declare War upon an Author,

Græcum est non potest legi.[1]
I give you this Hint, that you may for the future abstain from any such Hostilities at your Peril.

Troilus.'

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Horace, *Ars poetica,* 338:

Be sure what ever pleasant Tales you tell,
Be so like Truth, that they may serve as well, CREECH.

[1] Burton *(Anatomy of Melancholy,* III. 111. iv. 1) mentions a similar anecdote: 'S. *Francis,* by chance, seeing a Friar familiarly kissing another man's wife, was so far from misconceiving it, that he presently kneeled down, and thanked God there was so much charity left.' In Bayle, art. Francis, Remark C, there is the following digression on St. Aldhelme:

I have spoken, in another Place, of an honest Hermit, who let fall his Breviary at the Sight of a Couple who were closely embraced. This had not happen'd to him, had he been as strong as St. *Aldhelme.* This Saint, tho' he had by his Side a pretty Woman, yet did not lose one Word of either Breviary or Psalmody. ...

Addison may have glanced at the heading 'Francis' in Bayle and not noticed that the story deals not with St. Francis but with 'an honest Hermit'.

[2] Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV,* III. ii. 40 ('So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men').

[1] 'A play, in which one covers his eyes, lays his hand upon his back, and guesses who strikes it. The French call it *La main chaude*' (Percy).

[2] Originally a children's game, in which one assumed the role of sovereign and the other that of subject. In *Taller* 144 Isaac Bickerstaff calls himself 'Censor of these Nations, just as one is chosen King at the Game of Questions and Commands'. The game is mentioned in Wycherley's *Gentleman Dancing-Master* (11. ii); in *The Lover* (No. 13); in the play *Injur'd Lope, or the Lady's Satisfaction,* produced in 1711 (iv. i); in Lillie (i. 15); and in *Pinkethman's Jests* (2nd ed., 1721, 1. 101). It is also mentioned in Nos. 354 (vol. iii), 499, and 504 (vol. iv).

[3] An article on children's play quoted from the *Craftsman* of 4 Feb. 1738 in the *London Magazine,* Feb. 1738 (vii. 59–62), throws some light on 'similes':

I think there can be no Doubt that the Play call'd *Similes* was invented to ridicule the *forced Innuendoes* and *arbitrary Judgments* of the *Star-Chamber;* for as, in *that Court,* the *Judges* wrested the Words of the *Party accused,* according to their Interpretation; so, on the contrary, the *Party,* in the Play of *Similes,* hath leave to give his own Construction; and if he can make out the remotest Similitude between *his Word* and the *Word whisper'd,* he saves his *Forfeit. ...* Some one gives out a word, e.g. Condè Olivarez, formerly Prime Minister of

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Spain. Then each person is to forfeit, or make out some Similitude—e.g. The Condè is like a Norfolk Dumpling, being hard and heavy of digestion; like Quick Silver, because his favours are chiefly bestowed on the debauched; like a Forest, he maintains beasts of prey … (pp. 61–62). The game of 'similitudes' is described in the *Examinerai* 9 Jan. 1712/13.

[4] Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy,* II. 11. iv) mentions 'purposes' and 'questions and commands' among 'the ordinary recreations which we have in Winter'. Pepys (26 Dec. 1666) speaks of being 'mighty merry' at cross purposes. It was evidently a parlour game, like cross questions and crooked answers, in which forfeits were required for failure to guess the correct meanings of the questioner. It is also mentioned in No. 504 (vol. iv). The game is described in *N & Q,* 8th ser., iii(1893), 275.

[5] Rules for playing 'Whist (vulgarly called Whisk)' are given in Richard Seymour's *Compleat Gamester* (ed. 1734), part ii, pp. 1–10, with the following etymology (p. 10): '*Talking* is not allowed at *Whist;* the very Word implies, *Hold your Tongue.*'

[6] Lanterloo (the word has various spellings; in *Tatler* 245 it is called 'langteraloo'), the older form of the popular round card-game known as loo. The value of the cards in lanterloo is given in Theophilus Lucas, *Memoirs of … the most famous Gamesters* (1714), pp. 223–4.

[7] A game of cards, also known as bone-ace or bonne-ace, described in Richard Seymour's *Compleat Gamester* (ed. 1734), part ii, pp. 35–36.

[a] in Stone] *12mo;* in a Stone *Fol., 8vo*

[b] who] that *Fol.*

[1] Joshua Barnes, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge. His edition of Homer appeared in 1711; he died on 3 Aug. 1712.

[c] reason I] reason that I *Fol.*

[1] 'It is Greek; it cannot be read.' A saying of Franciscus Accursius, the thirteenthcentury Italian jurist, when he encountered a quotation from Homer in Justinian. Bayle relates this (art. Accursius, Remark C).

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 246 Wednesday, December 12, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

—Οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατὴρ ἦν ἱππόα Πηλεὺς
Οὐδε Θέτις μήτηρ· γλαυκὴ δέ σ᾽ ἔτικτε θάλασσα,
Πέτραι τ᾽ ἠλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS your Paper is Part of the Equipage of the Tea-Table, I conjure you to print what I now write to you; for I have no other Way to communicate what I have to say to the fair Sex on the most important Circumstance of Life, even the Care of Children. I do not understand that you profess your Paper is always to consist of Matters which are only to entertain the Learned and Polite, but that it may agree with your Design to publish some which may tend to the Information of Mankind in general; and when it does so, you do more than writing Wit and Humour. Give me Leave then to tell you, that of all the Abuses that ever you have as yet endeavoured to reform, certainly not one wanted so much your Assistance as the Abuse in nursing of Children.[3] It is unmerciful to see, that a Woman endowed with all the Perfections and Blessings

of Nature, can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her innocent, tender, and helpless Infant, and give it up to a Woman that is (ten thousand to one) neither in Health nor good Condition, neither sound in Mind nor Body, that has neither Honour nor Reputation, neither Love nor Pity for the poor Babe, but more Regard for the Money than for the whole Child, and never will take further Care of it than what by all the Encouragement of Money and Presents

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she is forced to; like *Æsop's* Earth, which would not nurse the Plant of another Ground, altho' never so much improved, by Reason that Plant was not of its own Production.[1] And since another's Child is no more natural to a Nurse than a Plant to a strange and different Ground, how can it be supposed that the Child should thrive? and if it thrives, must it not imbibe the gross Humours and Qualities of the Nurse, like a Plant in a different Ground, or like a Graft upon a different Stock? Do not we observe, that a Lamb sucking a Goat changes very much its Nature, nay even its Skin and Wooll into the Goat kind? The Power of a Nurse over a Child, by infusing into it with her Milk her Qualities and Disposition, is sufficiently and daily observed: Hence came that old Saying concerning an ill-natur'd and malicious Fellow, that he had imbibed his Malice with his Nurse's Milk, or that some Brute or other had been his Nurse.[2] Hence *Romulus* and *Remus* were said to have been nursed by a Woolf, *Telephus* the Son of *Hercules* by a Hind, *Pelias* the Son of *Neptune* by a Mare, and *Ægisthus* by a Goat; not that they had actually suck'd such Creatures, as some Simpletons have imagin'd, but that their Nurses had been of such a Nature and Temper, and infused such into them.

'Many Instances may be produced from good Authorities and daily Experience, that Children actually suck in the several Passions and depraved Inclinations of their Nurses, as Anger, Malice, Fear, Melancholy, Sadness, Desire, and Aversion. This *Diodorus, Lib.* 2. witnesses, when he speaks, saying, That *Nero* the Emperour's Nurse had been very much addicted to Drinking, which Habit *Nero* received from his Nurse, and was so very particular in this, that the People took so much Notice of it, as instead of *Tiberius Nero* they

call'd him *Biberius Mero*.[1] The same *Diodorus* also relates of *Caligula* Predecessor to *Nero*, that his Nurse used to moisten the Nipples of her Breast frequently with Blood, to make *Caligula* take the better Hold of them; which, says *Diodorus*, was the Cause, that made him so blood-thirsty and cruel all his Life-time after, that he not only committed frequent Murder by his own Hand, but likewise wish'd that all human kind were but one Neck, that he might have the Pleasure to cut it off.[2] Such like Degeneracies astonish the Parents, not knowing after whom the Child can take, seeing the one to incline

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to Stealing, another to Drinking,[a] Cruelty, Stupidity; yet all these are not minded: Nay it is easy to demonstrate, that a Child, although it be born from the best of Parents, may be corrupted by an ill-tempered Nurse. How many Children do we see daily brought into Fits, Consumptions, Rickets, *&c.* meerly by sucking their Nurses when in a Passion, or Fury?[b] But indeed almost any Disorder of the Nurse is a Disorder to the Child, and few Nurses can be found in this Town but what labour under some Distemper or other. The first Question that is generally ask'd a young Woman that wants to be a Nurse, why[c] she should be a Nurse to other People's Children; is answered by her having an ill Husband, and that she must make Shift to live. I think now this very Answer is enough to give any Body a Shock if duly considered; for an ill Husband may, or ten to one if he does not, bring home to his Wife an ill Distemper, or at least Vexation and Disturbance. Besides, as she takes the Child out of meer Necessity, her Food will be accordingly, or else very coarse at best; whence proceeds an ill concocted and coarse Food for the Child, for as the Blood so is the Milk; and hence I am very well assured proceeds the Scurvy, the Evil,[3] and many other Distempers.

I beg of you, for the Sake of the many poor Infants that may and will be saved, by weighing this Case seriously, to exhort the People with the utmost Vehemence to let the Children suck their own Mother, both for the Benefit of Mother and Child. For the general Argument, that a Mother is weakened by giving suck to her Children is vain and simple; I will maintain, that the Mother grows stronger by it, and will have her Health better than she would have otherwise: She will find it the greatest Cure and Preservative for the Vapours and future Miscarriages, much beyond any other Remedy whatsoever: Her Children will be like Giants, whereas otherwise they are but living Shadows and like unripe Fruit; and certainly, if a Woman is strong enough to bring forth a Child, she is beyond all Doubt strong enough to nurse it afterwards. It grieves me to observe and consider how many poor Children are daily ruin'd by careless Nurses; and yet how tender ought they to be of a poor Infant, since the least Hurt or Blow, especially upon the Head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever?

'But I cannot well leave this Subject as yet; for it seems to me very

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unnatural that a Woman that has fed a Child as Part of her self for nine Months, should have no Desire to nurse it farther, when brought to Light and before her Eyes, and when by its Cry it implores her Assistance and the Office of a Mother. Do not the very cruellest of Brutes tend their young ones with all the Care and Delight imaginable? For how can she be call'd a Mother that will not nurse her[a] young ones? The Earth is call'd the Mother of all things,[1] not because she produces, but because she maintains and nurses what she produces. The Generation of the Infant is the Effect of Desire, but the Care of it argues Virtue and Choice. I am not ignorant but that there are some Cases of Necessity where a Mother cannot give suck, and then out of two Evils the least must be chosen; but there are so very few, that I am sure in a Thousand there is hardly one real Instance; for if a Woman does but know that her Husband can spare about three or six Shilling a Week extraordinary (although this is but seldom considered) she certainly, with the Assistance of

her Gossips, will soon perswade the good Man to send the Child to nurse, and easily impose upon him by pretending Indisposition. Thus Cruelty is supported by Fashion, and Nature gives Place to Custom.

SIR,

Your humble Servant.'

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NOTES

[2] *Motto.* Homer, *Iliad,* 16. 33–35:

No am'rous Hero caus'd thy Birth,
Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth.
Some rugged Rock's hard Entrails gave thee Form,
And raging Seas produc'd thee in a Storm.
A Soul well suiting that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy Manner, so untam'd thy Mind.

[3] Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae,* 12. 1, deals with this subject and presents many of the same arguments. Cf. also *Tatler* 15: 'My Grandmother began a loud Lecture upon the Idleness of the Wives of this Age, who, for Fear of their Shape, forbear suckling their own Offspring. …'

[1] Æsop held that the earth is like a mother to plants which grow of their own accord, whereas she is 'only a kind of a *Step-Dame,* in the Production of Plants that are Cultivated and Assisted by the Help and Industry of Another' (Life prefixed to L'Estrange's *Fables of Æsop,* 1692, p. 6).

[2] Cf. Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations,* 3. 1. 2, and Otto, *Die Sprichwörter … der Römer,* **no. 901.**

[1] I do not find this related in Diodorus, but the allusion to Biberius Mero is common: see Camden's *Remains* (ed. 1674), p. 201, and Tom Brown, *Works*, 3rd ed., 1715, iii. 132.

[2] Suetonius, *Caligula*, 30. Addison refers to this in Nos. 16 (vol. i) and 435 (vol. iv).

[a] another to Drinking,] *12mo*; another Drinking, *Fol*., *8vo*

[b] Fury?] *12mo;* Fury. *Fol*., *8vo*

[c] Nurse, why] *12mo*; Nurse, is, why *Fol*., *8vo*

[3] The evil, i.e. 'the king's evil' or scrofula. Misson (pp. 166–8) gives a vivid and satirical description of touching for the evil during the last months of James II's reign. The custom, after falling in abeyance under William III, was revived by Queen Anne. The *London Gazette* of Thursday, 28 Feb. 1712, contains the following notice:

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It being Her Majesty's Royal Intention to Touch for the Evil on Wednesday the Nineteenth of March next, and so to continue Weekly during Lent; It is Her Majesty's Command, that Tickets shall be deliver'd the Day before, at the Office in Whitehall; and, that all Persons shall bring a Certificate, sign'd by the Minister and Churchwardens of their respective Parishes, that they never have receiv'd the Royal Touch.

For contemporary records of touching for the king's evil see W. E. Tate, *The Parish Chest* (Cambridge University Press, 1946), pp. 156–60. There were, of course, many quack doctors who claimed to cure this distemper. *An Easie and Safe Method for Curing the Kings-Evil*, by William Vickers, M.A. (the 5th edition, with additions, printed for S. Manship and A. Collins, at *6d*.) is advertised as 'Just Publish'd' in No. 85.

[a] her] *12mo;* its *Fol*., *8vo*

[1] See Otto. *Die Sprichwörter ... der Römer*, no. 1764.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 247 Thursday, December 13, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Τῶν δ᾽ ἀκάματος ῥέει αὐδὴ
Ἔκ στομάτων ἡδεῖα …

Hes.

WE are told by some Ancient Authors, that *Socrates* was instructed in Eloquence by a Woman, whose Name, if I am not mistaken, was *Aspasia*.[2] I have indeed very often looked upon that Art as the most proper for the Female Sex, and I think the Universities would do well to consider whether they should not fill their Rhetorick Chairs with She Professors.

It has been said in the Praise of some Men, that they could Talk whole Hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned to the Honour of the other Sex, that there are many among them who can Talk whole Hours together upon nothing. I have known a Woman branch out into a long extempore Dissertation upon the Edging of a Petticoat, and chide her Servant for breaking a China Cup in all the Figures of Rhetorick.

Were Women admitted to plead in Courts of Judicature, I am persuaded they would carry the Eloquence of the Bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those Debates which frequently arise among the Ladies of the *British* Fishery.[a3]

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The first kind therefore of Female Orators which I shall take

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notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the Passions, a part of Rhetorick in which *Socrates* his Wife had perhaps made a greater Proficiency than his above-mentioned Teacher.

The second kind of Female Orators are those who deal in Invectives, and who are commonly known by the Name of the Censorious. The Imagination and Elocution of this Sett of Rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of Invention, and Copiousness of Expression, will they enlarge upon every little slip in the Behaviour of another? With how many different Circumstances, and with what variety of Phrases, will they tell over the same Story? I have known an old Lady make an unhappy Marriage the Subject of a Month's Conversation. She blamed the Bride in one place; pitied her in another; laught at her in a third; wonder'd at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and in short, wore out a pair of Coach-horses in expressing her Concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the Subject on this side, she made a Visit to the new married Pair, praised the Wife for the prudent Choice she had made, told her the unreasonable Reflections which some malicious People had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The Censure and Approbation of this kind of Women are therefore only to be consider'd as Helps to Discourse.

A third kind of Female Orators may be comprehended under the Word Gossips. Mrs. *Fiddle Faddle* is perfectly accomplished in this sort of Eloquence; she launches out into Descriptions of Christenings, runs Divisions upon an Head-dress, knows every Dish of Meat that is served up in her Neighbourhood, and entertains her Company a whole Afternoon together with the Wit of her little Boy, before he is able to speak.

The Coquet may be looked upon as a fourth kind of Female Orator. To give her self the larger Field for Discourse, she Hates and Loves in the same Breath, Talks to her Lap-Dog or Parrot, is uneasie in all kinds of Weather, and in every part of the Room: she has false Quarrels, and feign'd Obligations to all the Men of her Acquaintance; Sighs when she is not Sad, and Laughs when she is not Merry. The Coquet is in particular a great Mistress of that part of Oratory which is called Action, and indeed seems to speak for no other Purpose, but as it gives her an Opportunity of stirring a Limb, or varying a Feature, of glancing her Eyes, or playing with her Fan.

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As for News-mongers, Politicians, Mimicks, Story-Tellers, with

other Characters of that nature, which give Birth to Loquacity, they are as commonly found among the Men as the Women; for which Reason I shall pass them over in Silence.

I have been often puzzled to assign a Cause, why Women should have this Talent of a ready Utterance in so much greater Perfection than Men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a Retentive Power, or the Faculty of suppressing their Thoughts, as Men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every thing they think; and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong Argument to the *Cartesians*, for the supporting of their Doctrine,[a] that the Soul always thinks.[1] But as several are of Opinion that the Fair Sex are not altogether Strangers to the arts of Dissembling, and concealing their Thoughts, I have. been forced to relinquish that Opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better Reason. In order to it, a Friend of mine, who is an excellent Anatomist, has promised me by the first Opportunity to dissect a Woman's Tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain Juices which render it so wonderfully voluble and flippant, or whether the Fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant Thread, or whether there are not in it some particular Muscles, which dart it up and down by such sudden Glances and Vibrations; or whether, in the last place, there may not be certain undiscovered Channels running from the Head and the Heart, to this little Instrument of Loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual Affluence of animal Spirits. Nor must I omit the Reason which *Hudibras*[2] has given, why those who can talk on Trifles, speak with the greatest Fluency; namely, that the Tongue is like a Race-Horse, which runs the faster the lesser Weight it carries.

Which of these Reasons so ever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the *Irishman*'s Thought was very natural, who after some Hours Conversation with a Female Orator told her, that he believed her Tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a Moment's Rest all the while she was awake.[3]

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That excellent old Ballad of the *Wanton Wife of Bath*[1] has the following remarkable Lines.

I think, quoth Thomas, *Womens Tongues*
Of Aspen Leaves are made.

And *Ovid*, though in the description of a very Barbarous Circumstance, tells us, that when the Tongue of a beautiful Female was cut out, and thrown upon the Ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that posture.

... Comprensam forcipe linguam
Abstulit ense fero. Radix micat ultima linguæ.
Ipsa jacet, ter raque tremens immurmurat atræ:
Utque salire solet mutilata cauda colubræ
Palpit:... [2]

If a Tongue would be talking without a Mouth, what could it have done when it had all its Organs of Speech, and Accomplices of Sound about it! I might here mention the Story of the Pippin-Woman,[3] had not I some reason to look upon it as Fabulous.

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the Musick of this little Instrument, that I would by no means discourage it. All that I aim at, by this Dissertation, is, to Cure it of several disagreeable Notes, and in particular of those little Jarrings and Dissonances which arise from Anger, Censoriousness, Gossiping and Coquettry.

In short, I would have it always tuned by Good-Nature, Truth, Discretion and Sincerity.[1] C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Hesiod, *Theogonia*, 39–40:

A Tide of Talk flows down
Melodious, unrestrain'd.

[2] Plutarch, *Life of Pericles*, 24. 3.

[a] Ladies … Fishery.] Ladies that belong to our *British* Fishery. *Fol*.

[3] Billingsgate.

[a] Doctrine,] Opinion, *Fol*.

[1] Cf. Marjorie Nicolson, 'The Early Stage of Cartesianism in England', *Studies in Philology*, xxvi (July 1929), 356–74. It was this psychological aspect of Cartesianism which Miss Nicolson calls the 'most obvious and far-reaching influence'. 'It was in its supposed insistence upon the *thinking-self* as the evidence of existence that Cartesianism appealed particularly to the youthful' (p. 371).

[2] III. ii. 443–4.

[3] Possibly a reminiscence of Addison's stay in Dublin in 1709–10.

[1] One of the broadside ballads, 'To the Tune of, *Flying Fame*, &c. (London: Printed by and for W. O. and sold by the Booksellers of Pye-corner and London-bridge)' in vol. i of the Bagford Ballads in the British Museum. It is printed in *A Collection of Old Ballads* (2nd ed., 1726), ii. 173–8, preceded by the statement that the story is borrowed from Chaucer. 'The Ballad it self has always been esteem'd, and even Mr. *Addison* has commended it, whose Judgment in Poetry, I believe never was disputed' (i. 173). Percy included it in the first edition of the *Reliques* but later dropped it (see Wheatley's edition, iii. 336).

[2] *Metamorphoses, 6*. 556–60:

In vain she tries, for now the blade has cut
Her tongue sheer off, close to the trembling root;
The mangled part still quiver'd on the ground,
Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound:
And, as a serpent writhes his wounded train,

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Uneasy, panting, and possess'd with pain, CROXALL.

[3] An apple-woman whose head, according to Gay (*Trivia*, ii. 381–98), was severed by the ice when the Thames froze over in the great frost of 1709.

The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dyes,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,
And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds. (389–92)

[1] A letter signed Prattle-Much, dated 22 Dec. 1711, in Lillie (ii. 168–9) comments on this essay and doubts whether any cure can be effected 'unless you can prevail with your friend, who has undertaken to desect a woman's tongue, to proceed and desect every woman's tongue …'.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 248 Friday, December 14, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

Hoc Maxime Officii est ut quisque maxime opis indigeat ita ei potissimum opitulari.

Tull.

THERE are none who deserve Superiority over others in the Esteem of Mankind, who do not make it their Endeavour to be beneficial to Society; and who upon all Occasions which their Circumstances of Life can administer, do not take a certain unfeign'd Pleasure in conferring Benefits of one Kind or other. Those whose great Talents and high Birth have placed them in conspicuous Stations of Life, are indispensibly obliged to exert some noble Inclinations for the Service of the World, or else such Advantages become Misfortunes, and Shade and Privacy are a more eligible Portion. Where Opportunities and Inclinations are given to the same Person, we sometimes see sublime Instances of Virtue, which so dazzle our Imaginations, that we look with Scorn on all which in lower Scenes of Life we may our selves be able to practise. But this is a vicious Way of Thinking; and it bears some Spice of romantick Madness for a Man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek Adventures, to be able to do great Actions. It is in every Man's Power in the World who is above meer Poverty, not only to do things worthy but heroick. The great Foundation of civil Virtue is Self-Denial; and there is no one above the Necessities of Life, but has Opportunities of exercising that noble Quality, and doing as much as his Circumstances will bear for the Ease and Convenience of other Men; and he who does more than ordinarily Men practise upon such Occasions as occur in his Life, deserves the Value of his Friends

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as if he had done Enterprizes which are usually attended with the

highest Glory. Men of publick Spirit differ rather in their Circumstances than their Virtue; and the Man who does all he can in a low Station, is more an Heroe than he who omits any worthy Action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many Years ago since *Lapirius*, in Wrong of his elder Brother, came to a great Estate by Gift of his Father, by reason of the dissolute Behaviour of the First-born. Shame and Contrition reformed the Life of the disinherited Youth, and he became as remarkable for his good Qualities as formerly for his Errors. *Lapirius*, who observed his Brother's Amendment, sent him on a New-Year's Day in the Morning the following Letter.

Honoured Brother,

'I ENCLOSE to you the Deeds whereby my Father gave me this House and Land: Had he lived till now he would not have bestowed it in that Manner; he took it from the Man you were, and I restore it to the Man you are. I am,

SIR,
Your affectionate Brother
and humble Servant,
P. T.'

As great and exalted Spirits undertake the Pursuit of hazardous Actions for the Good of others, at the same Time gratifying their Passion for Glory; so do worthy Minds in the domestick Way of Life deny themselves many Advantages, to satisfy a generous Benevolence which they bear to their Friends oppressed with Distresses and Calamities. Such Natures one may call Stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret celestial Influence to undervalue the ordinary Gratifications of Wealth, to give Comfort to an Heart loaded with Affliction, to save a falling Family, to preserve a Branch of Trade in their Neighbourhood, and give Work to the Industrious, preserve the Portion of the helpless Infant, and raise the Head of the mourning Father. People whose Hearts are wholly bent towards Pleasure, or intent upon Gain, never hear of the noble Occurrences among Men of Industry and Humanity. It would look like a City Romance, to tell them of the generous Merchant who the other Day

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sent this Billet to an eminent Trader under Difficulties to support himself, in whose Fall many hundreds besides himself had perished; but because I think there is more Spirit and true Gallantry in it than

in any Letter I have ever read from *Strephon* to *Phillis*, I shall insert it even in the mercantile honest Stile in which it was sent.

SLR,

'I HAVE heard of the Casualties which have involved you in extreme Distress at this Time; and knowing you to be a Man of great Good-nature, Industry, and Probity, have resolved to stand by you. Be of good Chear, the Bearer brings with him five thousand Pounds, and has my Order to answer your drawing as much more on my Account. I did this in Haste, for Fear I should come too late for your Relief; but you may value your self with me to the Sum of fifty thousand Pounds; for I can very chearfully run the Hazard of being so much less rich than I am now, to save an honest Man whom I love.

Your Friend and Servant,

W. S.'[a1]

I think there is somewhere in *Montagne* Mention made of a Family-Book, wherein all the Occurrences that happened from one Generation of that House to another were recorded.[2] Were there such a Method in the Families which are concerned in this Generosity, it would be an hard Task for the greatest in *Europe* to give in their own, an Instance of a Benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful Air. It has been heretofore urged,[3] how barbarous and inhuman is any unjust Step made to the Disadvantage of a Trader; and by how much such an Act towards him is detestable, by so much an Act of Kindness towards[b] him is laudable. I remember to have heard a Bencher of the *Temple*[4] tell a Story of a Tradition in their House, where they had formerly a Custom of chusing Kings for such a Season, and allowing him his Expences at the Charge of

the Society: One of our Kings, said my Friend, carried his royal

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Inclination a little too far, and there was a Committee ordered to look into the Management of his Treasury. Among other things it appeared, that his Majesty walking *incog.*[1] in the Cloyster, had over-heard a poor Man say to another, Such a small Sum would make me the happiest Man in the World. The King out of his royal Compassion privately enquired into his Character, and finding him a proper Object of Charity sent him the Money. When the Committee read their Report, the House passed his Accompts with a Plaudite without further Examination, upon Recital of this Article in them,

	l.	s.	d.
For making a Man happy,—	10 :	00 :	00

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Cicero, *De Officiis*, 1. 15.49: It is truly to do a good Office, to assist another chiefly in that, in which consists his greatest Want.

[a] W. S.] *12mo*; W. P. *Fol*., *8vo. Corrected in Errata* (*Fol*., *No. 252*) *to* W. S.

[1] Nichols identified this 'generous merchant' as Sir William Scawen and the 'eminent trader' involved in distress as John Moreton, the linendraper. Cf. No. 546 (vol. iv), where Steele expresses his satisfaction in seeing that Moreton's shop 'is fitting up new'. A little later, however, a commission of bankruptcy was awarded against 'John Moreton, William Voyce and Richard Watts, of London, Linnen-Drapers and Partners' (*London Gazette*, 31 Mar. 1713).

[2] Montaigne, *Essays*, book i, chap, xxxiv, 'Of one Defect in one Government' (trans. Charles Cotton, 1685, i. 402).

[3] No. 218.

[b] towards] *12mo*; to *Fol*., *8vo*

[4] Goldsmith, *Life of Richard Nash* (1762), pp. 14–15, identifies Nash as the hero of this anecdote: 'An instance of his humanity is told us in The Spectator, though his name is not mentioned....'

[1] This is one of the abbreviated forms mentioned in No. 135.

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NO. 249
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

Γέλως ἄκαιρος ἐν βροτοῖς δεινὸν κακόν

Frag. Vet. Po.

WHEN I make Choice of a Subject that has not been treated of by others, I throw together my Reflections on it without any Order or Method, so that they may appear rather in the Looseness and Freedom of an Essay, than in the Regularity of a Set Discourse. It is after this manner that I shall consider Laughter and Ridicule in my present Paper.

Man is the merriest Species of the Creation, all above and below him are Serious.[3] He sees things in a different Light from other Beings, and finds his Mirth rising from Objects which[a] perhaps cause something like Pity or Displeasure in higher Natures. Laughter is indeed a very good Counterpoise to the Spleen; and it seems but

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reasonable that we should be capable of receiving Joy from what is no real Good to us, since we can receive Grief from what is no real Evil.

I have in my Forty seventh Paper raised a Speculation on the Notion of a Modern Philosopher, who describes the first Motive of Laughter to be a secret Comparison which we make between our selves and the Persons we laugh at; or in other Words, that Satis-

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faction which we receive from the Opinion of some Pre-eminence in our selves, when we see the Absurdities of another, or when we reflect on any past Absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most cases, and we may observe that the vainest part of Mankind are the most addicted to this Passion.

I have read a Sermon of a Conventual in the Church of *Rome*, on those Words of the Wise Man, I *said of Laughter it is mad, and of Mirth what does it*. Upon which he laid it down as a Point of Doctrine, that Laughter was the effect of Original Sin, and that *Adam* could not laugh before the Fall.[1]

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the Mind, weakens the Faculties, and causes a kind of Remissness and Dissolution in all the Powers of the Soul: And thus far it may be looked upon as a Weakness in the Composition of Human Nature. But if we consider the frequent Reliefs we[a] receive from it, and how often it breaks the Gloom which is apt to depress the Mind, and damp our Spirits with transient unexpected gleams of Joy, one would take care not to grow too Wise for so great a Pleasure of Life.

The Talent of turning Men into Ridicule, and exposing to Laughter those one Converses with, is the Qualification of little ungenerous Tempers. A young Man with this cast of Mind cuts himself off from all manner of Improvement. Every one has his Flaws and Weaknesses; nay, the greatest Blemishes are often found in the most shining Characters; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable Parts of a Man, and fix our Attention on his Infirmities; to observe his Imperfections more than his Virtues;

and to make use of him for the Sport of others, rather than for our own Improvement.

We therefore very often find that Persons the most accomplished in Ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a Blot, without exerting any thing Masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent Criticks who never writ a good Line, there are many admirable Buffoons that animadvert upon every single Defect in another, without ever discovering the least Beauty of their own. By this means these unlucky little Wits often gain Reputation in the

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Esteem of Vulgar Minds, and raise themselves above Persons of much more laudable Characters.

If the Talent of Ridicule were employed to laugh Men out of Vice and Folly, it might be of some use to the World; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh Men out of Virtue and good Sense, by attacking every thing that is Solemn and Serious, Decent and Praise-worthy in Human Life.

We may observe, that in the First Ages of the World, when the great Souls and Master-pieces of Human Nature were produced, Men shined by a noble Simplicity of Behaviour, and were Strangers to those little Embellishments which are so fashionable in our present Conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the Ancients in Poetry, Painting, Oratory, History, Architecture, and all the noble Arts and Sciences which depend more upon Genius than Experience, we exceed them as much in Doggerel, Humour, Burlesque, and all the trivial Arts of Ridicule. We meet with more Raillery among the Moderns, but more Good Sense among the Ancients.

The two great Branches of Ridicule in Writing are Comedy and Burlesque.[1] The first ridicules Persons by drawing them in their proper Characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds, the first represents mean Persons in the Accoutrements of Heroes, the other describes great Persons acting and speaking, like the basest among the People.[2]

Don Quixote is an Instance of the first, and *Lucian*'s Gods of the second. It is a Dispute among the Criticks, whether Burlesque Poetry runs best in Heroic Verse, like that of the Dispensary, or in Doggerel, like that of *Hudibras.*[1] I think where the low Character is to be raised the Heroic is the proper Measure, but when an Hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in Doggerel.

If *Hudibras* had been set out with as much Wit and Humour in Heroic Verse as he is in Doggerel, he would have made a much more agreeable Figure than he does; though the generality of his Readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double Rhimes, that

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I do not expect many will be of my Opinion in this Particular.[2]

I shall conclude this Essay upon Laughter with observing, that the Metaphor of Laughing, applied to Fields and Meadows when they are in Flower, or to Trees when they are in Blossom, runs through all Languages;[3] which I have not observed of any other Metaphor, excepting that of Fire, and burning, when they are applied to Love. This shews that we naturally regard Laughter, as what is in it self both amiable and beautiful. For this Reason likewise *Venus* has gained the Title of φιλομμείδης [4] the Laughter-loving Dame,[a] as *Waller* has Translated it,[5] and is represented by *Horace* as the Goddess who delights in Laughter.[6] *Milton*, in a Joyous Assembly of imaginary Persons, has given us a very poetical Figure of Laughter. His whole Band of Mirth is so finely described that I shall set the Passage down[b] at length.

But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by Men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus *at a birth*

With two Sister Graces more
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus *bore:*
Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's *Cheek*,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastick Toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crue
To live with her, and live with thee,

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In unreproved Pleasures free.[1]

C

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Menander, *Monostichoi*, 88. Unseasonable laughter is a grievous ill. (One of the 'Sententiae singulis versibus contentae e diversis Poetis' in Winterton, *Poetae Minores Graeci,* Cambridge, 1677, p. 507.)

[3] Cureau de la Chambre in *The Characters of the Passions* (1650), p. 227, discusses 'Why, of all creatures, Man only laughs'. For risibility as 'the proper affection of man' see also Dr. Thomas Willis, *Anatomy of the Brain*, chap, xvii (*Four Treatises*, 1681, p. 117).

[a] which] *8vo*; that *Fol*., *12mo*

[1] A reminiscence of Addison's tour on the Continent. In a letter to Henry Newton (from Blois, Feb. 1700), in which he comments on the austerities of the French convents, Addison wrote: 'I cant forbear on this occasion telling you an Odd opinion of a Holy Father, a Capucin, who in a discourse on the Vanity of Mirth, told us yt he did not question but laughter was y^{e} effect of Original Sin & yt Adam was not Risible before the Fall' (*Letters*, ed. Graham, p. 20). This sentence was omitted when the letter was reprinted in *Guardian* 104.

[a] Reliefs we] Reliefs that we *Fol*.

[1] For a fuller development of this distinction see Fielding's preface to *Joseph Andrews*.

[2] In the dedication to his translation of Boileau's *Lutrin* in 1708 (*Works of Boileau*, 1711–12, i, sig. A3^{V}) John Ozell wrote:

If I distinguish right, there are two sorts of *Burlesque*; the first w[h]ere things of mean Figure and slight Concern appear in all the Pomp and Bustle of an *Epic* Poem; such is this of the *Lutrin*. The Second sort is where great Events are made ridiculous by the Meanness of the Character, and the oddness of the Numbers, such is the *Hudibras* of our excellent BUTLER.

[1] See Richmond P. Bond, *English Burlesque Poetry* (Cambridge, Mass., 1932), pp. 29–41.

[2] Addison has been criticized as inconsistent by earlier editors, but his statement that *Hudibras* would have made a 'more agreeable Figure' in heroic verse is consistent with the point made in the preceding paragraph.

[3] Cf. *Guardian* 29: 'The Poets make use of this Metaphor when they would describe Nature in her richest Dress, for Beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the Smile....'

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[4] The epithet used by Homer (*Iliad*, 4. 10; 5. 375; 14. 211).

[a] the Title of φιλομμείδης the Laughter-loving Dame,] *12mo*; the Title of the Laughter-loving Dame, *Fol*.; the Title of (*φιλομμείδης*) the Laughter-loving Dame, *8vo*

[5] *The Countess of Carlisle in Mourning*, 13.

[6]*Odes*, 2. 8. 12, &c.

[b] shall set the Passage down] *12mo*; shall set it down *Fol*.; shall set down the Passage *8vo*

[1] *L'Allegro*, 11–16, 25–40.

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The Spectator: No. 250 Monday, December 17, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

MONDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1711[2]

Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amiculus, ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit; tamen aspice si quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU see the Nature of my Request by the *Latin* Motto which I address to you: I am very sensible I ought not to use many Words to you, who are one of but few; but the following Piece, as it relates to Speculation in Propriety of Speech, being a Curiosity in its Kind, begs your Patience: It was found in a poetical Virtuosos Closet among his Rarities; and since the several Treatises of Thumbs,

Ears and Noses have obliged the World, this of Eyes is at your Service.[1]

'The first Eye of Consequence (under the invisible Author of all) is the visible Luminary of the Universe: This glorious Spectator is said never to open his Eyes at his Rising in a Morning, without having a whole Kingdom of Adorers in *Persian* Silk waiting at his Levee. Millions of Creatures derive their Sight from this Original, who, besides his being the great Director of Opticks, is the surest Test whether Eyes be of the same Species with that of an Eagle or that of an Owl: The one he emboldens with a manly Assurance to look, speak, act or plead before the Faces of a numerous Assembly; the other he dazzles out of Countenance into a sheepish Dejected-ness. The Sun-Proof Eye dares lead up a Dance in a full Court; and without blinking at the lustre of Beauty, can distribute an Eye of

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proper Complaisance to a Room crowded with Company, each of which deserves particular Regard; whilst the other sneaks from Conversation, like a fearful Debtor, who never dares look out, but when he can see no body, and no body him.

'The next Instance of Opticks is the famous *Argus*, who (to speak in the Language of *Cambridge*) was one of an hundred; and being us'd as a Spy in the Affairs of Jealousy, was obliged to have all his Eyes about him. We have no Account of the particular Colours, Casts and Turns of this Body of Eyes; but as he was Pimp for his Mistress *Juno*, 'tis probable he us'd all the modern Leers, sly Glances, and other ocular Activities to serve his Purpose. Some look upon him as the then King at Arms to the Heathenish Deities, and make no more of his Eyes than as so many Spangles of his Herald's Coat.

'The next upon the Optick List is old *Janus*, who stood in a double-sighted Capacity like a Person plac'd betwixt two opposite Looking-Glasses, and so took a sort of retroprospective[2] Cast at one View. Copies of this double-fac'd Way are not yet out of Fashion with many Professions, and the ingenious Artists pretend to keep

up this Species by double-headed Canes and Spoons;[1] but there is no Mark of this Faculty except in the emblematical Way of a wise General having an Eye to both Front and Rear, or a pious Man taking a Review and Prospect of his Past and Future State at the same Time.

'I must own that the Names, Colours, Qualities, and Turns of Eyes vary almost in every Head; for, not to mention the common Appellations of the Black, the Blue, the White, the Grey, and the like, the most remarkable are those that borrow their Title from Animals, by Vertue of some peculiar Quality or Resemblance they bear to the Eyes of the respective Creature; as that of a greedy rapacious Aspect takes its Name from the Cat, that of a sharp piercing Nature from the Hawk, those of an amorous roguish Look derive their Title even from the Sheep, and we say such a one has a Sheep's Eye, not so much to denote the Innocence as the simple Slyness of the Cast: Nor is this metaphorical Inoculation a modern Invention, for we find *Homer* taking the Freedom to place the Eye

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of an Ox, Bull, or Cow in one of his principal Goddesses, by that frequent Expression of

Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη—[2]

'Now as to the peculiar Qualities of the Eye, that fine Part of our Constitution seems as much the Receptacle and Seat of our Passions, Appetites, and Inclinations as the Mind it self; at least 'tis as the outward Portal to introduce them to the House within, or rather the common Thorough-fare to let our Affections pass in and out; Love, Anger, Pride, and Avarice all visibly move in those little Orbs. I know a young Lady that can't see a certain Gentleman pass by, without shewing a secret Desire of seeing him again by a Dance in her Eye-balls; nay, she can't for the Heart of her help looking Half a Street's Length after any Man in a gay Dress. You cannot behold a covetous Spirit walk by a Goldsmith's Shop, without casting a wishful Eye at the Heaps upon the Counter. Does not an haughty Person shew the Temper of his Soul in the supercilious Rowl of his Eye? and how frequently in the Height of Passion does that moving Picture[3] in our Head start and stare, gather a Redness and quick

Flashes of Lightning, and make all its Humours sparkle with Fire, as *Virgil* finely describes it,

... Ardentis ab ore
Scintillae absistunt: oculis micat acribus ignis.[1]

'As for the various Turns of Eye-sight, such as the voluntary or involuntary, the half or the whole Leer, I shall not enter into a very particular Account of them; but let me observe, that oblique Vision, when natural, was anciently the Mark of Bewitchery and magical Fascination, and to this Day 'tis a malignant ill Look; but when 'tis forc'd and affected it carries a wanton Design, and in Play-houses and other publick Places this ocular Intimation is often an Assignation for bad Practices: But this Irregularity in Vision, together with such Enormities as tipping the Wink, the circumspective Rowl, the side Peep thro' a thin Hood or Fan, must be put in the Class of Heteropticks, as all wrong Notions of Religion are rank'd under the general Name of Heterodox. All the pernicious Applications of

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Sight are more immediately under the Direction of a SPECTATOR; and I hope you will arm your Readers against the Mischiefs which are daily done by killing Eyes, in which you will highly oblige your wounded unknown Friend,

T. B.'[2]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU professed in several Papers your particular Endeavours, X in the Province of SPECTATOR, to correct the Offences committed by Starers, who disturb whole Assemblies, without any regard to Time, Place or Modesty.[3] You complained also, that a Starer is not usually a Person to be convinced by the Reason of the Thing; nor so easily rebuked, as to amend by Admonitions.[4] I thought therefore fit to acquaint you with a convenient Mechanical way, which may easily prevent or correct Staring, by an Optical con-

trivance of new Perspective-Glasses, short and commodious like Opera-Glasses, fit for short-sighted People as well as others; these Glasses making the Objects appear, either as they are seen by the naked Eye, or more distinct, though somewhat less than Life, or bigger and nearer.[1] A Person may by the help of this Invention take a View of another, without the Impertinence of Staring; at the same time it shall not be possible to know whom or what he is looking at. One may look towards his right or left Hand, when he is supposed to look forwards: This is set forth at large in the printed Proposals for the Sale of these Glasses, to be had at Mr. *Dillon*'*s*,[2] in *Long-Acre*, next Door to the *White-Hart*: Now, Sir, as your *Spectator* has occasion'd the Publishing of this Invention, for the benefit of modest Spectators, the Inventor desires your Admonitions, concerning the decent Use of it, and hopes by your Recommendation that for the future Beauty may be beheld without the Torture and Confusion which it suffers from the insolence of Starers. By this means you will relieve the Innocent from an Insult which there is no Law to punish, tho' it is a greater Offence than many which are within the cognisance of Justice. I am,

SIR,

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Your most humble Servant,

Abraham Spy.'

Q

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Horace, *Epistles*, 1. 17. 3–5:

Yet hear what thy unskillful Friend can say,
As if one Blind pretends to show the way;
Yet see a while if what is fairly shown
Be good, and such as you may make your own. CREECH.

[1] John Shuttleworth's *Treatise of Opticks* is reviewed at length in *History of the Works of the Learned*, Dec. 1708, pp. 745–52. For other 'treatises' published in the reign of Queen Anne see the Index to W. T. Morgan's *Bibliography of British History 1700–1715* (Bloomington, Indiana, 1942). The present letter may well have been prompted by the appearance of Humphrey Ditton's *Treatise of Perspective, demonstrative and practical*, which though dated 1712 was published ten days before the appearance of this number, on 7 Dec. 1711 (advertisement in *Daily Courant*).

[2] This is the form of the word in all the early editions and is clearly correct, as the context shows, although it is altered to *retrospective* by Morley and other editors. It does not appear in *OED*.

[1] 'Alluding to the old-fashioned Spoons, which had commonly ornamental figures carved on the handles, as a double face, one of the twelve Apostles, &c. &c.' (Nichols).

[2] *Iliad*, 4. 50: 'the ox-eyed venerable Juno.'

[3] See No. 242.

[1] *Aeneid*, 12. 101–2:

From his Nostrils flies
A fiery Steam, and Sparkles from his Eyes, DRYDEN.

[2] In a rather vague note in No. 252 Nichols states that this letter signed T. B. is 'said to have been written by Mr. Golding', of whom Drake's statement (iii. 360)—'concerning whose life and character no circumstances have reached the present times'—still unfortunately applies. In this number Steele has joined two letters, apparently genuine, on the subject of sight, and added the signature Q—the only number in the entire *Spectator* with this signature—the identity of which remains a mystery.

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[3] Nos. 20, 53 (vol. i).

[4] No. 20 (vol. i).

[1] Von Uffenbach (*London in* 1710, p. 145) purchased on 15 Oct. 1710 'a perspective glass for near objects, especially for use at the play, for six shillings'. Cf. *Tatler* 77:

'At a Lady's Entrance into the Play-house, you might see Tubes immediately levell'd at her from every Quarter of the Pit and Side-Boxes.' *Tatler* 103 deals with a petition for perspective glasses.

[2] His advertisement appears in No. 102:

Four new Sorts of curious Perspective-Glasses, convenient to take a View of others, though for a great while or very often, yet modestly, without any impertinent Staring, no other Persons being able to discover who is look'd at, even if they had got these new Glasses; for one may thereby look towards his right or left hand, when others suppose him to look forwards; or he may look forwards or backwards, when they suppose him to look towards his right or left Hand. These Perspective-Glasses are commodious and short, like ordinary Opera-Glasses, and make things to appear clearer, nearer and bigger, though they be twice or thrice as far distant, than the naked Eye, (of short-sighted People as well as of them that have a good Sight) requires, to see very distinctly. Proposals at large for their Sale by Subscription may be had at Mr. Dillon's, next Door to the White-Hart in Long-Acre.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 251 Tuesday, December 18, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

... Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox ...

Virg.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a Foreigner and frights a Country Squire, than the *Cries of London.*[2] My good Friend, Sir ROGER, often declares, that he cannot get them out of his Head, or go to sleep for them the first Week that he is in Town. On the contrary, WILL. HONEYCOMB calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the Sounds of Larks and Nightingales, with all the Musick of the Fields and Woods. I have lately received a Letter from some very odd Fellow upon this Subject, which I shall leave with my Reader, without saying any thing further of it.

SIR,

'I AM a Man out of all Business, and would willingly turn my Head to any thing for an honest Livelihood. I have invented several Projects for raising many Millions of Mony without burthening the Subject, but I cannot get the Parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a Crack[3] and a Projector; so that despairing to enrich either my self or my Country by this Publick-spiritedness, I would make some Proposals to you relating to a Design, which I have very much at Heart, and which may procure

me an handsom Subsistance, if you will be pleased to recommend it

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to the Cities of *London* and *Westminster.*

'The Post I would aim at is to be Comptroller general of the *London* Cries, which are at present under no manner of Rules or Discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this Place, as being a Man of very strong Lungs, of great Insight into all the Branches of our *British* Trades and Manufactures, and of a competent Skill in Musick.

'The Cries of *London* may be divided into Vocal and Instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great Disorder. A Freeman of *London* has the Privilege of disturbing a whole Street for an hour together, with the twancking[1] of a Brass Kettle or a Frying-Pan. The Watchman's Thump at Midnight startles us in our Beds, as much as the breaking in of a Thief. The Sow-gelder's Horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the Liberties. I would therefore propose, that no Instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the Ears of her Majesty's liege Subjects.

'Vocal Cries are of a much larger Extent, and indeed so full of Incongruities and Barbarisms, that we appear a distracted City, to Foreigners, who do not comprehend the Meaning of such Enormous[2] Outcries. Milk is generally sold in a Note above *Elah*,[3] and in Sounds so exceedingly shrill, that it often sets our Teeth an edge.[4] The Chimney Sweeper is confined[a] to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest Base, and sometimes in the sharpest Treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest Note of the Gamut. The same Observation might be made on the Retailers of Small-cole, not to mention broken Glasses or Brick-dust.[5] In these, therefore, and the like Cases, it should be my Care to sweeten and mellow the Voices of these itinerant Tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our Streets; as also to accommodate their Cries

to their respective Wares; and to take care in particular that those may not make the most noise, who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the Venders of Card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old Proverb of *Much Cry but little Wool*.

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'Some of these last-mentioned Musicians are so very loud in the Sale of these trifling Manufactures, that an honest Splenetick Gentleman of my Acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the Street where he lived; But what was the effect of this Contract? why, the whole Tribe of Cardmatch-makers which frequent that Quarter, passed by his Door the very next Day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

'It is another great Imperfection in our *London* Cries, that there is no just Time nor Measure observed in them. Our News should indeed be Published in a very quick time, because it is a Commodity that will not keep cold. It should not however be cried with the same Precipitation as *Fire*: Yet this is generally the case: A Bloody Battel alarms the Town from one end to another in an Instant. Every Motion of the *French* is Published in so great an hurry, that one would think the Enemy were at our Gates.[1] This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some Distinction made between the spreading of a Victory, a March, or an Incampment, a *Dutch*, a *Portugal*, or a *Spanish* Mail. Nor must I omit under this Head, those excessive Alarms with which several boisterous Rusticks infest our Streets in Turnip Season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are Wares which are in no danger of Cooling upon their Hands.

'There are others who affect a very slow time, and are in my Opinion much more tuneable than the former; the Cooper in particular swells his last Note in an hollow Voice, that is not without its Harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable Melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn Air with which the Publick is very often asked, if they have any Chairs to mend. Your own Memory may suggest to you many other lamentable Ditties of the same nature, in which the Musick is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

'I am always pleased with that particular time of the Year which

is proper for the pickling of Dill and Cucumbers;[1] but alas this Cry, like the Song of the Nightingales, is not heard above two Months. It would[a] therefore be worth while, to consider whether the same Air might not in some Cases be adapted to other Words.

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'It might likewise deserve our most serious Consideration, how far, in a well regulated City, those Humourists are to be tolerated, who not contented with the traditional Cries of their Fore-fathers, have invented particular Songs and Tunes of their own: Such as was, not many Years since, the Pastry-man, commonly known by the Name of the Colly-Molly-Puff;[2] and such as is at this Day the Vender of Powder and Washballs, who, if I am rightly inform'd, goes under the Name of *Powder-Watt*.[3]

'I must not here omit one particular Absurdity which runs through this whole Vociferous Generation, and which renders their Cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the Publick, I mean that Idle Accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of Crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected Singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that People know the Wares they deal in rather by their Tunes than by their Words; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a Country Boy run out to buy Apples of a Bellows-mender, and Gingerbread from a Grinder of Knives and Scissars. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent Artists of this particular Grace in a Cry, that none but their Acquaintance are able to guess at their Profession; for who else can know, that *Work if I had it*, should be the Signification of a Corn-Cutter.

'For-as-much therefore as Persons of this Rank are seldom Men of Genius or Capacity, I think it would be very proper that some Man of good Sense and sound Judgment should preside over these Publick Cries, who should permit none to lift up their Voices in our Streets, that have not tuneable Throats, and are not only able to overcome the Noise of the Croud, and the rattling of Coaches, but

also to vend their respective Merchandizes in apt Phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable Sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend my self as a Person rightly qualified for this Post; and if I meet with fitting Encouragement, shall communicate some other Projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the Emolument of the Publick.

I am,

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SIR, &c.

Ralph Crotchett.'

10 C[1]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Adapted from Virgil, *Aeneid*, 6. 625–6: There are a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, and voice of iron.

[2] The cries of the city are depicted in a series of drawings by Marcellus Laroon, engraved by P. Tempest, *The Cryes of the City of London Drarvne after the Life*, sold by P. Tempest at the Golden Head in James-street, Covent-Garden, and at the Italian Coffee-house in Katherine-Street in the Strand. The book is advertised in *Tatler* 91 (8 Nov. 1709) and later issues. Most of the cries mentioned in this essay are pictured in Laroon: The sow-gelder's horn is No. 1; the chimney sweeper No. 54; the retailers of small-coal No. 50; the venders of card-matches No. 2; 'every motion of the French' (i.e. ballads and gazettes) Nos. 57, 66; the cooper No. 17; dill and cucumbers No. 69; knives and scissors to grind No. 21. See also *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, iv (Dec. 1910), 97–105 ('Street Cries'); v (June 1915), 215–16; and especially vi (June 1919), 43–77 ('London Street Cries, Miscellaneous Street Cries', chiefly collected by Juliet Williams, with additions and notes by Lucy E. Broadwood and Annie G. Gilchrist), which reprints this number of the *Spectator* by way of illustration. The musical notation of the cooper's cry, 'very likely the identical one heard by Addison', is printed in the *Journal*, iv. 101–2. Cf. also *Tatler* 4.

[3] i.e. a crack-brain or crazy fellow. This is the last quotation given in *OED* in this sense,

[1] Twank, 'to twang with short and sharp effect', is marked as *dial* by *OED*; this is the earliest quotation.

[2] Used in the obsolete sense of abnormal, monstrous, shocking. The latest quotation in *OED* is dated 1818.

[3] Ela is the highest note in the gamut, answering to the upper E in the treble.

[4] The earlier form of'on edge'. Cf. *OED*.

[a] confined] contained *Fol. Corrected in Errata* (*No*. 257)

[5] Powdered brick was often used to mix in with soil which had too great a preponderance of clay.

[1] In *The Funeral* (iv. iii) Trim says: 'There's a thousand things you might do to help out about this town, as to cry, puff, puff pies—have you any knives or scissors to grind? or, late in an evening, whip from Grub Street, strange and bloody news from Flanders—votes from the

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House of Commons—buns, rare buns—old silver lace, cloaks, suits, or coats—old shoes, boots, or hats.... '

[1] In Etherege's *Man of Mode* (v. ii) Harriet thinks she already hears 'the hateful noise of rooks' in the country. 'There's musick in the worst Cry in *London*!*My Dill and Cowcumbers to pickle!*'

[a] would] might *Fol*.

[2] No. 19 in Laroon. The drawing shows a man carrying a shallow basket on his head filled with pastry over which a cloth is spread; he has a walking-stick in his left hand and supports the basket with his right.

[3] I have found no other references to this figure.

[1] A letter in Lillie (ii. 176–7) signed E. S. complains of the noise made by the cries of London. 'I am at this present writing interrupted with the slow march of two tinkers, both exercising the handles of their hammers upon two spacious saucepans....'

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 252 Wednesday, December 19, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.

Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM very sorry to find by your Discourse upon the Eye,[3] that X you have not thoroughly studied the Nature and Force of that Part of a beauteous Face. Had you ever been in Love, you would have said ten thousand things which it seems did not occur to you: Do but reflect upon the Nonsense it makes Men talk, the Flames which it is said to kindle, the Transport it raises, the Dejection it causes in the bravest Men; and if you do believe those things are expressed to an Extravagance, yet you will own that the Influence of it is very great which moves Men to that Extravagance. Certain it is, that the whole Strength of the Mind is sometimes seated there, that a kind Look imparts all, that a Year's Discourse could give you, in one Moment. What matters it what she says to you, see how she looks is the Language of all who know what Love is. When the Mind is thus summed up and expressed in a Glance, did you never

observe a sudden Joy arise in the Countenance of a Lover? did you never see the Attendance of Years paid, overpaid, in an Instant? You a SPECTATOR, and not know that the Intelligence of Affection is carried on by the Eye only; that Good-breeding has made the Tongue falsify the Heart, and act a Part of continual Constraint, while Nature has preserved the Eyes to her self, that she may not

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be disguised or misrepresented. The poor Bride can give her Hand, and say *I do* with a languishing Air to the Man she is obliged by cruel Parents to take for mercenary Reasons, but at the same Time she cannot look as if she loved; her Eye is full of Sorrow, and Reluctance sits in a Tear, while the Offering of the Sacrifice is performed in what we call the Marriage Ceremony. Do you never go to Plays? cannot you distinguish between the Eyes of those who go to see, from those who come to be seen? I am a Woman turned of Thirty, and am on the Observation a little; therefore if you or your Correspondent had consulted me in your Discourse on the Eye, I could have told you that the Eye oí*Leonora* is slyly watchful while it looks negligent; she looks round her without the Help of the Glasses you speak of, and yet seems to be employed on Objects directly before her. This Eye is what affects Chance-medley,[1] and on a sudden, as if it attended to another thing, turns all its Charms against an Ogler. The Eye of *Lusitania* is an Instrument of premeditated Murder, but the Design being visible, destroys the Execution of it; and with much more Beauty than that of *Leonora, it* is not half so mischievous. There is a brave Soldier's Daughter in Town, that by her Eye has been the Death of more than ever her Father made fly before him.[2] A beautiful Eye makes Silence eloquent, a kind Eye makes Contradiction an Assent, an enraged Eye makes Beauty deformed. This little Member gives Life to every other Part about us, and I believe the Story of *Argus*[3] implies no more than that the Eye is in every Part, that is to say, every other Part would be mutilated, were not its Force represented more by the Eye than even by it self. But this is Heathen *Greek* to those who have not conversed by Glances. This, Sir, is a Language in which there can be no Deceit, nor can a skillful Observer be imposed upon by Looks even among Politicians and Courtiers. If you do me the Honour to print this among your Speculations, I shall in my next, make you a Present of secret

History, by translating all the Looks of the next Assembly of Ladies and Gentlemen into Words, to adorn some future Paper.

I am,
SIR,
Your faithful Friend,
Mary Heartfree.'

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Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE a Sot of a Husband that lives a very scandalous Life, and wastes away his Body and Fortune in Debauches; and is immoveable to all the Arguments I can urge to him. I would gladly know whether in some Cases a Cudgel may not be allowed as a good Figure of Speech, and whether it may not be lawfully used by a female Orator.

Your humble Servant,
Barbara Crabtree.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH I am a Practitioner in the Law of some standing,[1] and have heard many eminent Pleaders in my Time, as well as other eloquent Speakers of both Universities, yet I agree with you that Women are better qualified to succeed in Oratory than the Men, and beheve this is to be resolved into natural Causes. You have mentioned only the Volubility of their Tongue; but what do you think of the silent Flattery of their pretty Faces, and the Perswasion which even an insipid Discourse carries with it when flowing from beautiful Lips, to which it would be cruel to deny any thing? It is certain too that they are possessed of some Springs of Rhetorick which Men want, such as Tears, fainting Fits, and the like, which I have seen employed upon Occasion with good Success. You must know I am a plain Man and love my Money; yet I have a Spouse who is so great an Orator in this Way, that she draws from me what Sums she pleases. Every Room in my House is furnished with Trophies of her Eloquence, rich Cabinets, Piles of China, Japan Screens, and costly Jarrs; and if you were to come into my great Parlour you would fancy your self in an *India* Warehouse: Besides this, she keeps a Squirrel,[2] and I am doubly taxed to pay for the

China he breaks. She is siezed with periodical Fitts about the Time of the Subscriptions to a new Opera, and is drowned in Tears after having seen any Woman there in finer Cloaths than her self: These are Arts of Perswasion purely Feminine, and which a tender Heart cannot resist. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to prevail with your Friend who has promised to dissect a Female Tongue,[1]

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that he would at the same time give us the Anatomy of a female Eye, and explain the Springs and Sluices which feed it with such ready Supplies of Moisture; and likewise shew by what Means, if possible, they may be stopped at a reasonable Expence: Or indeed, since there is something so moving in the very Image of weeping Beauty, it would be worthy his Art to provide, that these eloquent Drops may no more be lavished on Trifles, or employed as Servants to their wayward Wills; but reserved for serious Occasions in Life, to adorn generous Pity, true Penitence,[a] or real Sorrow.

I am, &c.'

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Virgil, *Aeneid*, 2. 570: Wandering, and casting my eyes all around.

In the original folio sheets the motto was 'Nescio quis Teneros oculus mihi fascinat Agnos', Virgil, *Eclogues*, 3. 103, already used for *Tatler* 145 (Some evil eye bewitches my tender lambs).

[3] No. 250.

[1] See No. 33 (vol. i).

[2] 'A compliment, probably, to "The Little Whig", Lady Sunderland, second daughter to the Duke of Marlborough' (Nichols).

[3] Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, 1. 622 ff.

[1] This letter is by Hughes (it is in Duncombe's list of Hughes's contributions, vol. i, p. xxxv).

[2] Cf. Steele's play *The Funeral* (v. iii), in which Lady Brumpton is shown mourning a dead squirrel.

[1] See No. 247.

[a] Penitence,] Patience, *Fol. Corrected in Errata* (*No*. 254)

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 253 Thursday, December 20, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1711[2]

[ADDISON]

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crassè
Compositum, illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper.

Hor.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a great Mind, than the abhorrence of Envy and Detraction. This Passion reigns more among Bad Poets, than among any other Set of Men.

As there are none more ambitious of Fame, than those who are conversant in Poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it to depreciate the Works of those who have. For since they cannot raise themselves to the Reputation of their Fellow-Writers, they must endeavour to sink it to their own Pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a Level with them.

The greatest Wits that ever were produced in one Age, lived together in so good an Understanding, and celebrated one another with so much Generosity, that each of them receives an additional Lustre from his Contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with Men of so extraordinary a Genius, than if he had himself been the sole Wonder[a] of the Age. I need not tell my Reader, that I here point at the Reign of *Augustus*, and I beheve he will be of my Opinion, that neither *Virgil* nor *Horace* would have gained so great a Reputation in the World, had they not been the Friends and Admirers of each other. Indeed all the great Writers of that Age, for whom singly we have so great an Esteem, stand up together as

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Vouchers for one another's Reputation. But at the same time that *Virgil* was celebrated by *Gallus, Propertius, Horace, Varius, Tucca* and *Ovid*, we know that *Bavius* and *Mavius* were his declared Foes and Calumniators.[1]

In our own Country a Man seldom sets up for a Poet, without attacking the Reputation of all his Brothers in the Art. The Ignorance of the Moderns, the Scriblers of the Age, the Decay of Poetry are the Topicks of Detraction, with which he makes his Entrance into the World: But how much more noble is the Fame that is built on Candour[2] and Ingenuity, according to those Beautiful Lines of Sir *John Denham*, in his Poem on *Fletcher's* Works.

> *But whither am I straid? I need not raise*
> *Trophies to thee from other Mens Dispraise;*
> *Nor is thy Fame on lesser Ruins built*,
> *Nor needs thy juster Title the foul Guilt*
> *Of Eastern Kings, who to secure their Reign*
> *Must have their Brothers, Sons, and Kindred Slain*.[3]

I am sorry to find that an Author, who is very justly esteemed among the best Judges, has admitted some Stroaks of this Nature

into a very fine Poem, I mean *The Art of Criticism*, which was published some Months since, and is a Master-piece in its kind.[1] The Observations follow one another like those in *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry*, without that Methodical Regularity which would have been requisite in a Prose Author. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the Reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that Elegance and Perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a Light, and illustrated with such apt Allusions, that they have in them all the Graces of Novelty, and make the Reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their Truth and Solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur *Boileau* has so very well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works, that Wit and fine Writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable Turn.[2] It is impossible, for us who live in

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the later Ages of the World, to make Observations in Criticism,

Morality, or in any Art or Science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common Sense of Mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon Lights. If a Reader examines *Horace's* Art of Poetry, he will find but very few[a] Precepts in it, which he may not meet with in *Aristotle*, and which were not commonly known by all the Poets of the Augustan Age. His way of Expressing and Applying them, not his Invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reason I think there is nothing in the World so tiresom as the Works of those Criticks, who write in a positive Dogmatick Way, without either Language, Genius or Imagination. If the Reader would see how the best of the *Latin* Criticks writ, he may find their manner very beautifully described in the Characters of *Horace, Petronius, Quintilian* and *Longinus*, as they are drawn in the Essay of which I am now speaking.

Since I have mentioned *Longinus*, who in his Reflections has given us the same kind of Sublime, which he observes in the several Passages that occasioned them;[1] I cannot but take notice, that our *English* Author has after the same manner exemplified several of his Precepts in the very Precepts themselves. I shall produce two or three Instances of this kind. Speaking of the insipid Smoothness which some Readers are so much in love with, he has the following Verses.

> *These* Equal Syllables *alone require*,
> *Tho' oft the Ear the* open Vowels *tire*,
> *While* Expletives *their feeble Aid* do *join*,
> *And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line.*[2]

The gaping of the Vowels in the second Line, the Expletive *do* in the third, and the ten Monosyllables in the fourth, give such a Beauty to this Passage, as would have been very much admired in an Ancient Poet. The Reader may observe the following Lines in the same View.

> *A* needless Alexandrine *ends the Song*,

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That like a wounded Snake, drags its slow Length along.

And afterwards,

'*Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence*,
The Sound *must seem an* Eccho *to the* Sense.
Soft *is the Strain when* Zephir *gently blows*,
And the smooth Stream *in* smoother Numbers *flows*
But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,
The hoarse, rough Verse *shou'd like the* Torrent *roar*.
When Ajax *strives, some Rock's vast Weight to throw*,
The Line too labours, *and the Words move* slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla *scours the Plain*,
Flies o'er th'unbending Corn, and skims along the Main.

The beautiful Distich upon *Ajax* in the foregoing Lines, puts me in mind of a Description in *Homer's* Odyssey,[1] which none of the Criticks have taken notice of.[2] It is where *Sisiphus* is represented lifting his Stone up the Hill, which is no sooner carried to the Top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the Bottom. This double Motion of the Stone is admirably described in the Numbers of these Verses. As in the four first it is heaved up by several *Spondees*, intermixed with proper Breathing-places, and at last trundles down in a continued Line of *Dactyls*.

Καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, κρατέρ᾽ ἄλγε᾽ ἔχοντα
Λᾶαν βαστάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρῃσιν.
Ἦτοι ὁ μέν, σκηριπτόμενος χερσίν τε ποσίν τε
Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον. ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε μέλλοι
Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τότ᾽ ἀποστρέψασκε Κραταιὶς,
Αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδής.

It would be endless to quote Verses out of *Virgil* which have this particular kind of Beauty in the Numbers; but I may take an Occasion in a future Paper to shew several of them which have escaped the Observation of others.

I cannot conclude this Paper without taking notice that we

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have three Poems in our Tongue, which are of the same Nature, and each of them a Master-piece in its kind; the Essay on Translated Verse, the Essay on the Art of Poetry, and the Essay upon Criticism.[1] C[2]

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Horace, *Epistles*, 2. 1. 76–77:

I hate a Fop should scorn a *faultless* Page,
Because 'tis *Nem*, nor yet approv'd by Age. CREECH.

[a] sole Wonder] single Product *Fol*.

[1] Gaius Cornelius Gallus was a friend of Virgil. The poems in which he may have praised Virgil are not extant, but Virgil refers to him in *Eclogues* 6 and 10. Lucius Varius Rufus and Plotius Tucca were friends to whom Virgil bequeathed his unfinished writings and who afterwards published the *Aeneid*. For the praise of Propertius see *Elegies*, 2. 34. 61 ff. (line 65 is used by Addison as the motto of No. 267). Horace praises the work of Virgil in various places; Ovid praises the *Aeneid* in *Ars amatoria*, 3. 337–8. Bavius and Maevius, minor poets, arc pilloried by Virgil in a famous passage (*Eclogue*, 3. 90).

[2] Cf. 'candid' in No. 188.

[3] *On Mr. John Fletcher's Works*, 19–24.

[1] Pope's *Essay on Criticism* was advertised in No. 65 as 'this Day' published (15 May 1711). In December 1711, when this number appeared, Pope and Addison seem not to have been personally acquainted, but Pope and Steele knew each other; and Pope, when he read this number of the *Spectator* on 29 Dec, thought that Steele was the author. In his letter to Steele on the following day Pope thanked him for praising the poem and acknowledged 'the Errour I have been guilty of in speaking too freely of my Brother-Moderns' (*Correspondence*, ed. Sherburn, i. 139). Steele, on 20 Jan. 1712, replied to Pope's letter: 'That part of it which is grounded upon Your belief that I have much affection and Friendship for you I receive with great pleasure. That which acknowledges the Honour done to your essay I have no pretence to. The paper was written by one wth whome I will make you acquainted …' (*Correspondence*, p. 53). This seems to have been the occasion which brought Addison and Pope together, into an association which never became very close. The later story has been told by Professor Sherburn in *The Early Career of Alexander Pope* (1934), chap, v, and more recently by Norman Ault, in his *New Light on Pope* (1949), chap. vi. Although Ault considers that Addison 'untactfully misquoted' the title of the *Essay on Criticism*, there seems to be no ground for believing that at this period Pope could feel that Addison had damned his poem with faint praise. His use in the Atticus portrait, however, of the Denham allusion to jealousy of brothers, sons, and kindred, shows that Addison's opening remarks on envy rankled. Joseph Warton, writing in 1756, was 'sometimes inclined to think' that

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Addison's praise of the *Essay* was 'a little partial and invidious'; and that when Addison wrote 'The observations in this essay are *some* of them *uncommon*' there was 'a small mixture of ill-nature in these words' (*Essay on Pope*, 1756, i. 100–1). Pope reprinted paragraph five and portions of paragraph seven of No. 253 together with the concluding sentence, among the 'Testimonies of Authors' which he prefixed to the *Dunciad* in 1729. There are a few verbal changes, notably the substitution of 'Ease' for 'Elegance' in paragraph five.

[2] See the preface to the 1701 edition of Boileau's works:

Qu'est-ce qu'une pensée neuve, brillante, extraordinaire? Ce n'est point, comme se le persuadent les ignorans, une pensée que personne n'a jamais eue, ni dû avoir: c'est au contraire une pensée qui a dû venir à tout le monde, et que quelqu'un s'avise le premier d'exprimer. Un bon mot n'est bon mot qu'en ce qu'il dit une chose que chacun pensait, et qu'il la dit d'une manière vive, fine et nouvelle (*Œuvres*, ed. Berriat-Saint-Prix, 1837, i. 19–20).

[a] but very few] but a very few *Fol*.

[1] Cf. Boileau's preface to his translation of Longinus, and *Spectator* 103 (vol. i).

[2] Pope's *Essay*, 344–7. *A needless Alexandrine ...*, lines 356–7. '*Tis not enough ...*, lines 364–73.

[1] *Odyssey*, 11. 593–8.

[2] On 10 Oct. 1714 Pope wrote to Addison suggesting that this phrase be altered. 'I happened to find the same in Dionysius of Halicarnassus's Treatise, *περι Συνθεσεος ονοματον*, who treats very largely upon these verses. I know you will think fit to soften your expression, when you see the passage, which you must needs have read, though it be since slipped out of your memory' (*Correspondence*, ed. Sherburn, i. 263–4). Addison apparently deleted this passage, since it is omitted from Tickell's edition of 1721. In the same letter Pope requested Addison to point out the 'strokes of ill-nature' which Addison had seen in the *Essay on Criticism*. Whether Addison complied with this request does not appear.

[1] *The Essay on Translated Verse*, by Went worth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, appeared in 1684. The 'Essay on the Art of Poetry' is the *Essay on Poetry* by John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave (Duke of Buckinghamshire), published in 1682.

[2] In No. 104 John Dennis's *Reflections Critical and Satyrical, upon a late Rhapsody call'd, An Essay on Criticism,* is advertised as 'Just Publish'd.'

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 254 Friday, December 21, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1711[3]

[STEELE]

Σεμνὸς ἔρως ἀρετῆς, ὁ δὲ Κύπριδος αἶσχος ὀφέλλει.

WHEN I consider the false Impressions which are received by the Generality of the World, I am troubled at none more than a certain Levity of Thought which many young Women of Quality have entertained to the Hazard of their Characters and the certain Misfortune of their Lives. The first of the following Letters may best represent the Faults I would now point at, and the Answer to it the Temper of Mind in a contrary Character.

My dear Harriot,

'IF thou art she, but oh how fall'n, how chang'd, what an Apostate![4] how lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be marry'd I find is to be bury'd alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of my Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old Mannor House in the Country, and confin'd to the Conversation of a sober Husband and an awkard Chambermaid. For Variety I suppose you may entertain your self with Madam in her Grogram Gown,[5] the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has by this Time I am sure well furnish'd you with Receipts

for making Salves and Possets, distilling Cordial Waters,[1] making Syrrups, and applying Poultices.

'Blest Solitude! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy lov'd Retirement,

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which indeed you would perswade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here describ'd: But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little disordered with Romances and Novels: After six Month's Marriage to hear thee talk of Love and paint the Country Scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the Lives of *Sylvan* Deities, or roved among the Walks of *Paradice* like the first happy Pair. But prithee leave these Whimsies, and come to Town in order to live and talk like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good Advice at your first Appearance under the Character of a married Woman: 'Tis a little Insolence in me, perhaps, to advise a Matron; but I am so afraid you'll make so silly a Figure as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any publick Places with your Husband, and never to saunter about St. *James*'s *Park* together: If you presume to enter the Ring[2] at *Hide-Park* together, you are ruin'd for ever; nor must you take the least Notice of one another at the Play-house or Opera, unless you would be laugh'd at for a very loving Couple most happily pair'd in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your Imitation; she is the most negligent and fashionable Wife in the World; she is hardly ever seen in the same Place with her Husband, and if they happen to meet you would think them perfect Strangers: She never was heard to name him in his Absence, and takes Care he shall never be the Subject of any Discourse that she has a Share in. I hope you'll propose this Lady as a Pattern, tho I am very much afraid you'll be so silly to think *Porcia, &c. Sabine* and *Roman* Wives much brighter Examples. I wish it may never come into your Head to imitate those antiquated Creatures so far, as to come into Publick in the Habit as well

as Air of a *Roman* Matron. You make already the Entertainment at Mrs. *Modish's* Tea-Table; she says she always thought you a discreet Person, and qualified to manage a Family with admirable Prudence; she dies to see what demure and serious Airs Wedlock has given you, but she says she shall never forgive your choice of so gallant a Man as *Bellamour* to transform him into a meer sober Husband; 'twas unpardonable: You see, my Dear, we all envy your Happiness, and no Person more than

Your humble Servant,

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Lydia.'

'BE not in Pain, good Madam, for my appearance in Town; I shall frequent no publick Places, or make any Visits where the Character of a modest Wife is ridiculous: As for your wild raillery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hipocrisy; you and all the handsome young Women of your Acquaintance shew your selves to no other purpose than to gain a Conquest over some Man of worth, in order to bestow your Charms and Fortune on him. There's no indecency in the Confession, the design is Modest and Honourable, and all your Affectation can't disguise it.

'I am marry'd, and have no other concern but to please the Man I love; he's the End of every Care I have; if I dress 'tis for him, if I read a Poem or a Play 'tis to qualify my self for a Conversation agreeable to his Taste: He's almost the End of my Devotions, halt my Prayers are for his Happiness.—I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with Pleasure and Emotion. I am your Friend and wish you Happiness, but am sorry to see by the Air of your Letter that there are a set of Women who are got into the Common-Place Raillery of every thing that is sober, decent, and proper: Matrimony and the Clergy are the Topicks of People of little Wit and no Understanding. I own to you I have learned of the Vicar's Wife all you tax me with: She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious Woman; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. *Modish*; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would soon make you as charming as ever you were, she would make you blush as much as if you never had been fine Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my Husband, and his agreeable Conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy Hours when even I am shut out, and my dear Master is entertained only with his own Thoughts. These things, dear Madam, will be lasting Satisfactions,

when the fine Ladies and the Coxcombs by whom they form themselves are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old Age.

I am,
Madam,
Your most humble Servant,
Mary Home.'

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Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have no Goodness in the World, and are not in earnest in
X any thing you say that is serious, if you do not send me a plain
Answer to this: I happened some Days past to be at the Play, where,
during the Time of Performance, I could not keep my Eyes off from
a beautiful young Creature who sat just before me, and who I have
been since informed has no Fortune. It would utterly ruine my
Reputation for Discretion to marry such a one, and by what I can
learn she has a Character of great Modesty, so that there is nothing
to be thought on any other Way. My Mind has ever since been so
wholly bent on her, that I am much in Danger of doing something
very Extravagant without your speedy Advice to,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.'

I am sorry I cannot answer this impatient Gentleman but by
another Question.

Dear Correspondent,

'WOULD you marry to please other People, or your self?'

T[1]

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NOTES

[3] *Motto*. Phocylides, *Poema Admonitorium*, 62 (Winterton, *Poetae Minores Graeci*, ed. 1677, p.411): The love of virtue is commendable, but lust encreaseth sorrow.

[4] A reminiscence of *Paradise Lost*, i. 84. Other echoes of Milton's poem occur in this letter, e.g. 'Blest Solitude' and 'Among the Walks of *Paradice* like the first happy Pair'.

[5] An echo from Swift's *Baucis and Philemon*, 144. In No. 530 (vol. iv) Will Honeycomb, describing his bride, says that 'she did more Execution upon me in Grogram, than the greatest Beauty in Town or Court had ever done in Brocade'.

[1] The following advertisement appears in No. 86:

There is now imported from Turin in Italy, a small Quantity of Cordial Waters, made by Troseme Rebequi, Principal Distiller to his Royal Highness the Duke of Savoy: Every Chest contains 24 Bottles (three of which is a full Quart), and only of the following select Sorts, viz. Mille-Fleur, Orangiat, Burgamot, and Persicot, at three Guineas a Chest: They are all of a double Spirit, and drawn off in the same Manner as the Citron-Water of Barbadoes, which they excell in every Quality: And may be seen at the Wine-Cellar in Duke-street in York-buildings every Day from three till six. Note, There has been none of this in England, unless in Presents, these five Years past.

[2] See No. 15 (vol. i).

[1] On this date Lady Strafford wrote to her husband, who was abroad: 'Pray read this Friday's *Spectator*, I think it pretty' (*Wentworth Papers*, p. 230).

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 255 Saturday, December 22, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.

Hor.

THE Soul, considered abstractedly from its Passions, is of a remiss and sedentary Nature, slow in its Resolves, and languishing in its Executions. The use therefore of the Passions, is to stir it up and put it upon Action, to awaken the Understanding, to enforce the Will, and to make the whole Man more vigorous and attentive in the Prosecution of his Designs. As this is the End of the Passions in general, so it is particularly of Ambition, which pushes the Soul to such Actions as are apt to procure Honour and Reputation to the Actor. But if we carry our Reflections higher, we may discover further Ends of Providence in implanting this Passion in Mankind.

It was necessary for the World, that Arts should be invented and improved, Books written and transmited to Posterity, Nations conquered and civilized: Now since the proper and genuine Motives to these and the like great Actions, would only influence vertuous Minds; there would be but small Improvements in the World, were there not some common Principle of Action working equally with all Men. And such a Principle is Ambition or a Desire of Fame, by which great[a] Endowments are not suffered to lie idle and useless to the Publick, and many vicious Men over-reached, as it were, and

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engaged contrary to their natural Inclinations in a glorious and laudable course of Action. For we may further observe, that Men

of the greatest Abilities are most fired with Ambition,[1] and that, on the contrary, mean and narrow Minds are the least actuated by it. Whether it be that a Man's Sense of his own Incapacities[a] makes him[b] despair of coming at Fame, or that he has[c] not enough range of Thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his Interest[d] or Convenience, or that Providence, in the very Frame of his Soul,[e] would not subject him[f] to such a Passion as would be useless to the World, and a Torment to himself.[g]

Were not this Desire of Fame very strong, the Difficulty of obtaining it, and the Danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a Man from so vain a Pursuit.[2]

How few are there who are furnished with Abilities sufficient to recommend their Actions to the Admiration of the World, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of Mankind? Providence for the most part sets us upon a Level, and observes a kind of Proportion in its Dispensations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one Accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every Person from being mean and deficient in his Qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary.

And among those, who are the most richly endow'd by Nature, and accomplished by their own Industry, how few are there whose Vertues are not obscured by the Ignorance, Prejudice or Envy of their Beholders? Some Men cannot discern between a noble and a mean Action. Others are apt to attribute them to some false End or Intention; and others purposely misrepresent, or put a wrong Interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this Consideration, we may observe that those are generally most unsuccessful in their Pursuit after Fame, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is *Sallust*'s Remark upon *Cato*, that the less he coveted Glory the more he acquired it.[3]

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Men take an Ill-natured Pleasure in crossing our Inclinations, and disappointing us in what our Hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate Desire of Fame in the Ambitious Man, (as no Temper of Mind is more apt to shew it self) they become sparing and reserved in their Commendations, they envy him the Satisfaction of an Applause, and look on their Praises rather as a Kindness done to his Person, than as a Tribute paid to his Merit. Others who are free from this natural Perverseness of Temper, grow wary in their Praises of one, who sets too great a value on them, least they should raise him too high in his own Imagination, and by Consequence remove him to a greater distance from themselves.

But further, this Desire of Fame naturally betrays the Ambitious Man into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation. He is still afraid least any of his Actions should be thrown away in private, least his Deserts should be concealed from the notice of the World, or receive any Disadvantage from the Reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty Boasts and Ostentations[1] of himself, and betrays him into vain fantastick Recitals of his own Performances: His Discourse generally leans one way, and whatever is the Subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural Weakness of an Ambitious Man, which exposes him to the secret Scorn and Derision of those he converses with, and ruins the Character he is so industrious to advance by it. For tho' his Actions are never so Glorious, they lose their Lustre when they are drawn at large, and set to show[2] by his own Hand; and as the World is more apt to find fault than to commend, the Boast will probably be censured when the great Action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides, this very Desire of Fame is looked on as a Meanness and an Imperfection in the greatest Character. A solid and substantial Greatness of Soul looks down with a generous Neglect on the Censures and Applauses of the Multitude, and places a Man beyond the little Noise and Strife of Tongues. Accordingly we find in our selves a secret Awe and Veneration for the Character of one who moves above us in a regular and illustrious Course of Vertue, without any regard to our good or ill Opinions of him, to our Reproaches

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or Commendations. As on the contrary it is usual for us, when we would take off from the Fame and Reputation of an Action, to ascribe it to Vain-Glory, and a desire of Fame in the Actor. Nor is this common Judgment and Opinion of Mankind ill-founded; for certainly it denotes no great Bravery of Mind to be worked up to any noble Action by so selfish a Motive, and to do that out of a Desire of Fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested Love to Mankind, or by a generous Passion for the Glory of him that made us.

Thus is Fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it, since most Men have so much either of Ill-nature or of Wariness, as not to gratifie and sooth the Vanity of the Ambitious Man, and since this very Thirst after Fame naturally betrays him into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation, and is it self looked upon as a Weakness in the greatest Characters.

In the next place, Fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the Subject of a following Paper. C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Epistles*, I.1. 36–37: Are you vain? There are certain spells which can cure you if you read them thrice and study them well.

This had been used as the motto of *Tatler* 233 (by Steele).

The J. Dykes Campbell manuscript, now at Harvard (cf. Nos. 170–1), contains an early draft of the material here used in Nos. 255, 256, and 257, with the title, 'The Folly of seeking after Fame' (altered to 'Of Fame'). Since the original essay (designed by Addison as a sermon, when he considered taking orders?) was organized under three main heads (see the opening paragraph of No. 257) it could easily be transformed, with relatively slight changes, into three *Spectator* essays, particularly appropriate for Christmas meditation. The lines from Horace used as the motto of No. 255 are added in Addison's hand, and on another page in Steele's (facsimile in Aitken's *Steele*, i. 321).

[a] great] all great *Fol*.

[1] At this point in the manuscript is inserted a phrase adapted from Cicero, *De Officiis*, I. 8. 26: *In maximis & splendidissimis ingeniis plerumque existit Ambitio*.

[a] a Man's Sense ... Incapacities] the Sense of their own Incapacities *Fol*.

[b] him] them *Fol*.

[c] he has] they have *Fol*.

[d] his Interest] their Interest *Fol*.

[e] his Soul,] their Souls, *Fol*.

[f] him] them *Fol*.

[g] himself.] themselves. *Fol*.

[2] This short paragraph is added, in Addison's hand, in the manuscript. Addison first wrote 'passion for Glory' and altered it to 'Desire of Fame'.

[3] This sentence is added in Addison's hand in the manuscript. The quotation is from Sallust, *Bellum Catilinae*, 54. 6.

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[1] In the obsolete sense of 'shows, exhibitions, displays' (cf. *OED*).

[2] This phrase is used also in the following essay (p. 496), and by Steele in the Dedication to vol. III.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 256 Monday, December 24, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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MONDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Φήμη γάρ τε κακὴ πέλεται· κούφη μὲν ἀεῖραι
῾Ρεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλέη δὲ φέρειν...

Hes.

THERE are many Passions and Tempers of Mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the Merit of one rising in the Esteem of Mankind. All those who made their Entrance into the World with the same Advantages, and were once looked on as his Equals, are apt to think the Fame of his Merits a Reflection on their own Indeserts;[2] and will therefore take Care to reproach him

with the Scandal of some past Action, or derogate from the Worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same Level with themselves. The like kind of Consideration often stirs up the Envy of such as were once his Superiours, who think it a Detraction from their Merit to see another get Ground upon them and overtake them in the Pursuits of Glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his Reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his Equals envy and defame him, because they now see him their Superiour; and those who were once his Superiours, because they look upon him as their Equal.

But further, a Man whose extraordinary Reputation thus lifts him up to the Notice and Observation of Mankind, draws a Multitude of Eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every Part of him, consider him nicely in all Views, and not be a little pleased when

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they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous Light: There are many who find a Pleasure in contradicting the common Reports of Fame, and in spreading abroad the Weaknesses of an exalted Character. They publish their ill-natured Discoveries with a secret Pride, and applaud themselves for the Singularity of their Judgment which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the World have over-looked, and found a Flaw in what the Generality of Mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the Errours and Infirmities of a great Man with an inward Satisfaction and Complacency, if they discover none of the like Errours and Infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing another's Weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own Commendations who are not subject to the like Infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of Vanity, to see themselves superiour in some Respects to one of a sublime and celebrated Reputation.[1] Nay it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the Blemishes of an extraordinary Reputation, than such as lie open to the same Censures in their own Characters; as either hoping to excuse their own Defects by the Authority of so high an Example, or raising an imaginary Applause to themselves for resembling a Person of an exalted Reputation, though in the blameable Parts of his Character. If all these secret Springs of Detraction fail, yet very often a vain Ostentation of Wit sets a Man on attacking an established Name, and sacrificing it to the Mirth and Laughter of those about him. A Satyr or a Libel on one of the common Stamp, never meets with that Reception and Approbation among its Readers, as what is aimed at a Person whose Merit places him upon an Eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous Figure among Men. Whether it be that we think it shews greater Art to expose and turn to Ridicule a Man whose Character seems so improper a Subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of Revenge to see him taken down and humbled in his Reputation, and in some Measure reduced to our own Rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the Reports and Opinions of Mankind.

[a]Thus we see how many dark and intricate Motives there are to Detraction and Defamation, and how many malicious Spies are searching into the Actions of a great Man, who is not always the

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best prepared for so narrow an Inspection. For we may generally observe, that our Admiration of a famous Man lessens upon our nearer Acquaintance with him;[1] and that we seldom hear the Description of a celebrated Person, without a Catalogue of some notorious Weaknesses and Infirmities. The Reason may be, because any little Slip is more conspicuous and observable in his Conduct than in another's, as it is not of a Piece with the rest of his Character, or because it is impossible for a Man at the same Time to be attentive to the more important Parts of his Life, and to keep a watchful Eye over all the inconsiderable Circumstances of his Behaviour and Conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same Temper of Mind which enclines us to a Desire of Fame, naturally betrays us into such Slips and Unwarinesses as are not incident to Men of a contrary Disposition.

[a]After all it must be confess'd, that a noble and triumphant Merit often breaks through and dissipates these little Spots and Sullies in its Reputation; but if by a mistaken Pursuit after Fame, or through humane Infirmity, any false Step be made in the more momentous Concerns of Life, the whole Scheme of ambitious Designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller Stains and Blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the Brightness that surrounds them, but a Blot

of a deeper Nature casts a Shade on all the other Beauties, and darkens the whole Character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a great Name? when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little Weaknesses and Infirmities as are no small Diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed, and aggravated by such as were once his Superiours or Equals; by such as would set to Show[1] their Judgment or their Wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same Slips or Misconducts in their own Behaviour.[2]

But were there none of these Dispositions in others to censure a famous Man, nor any such Miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small Trouble in keeping up his Reputation in all its Height and Splendour. There must be always a noble Train of Actions to preserve his Fame in Life and Motion. For when it is once at a Stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is

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a very short-lived Passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its Object, unless it be still fed with fresh Discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual Succession of Miracles rising up to its View. And even the greatest Actions of a celebrated Person[a] labour under this Disadvantage, that however surprizing and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the Opinion that is conceived of him, tho' they might raise the Reputation of another, they are a Diminution to *his.*[b]

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the Possession of Fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying Considerations, can engage a Man in so desperate a pursuit; and yet if we consider the little happiness that attends a great Character, and the multitude of disquietudes to which the desire of it subjects an ambitious Mind, one would be still the more surprized to see so many restless Candidates for Glory.[3]

Ambition raises a secret Tumult in the Soul, it inflames the Mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of Thought: It is still reaching after an empty imaginary Good; that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper Sense, and for a while set the Appetite at rest: But Fame is a Good so wholly foreign to our Natures, that we have no Faculty in the Soul adapted to it, nor any Organ in the Body to relish it; an Object of Desire placed out of the possibility of Fruition. It may indeed fill the Mind for a while with a giddy kind of Pleasure, but it is such a Pleasure as makes a Man restless and uneasy under it; and which does not so much satisfy the present Thirst, as it excites fresh Desires, and sets the Soul on new Enterprises. For how few ambitious Men are there, who have got as much Fame as they desired, and whose thirst after it has not been as eager in the very height of their Reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among Men? There is not any Circumstance in *Cœar's* Character which[a] gives me a greater Idea of him, than a Saying which *Cicero* tells us he frequently made use of in private Conversation, *That he was satisfied with his share of Life and Fame. Se satis vel ad Natur am, vel ad Gloriam vixisse*.[1] Many indeed have given over their pursuits after Fame, but that has proceeded either from the Dis-

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appointments they have met in it, or from their Experience of the little Pleasure which attends it, or from the better Informations or natural Coldness of Old-Age; but seldom from a full Satisfaction and Acquiescence in their present Enjoyments of it.

Nor is Fame only unsatisfying in itself, but the Desire of it lays us open to many accidental Troubles, which those are free from who have no such a tender regard for it. How often is the Ambitious

Man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no Praise where he expected it? Nay how often is he mortifyed with the very Praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought, which they seldom do unless increased by Flattery, since few Men have so good an Opinion of us as we have of our selves? But if the Ambitious Man can be so much grieved even with Praise itself, how will he be able to bear up under Scandal and Defamation? For the same Temper of Mind which makes him desire Fame, makes him hate Reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary Praises of Men, he will be as much dejected by their Censures.[1] How little therefore is the Happiness of an Ambitious Man, who gives every one a Dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill Speeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious Tongue to throw him into a fit of Melancholly, and destroy his natural Rest and Repose of Mind? Especially when we consider that the World is more apt to Censure than Applaud, and himself fuller of Imperfections than Virtues.

We may further observe, that such a Man will be more grieved for the Loss of Fame, than he could have been pleased with the Enjoyment of it. For tho' the Presence of this imaginary Good cannot make us Happy, the Absence of it may make us miserable: Because in the enjoyment of an Object we only find that share of Pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loss of it we do not proportion our Grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our Fancies and Imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the Satisfaction that Fame brings along with it, and so great the Disquietudes to which it makes us liable. The Desire of it stirs up very uneasy Motions in the Mind, and is rather enflamed than satisfied by the Presence of the thing desired. The

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Enjoyment of it brings but very little Pleasure, tho' the Loss or want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little Happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the Will of others. We are not only tortured by the Reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the Silence of Men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their Praises.[a]

C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 761–2:

Fame is an ill you may with ease obtain,
A sad oppression, to be borne with pain.

This essay is a continuation of No. 255.

[2] i.e. faults. Cf. Steele's *Lying Lover* (11. i), where Lovemore says to Penelope: ''Tis my own indesert that gives me fears.'

[1] To contemporary readers these remarks—though written earlier—would seem peculiarly applicable to the Tory party writers who had worked throughout 1711 to blacken the reputation of the Duke of Marlborough; just a week after the appearance of this number he was dismissed by the Queen from his offices.

[a] *New paragraph in 8vo and 12mo; no paragraph in Fol*.

[1] At this point in the manuscript were inserted two lines from Tacitus: *Paratu magno, majore famâ, uti mos est de ignotis*, and *Omne ignotum pro magnifico est* (*Agricola*, 25 and 30).

[1] Cf. No. 255.

[2] Here Addison added in the manuscript two lines from Horace (*Odes*, 3.16.18–19), *Jure perhorrui / Late conspicuam tollere verticem*, which he afterwards deleted.

[a] Person] Name *Fol*.

[b] *Italics added in 8vo and 12mo*

[3] This paragraph was added by Addison in the manuscript, replacing the sentence: 'I am next to show, how little y^{e} happiness is, yt attends a great character, and to how many disquietudes y^{e} desire of it subjects an Ambitious Man.' The paragraph as added in the manuscript reads:

One woud think there shoud be something wonderfully Inviting in y^{e} prospect of Fame yt notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations can engage a man in so desperate a pursuit: and yet if we consider y^{e} Little Happinesse yt attends a great Character and y^{e}

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multitude of disquietudes to w^{ch} y^{e} desire of it subjects an Ambitious mind, one woud be still y^{e} more surprised to see so many restless Candidates for Glory.

[a] which] that *Fol*.

[1] The quotation from Cicero (*Pro M. Marcello Oratio*, 8. 25) is added in Addison's hand in the manuscript. Addison first wrote:

Cæsar was an Exception, if we may believe him; for he used to say—Se satis, vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam, vixisse.—Cic: pro Marceli.

This is deleted and the following substituted:

There is not any part of Cæsars Life yt gives me a greater Idea of him y^{n} a saying which Cicero tells us he had often in his private discourse, that he was satisfied with his share of Life and Fame—se satis vel ad naturam vel ad Gloriam vixisse.

This saying is referred to later in No. 467 (vol. iv) and also by Steele in the Dedication to vol. IV of the 8vo and 12mo reprints.

[1] The manuscript originally contained an interpolated quotation from Horace (*Epistles* 2. I. 179–80) at this point:

Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, aut reficit.

[a] *I shall conclude this Subject in my next Paper. Fol*.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 257 Tuesday, December 25, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Οὐχ᾽ εὕδει Διὸς
Ὀφθαλμός· ἐγγὺς δ᾽ ἔστι καὶ παρὼν πόνῳ.

Incert. ex Stob.

THAT I might not lose my self upon a Subject of so great Extent as that of Fame, I have treated it in a particular Order and Method. I have first of all considered the Reasons why Providence may have implanted in our Minds such a Principle of Action. I have in the next Place shewn, from many Considerations, first, that Fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; Secondly, that it brings the ambitious Man very little Happiness, but subjects him to much Uneasiness and Dissatisfaction. I shall in the last Place shew, that it hinders us from obtaining an End which we have Abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fullness of Satisfaction. I need not tell my Reader, that I mean by this End, that Happiness which is reserved for us in another World, which every one has Abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it fullness of Joy, and Pleasures for evermore.

How the Pursuit after Fame may hinder us in the Attainment of this great End, I shall leave the Reader to collect from the three following Considerations.

First, Because the strong Desire of Fame breeds several vicious Habits in the Mind.

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Secondly, Because many of those Actions, which are apt to procure Fame, are not in their Nature conducive to this our ultimate Happiness.[2]

Thirdly, Because if we should allow the same Actions to be the proper Instruments, both of acquiring Fame, and of procuring this Happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the Attainment of this last End, if they proceeded from a Desire of the first.

These three Propositions are self-evident to those who are versed in Speculations of Morality. For which Reason I shall not enlarge

upon them, but proceed to a Point of the same Nature, which may open to us a more uncommon Field of Speculation.

From what has been already observed, I think we may make a natural Conclusion, that it is the greatest Folly to seek the Praise or Approbation of any Being, besides the Supream, and that for these two Reasons, because no other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and esteem us according to our Merits; and because we can procure no considerable Benefit or Advantage from the Esteem and Approbation of any other Being.

In the first Place no other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and esteem us according to our Merits. Created Beings see nothing but our Outside, and can therefore only[a] frame a Judgment of us from our exteriour Actions and Behaviour; but how unfit these are to give us a right Notion of each others Perfections, may appear from several Considerations. There are many Virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward Representation: Many silent Perfections in the Soul of a good Man, which are great Ornaments to Human Nature, but not able to discover themselves to the Knowledge of others; they are transacted in private, without noise or show, and are only visible to the great Searcher of Hearts. What Actions can express the entire Purity of Thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous Man? That secret Rest and Contentedness of Mind, which gives him a perfect Enjoyment of his present Condition? That inward Pleasure and Complacency, which he feels in doing Good? That Delight and Satisfaction which he takes in the Prosperity and Happiness of another? These and the

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like Virtues are the hidden Beauties of a Soul, the secret Graces which cannot be discovered by a Mortal Eye, but make the Soul lovely and precious in his Sight, from whom no Secrets are concealed. Again, there are many Virtues which want an Opportunity of exerting and shewing themselves in Actions. Every Virtue requires Time and Place, a proper Object and a fit Conjuncture of Circumstances, for the due Exercise of it. A State of Poverty obscures all the Virtues of Liberality and Munificence. The Patience and Fortitude of a Martyr or Confessor lye concealed in the flourishing Times of Christianity. Some Virtues are only seen in Affliction, and some in Prosperity; some in a Private, and others in a Publick Capacity. But the great Sovereign of the World beholds every Perfection in its Obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what

we would do. He views our Behaviour in every Concurrence of Affairs, and sees us engaged in all the Possibilities of Action. He discovers the Martyr and Confessor without the Tryal of Flames and Tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the Reward of Actions, which they had never the Opportunity of performing. Another Reason why Men cannot form a right Judgment of us is, because the same Actions may be aimed at different Ends, and arise from quite contrary Principles. Actions are of so mixt a Nature, and so full of Circumstances, that as Men pry into them more or less, or observe some Parts more than others, they take different Hints, and put contrary Interpretations on them; so that the same Actions may represent a Man as Hypocritical and Designing to one, which make him appear a Saint or Hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the Soul through its outward Actions, often sees it through a deceitful Medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the Object: So that on this account also, *he*[a] is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, who does not guess at the Sincerity of our Intentions from the Goodness of our Actions; but weighs the Goodness of our Actions by the Sincerity of our Intentions.

But further; it is impossible for outward Actions to represent the Perfections of the Soul, because they can never shew the Strength of those Principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate Expressions of our Virtues, and can only shew us what Habits are in the Soul, without discovering the Degree and Perfection of such Habits. They are at best but weak Resemblances of our

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Intentions, faint and imperfect Copies that may acquaint us with the general Design, but can never express the Beauty and Life of the Original. But the great Judge of all the Earth knows every different State and Degree of Human Improvement, from those weak Stirrings and Tendencies of the Will which have not yet formed themselves into regular Purposes and Designs, to the last entire finishing and consummation of a good Habit. He beholds the first imperfect Rudiments of a Virtue in the Soul, and keeps a watchful Eye over it in all its Progress, 'till it has received every Grace it is capable of, and appears in its full Beauty and Perfection. Thus we see that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper Merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward Actions, which can never give them a just Estimate of us, since there are many Perfections of a Man which are not capable of appearing in

Actions; many which, allowing no natural Incapacity of shewing themselves, want an Opportunity of doing it, or[a] should they all meet with an Opportunity of appearing by Actions, yet those Actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong Principles, or though they plainly discovered the Principles from whence they proceeded, they could never shew the Degree, Strength and Perfection of those Principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, so is he the only fit Rewarder of them. This is a Consideration that comes home to our Interest, as the other adapts it self to our Ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish Man desire more, were he to form the Notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a Knowledge as can discover the least Appearance of Perfection in him, and such a Goodness as will proportion a Reward to it?

Let the Ambitious Man therefore turn all his desire of Fame this way; and, that he may propose to himself a Fame worthy of his Ambition, let him consider that if he employs his Abilities to the best Advantage, the Time will come when the Supreme Governor of the World, the Great Judge of Mankind, who sees every degree of Perfection in others, and possesses all possible Perfection in himself, shall proclaim his Worth before Men and Angels, and pronounce to him in the Presence of the whole Creation that best and

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most significant of Applauses, *Well done thou good and faithful Servant*,

25 enter thou into thy Master's Joy.[1] C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Stobaeus, *Anthology*, i. 3. 9 (altered): The Eye of Heaven never winks, but is for ever watchful and employed.

This essay forms the conclusion of the discussion on love of fame, begun in No. 255 and continued in No. 256.

[2] A quotation adapted from Sallust (*Bellum Catilinae*, 10. 5) is added in Addison's hand at this point in the manuscript, and later deleted: 'Ambitio multos mortales falsos fieri coegit, aliud promptum in Linguâ aliud clausum in pectore habere, &c.'

[a] can therefore only] can only *Fol*.

[a] *Italics added in 8vo and 12mo*

[a] doing it, or] doing, or *Fol. Corrected in Errata* (*No. 260*).

[1] Matt. xxv. 21.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 258 Wednesday, December 26, 1711 (1711)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

Divide & Impera.

PLEASURE and Recreation of one Kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our Minds and Bodies from too constant Attention and Labour: Where therefore publick Diversions are tolerated, it behoves Persons of Distinction, with their Power and

Example, to preside over them in such a Manner, as to check any thing that tends to the Corruption of Manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the Entertainment of reasonable Creatures. As to the Diversions of this Kind in this Town, we owe them to the Arts of Poetry and Musick: My own private Opinion, with Relation to such Recreations, I have heretofore given with all the Frankness imaginable; what concerns those Arts at present the Reader shall have from my Correspondents. The first of the Letters with which I acquit my self for this Day, is written by one who proposes to improve our Entertainments of Dramatick Poetry, and the other comes from three Persons who, as soon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the present State of Musick.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM considerably obliged to you for your speedy Publication of my last in yours of the 18th Instant, and am in no small Hopes of being settled in the Post of *Comptroller of the Crys*. Of all the Objections I have hearkened after in publick Coffee-houses, there is but one that seems to carry any Weight with it, *viz*. That such

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a Post would come too near the Nature of a Monopoly. Now, Sir, because I would have all sorts of People made easy, and being willing to have more Strings than one to my Bow; in Case that of *Comptroller* should fail me, I have since formed another Project, which, being grounded on the dividing a present Monopoly, I hope will give the Publick an Equivalent to their full Content. You know, Sir, it is allowed that the Business of the Stage is, as the *Latin* has it, *Jucunda & Idonea dicere Vitæ*.[1] Now there being but one Dramatiek Theatre licensed for the Delight and Profit of this extensive Metropolis,[2] I do humbly propose, for the Convenience of such its Inhabitants as are too distant from *Covent-Garden*, that another *Theatre of Ease*[3] may be erected in some spacious Part of the City; and that the Direction thereof may be made a Franchise in Fee to me and my Heirs for ever. And that the Town may have no Jealousy of my ever coming to a Union with the Set of Actors now in Being, I do further propose to constitute for my Deputy my near

Kinsman and Adventurer *Kitt Crotchet*,[1] whose long Experience and Improvements in those Affairs need no Recommendation. 'Twas obvious to every Spectator what a quite different Foot the Stage was upon during his Government; and had he not been bolted out of his Trap-doors, his Garrison might have held out for ever, he having by long Pains and Perseverance arriv'd at the Art of making his Army fight without Pay or Provisions. I must confess it, with a melancholly Amazement, I see so wonderful a Genius laid aside, and the late Slaves of the Stage[2] now become its Masters, Dunces that will be sure to suppress all Theatrical Entertainments and Activities that they are not able themselves to shine in!

'Every Man that goes to a Play is not obliged to have either Wit or Understanding; and I insist upon it, that all who go there should see something which may improve them in a Way of which they are capable. In short, Sir, I would have something *done* as well as *said* on the Stage. A Man may have an active Body though he has not a quick Conception; for the Imitation therefore of such as are, as I may so speak, corporeal Wits or nimble Fellows, I would fain ask any of the present Mismanagers why should not Rope-dancers, Vaulters, Tumblers, Ladder-Walkers, and Posture-makers, appear

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again on our Stage?[3] After such a Representation, a five-bar Gate

would be leaped with a better Grace next time any of the Audience went a hunting. Sir, these things cry loud for Reformation, and fall properly under the Province of SPECTATOR General; but how indeed should it be otherwise while Fellows (that for twenty Years together were never paid but as their Master was in the Humour) now presume to pay others more than ever they had in their Lives; and, in Contempt of the Practice of Persons of Condition, have the Insolence to owe no Tradesman a Farthing at the End of the Week. Sir, all I propose is the publick Good; for no one can imagine I shall ever get a private Shilling by it: Therefore I hope you will recommend this Matter in one of your this Week's Papers; and desire when my House opens you will accept the Liberty of it for the Trouble you have received from,

P.S. I have Assurances

that the Trunk-

maker will declare

for us.

SIR,
Your humble Servant,
Ralph Crotchet.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WE whose Names are subscribed think you the properest Person to signify what we have to offer the Town in Behalf of our selves, and the Art which we profess, *Musick*. We conceive Hopes of your Favour from the Speculations on the Mistakes which the Town run into with Regard to their Pleasure of this Kind; and believing your Method of judging is, that you consider Musick only valuable as it is agreeable to and heightens the Purpose of Poetry, we consent that That is not only the true way of relishing that Pleasure, but also that without it a Composure[1] of Musick is the same thing as a Poem where all the Rules of poetical Numbers are observed, but the Words of no Sense or Meaning; to say it shortly,

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meer musical Sounds are in our Art no other than nonsense Verses are in Poetry. Musick therefore is to aggravate what is intended by

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Poetry; it must always have some Passion or Sentiment to express, or else Violins, Voices, or any other Organs of Sound, afford an Entertainment very little above the Rattles of Children. It was from this Opinion of the Matter, that when Mr. *Clayton*[1] had finished his Studies in *Italy*, and brought over the Opera of *Arsinoe*, that Mr. *Haym*[2] and Mr. *Dieupart*, who had the Honour to be well known and received among the Nobility and Gentry, were zealously enclined to assist, by their Sollicitations, in introducing so elegant an Entertainment as the *Italian* Musick grafted upon *English* Poetry. For this End Mr. *Dieupart* and Mr. *Haym*, according to their several Opportunities, promoted the Introduction *of Arsinoe*, and did it to the best Advantage so great a Novelty would allow. It is not proper to trouble you with Particulars of the just Complaints we all of us have to make; but so it is, that without Regard to our obliging Pains, we are all equally set aside in the present Opera. Our Application therefore to you is only to insert this Letter in your Paper, that the Town may know we have all three joined together to make Entertainments of Musick for the Future at Mr. *Clayton's* House in *York-Buildings*. What we promise our selves, is, to make a Subscription of two Guineas for eight times; and that the Entertainment, with the

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Names of the Authors[a] of the Poetry, may be printed, to be sold in the House, with an Account of the several Authors of the vocal as well as instrumental Musick for each Night; the Money to be paid at the Receipt of the Tickets at Mr. *Charles Lillie's.* It will, we hope, Sir, be easily allowed, that we are capable of undertaking to exhibit by our joint Force and different Qualifications all that can be done in Musick; but least you should think so dry a thing as an Account of our Proposal should be a Matter unworthy your Paper, which generally contains something of publick use; give us Leave to say, that favouring our Design is no less than reviving an Art, which runs to Ruine by the utmost Barbarism under an Affectation of Knowledge. We aim at establishing some settled Notion of what is Musick, at recovering from Neglect and Want very many Families who depend upon it, at making all Foreigners who pretend to

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succeed in *England* to learn the Language of it, as we our selves have done, and not be so insolent as to expect a whole Nation, a refined and learned Nation, should submit to learn them. In a Word, Mr. SPECTATOR, with all Deference and Humility, we hope to behave our selves in this Undertaking in such a Manner, that all *English* Men who have any Skill in Musick may be furthered in it for their Profit or Diversion by what new things we shall produce; never pretending to surpass others, or asserting that any thing which is a Science is not attainable by all Men of all Nations who have proper Genius for it: We say, Sir, what we hope for is not expected will arrive to us by contemning others, but through the utmost Diligence recommending our selves.

We are,
SIR,
Your most humble Servants,
Thomas Clayton.
Nicolino Haym.
Charles Dieupart.'

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NOTES

[2] *Motto* Divide and rule.

[1] Horace, *Ars poetica*, 334 (To utter words both pleasing and helpful to life).

[2] Since 20 Nov. 1710 Drury Lane had been the sole theatre licensed for dramatic entertainments, while the Haymarket was used for the production of operas (cf. No. 1).

[3] A phrase coined by analogy with *chapel of ease* (a chapel built to accommodate parishioners living far from the parish church); the earliest example in *OED* is dated 1796.

[1] Christopher Rich, the former manager of Drury Lane Theatre, who had been ejected on 22 Nov. 1709 by William Collier. The present letter, purporting to be from his kinsman Ralph Crotchet, ironically points out the chief complaints which his enemies made against Rich: his 'making his army fight without pay or provisions', his introduction of rope-dancers and vaulters on the stage, and his sharp practice in regard to money. At the time this essay was published, Drury Lane Theatre was under the control of the trio of actor-managers Wilks, Cibber, and Doggett, while Rich was planning the construction of a new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields (opened in 1714, shortly after Rich's death). See Cibber's *Apology*, chapter viii. There are many contemporary allusions to Rich's methods: *Tatler* 12 describes Rich as Divito, 'unintelligible in Discourse, and uncomeatable in Business', who 'brought in upon us, to get in his Money; Ladder-dancers, Rope-dancers, Juglers, and Mountebanks, to strut in the Place of *Shakespear's* Heroes, and *Johnson's* Humourists'. See also *Tatler* 99. The *Evening-Post* of 31 Jan. 1712 advertises a pamphlet (which I have not seen) in reply to this letter in the *Spectator*: 'Kit-Crotchet's Answer to the Spectator's Letter of the 26th of December last, concerning the Play-house. Sold by John Baker in Pater-Noster-Row, and B. Berington News-Seller at Essex-street End.'

[2] Colley Cibber, Wilks, and Doggett, after being under the thumb of Rich, had now returned to the management of Drury Lane Theatre.

[3] The popular features introduced by Rich upon the stage. One of the famous posture-masters is advertised in No. 246:

At the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet-street, in the great Room, is to be seen the famous Posture-Master of Europe, who far exceeds the deceased Posture Masters Clarke and Higgins: He extends his Body into all deform'd Shapes; makes his Hip and Shoulder Bones meet together; lays his Head upon the Ground, and turns his Body round twice or thrice, without stirring his Face from the Place; stands upon one Leg, and extends the other in a

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perpendicular Line half a Yard above his Head; and extends his Body from a Table, with his Head a Foot below his Heels, having nothing to balance his Body but his Feet: With several other Postures too tedious to mention. Likewise a Child of about 9 Years of Age, that shews such Postures as never was seen perform'd by one of his Age. Also the famous English Artist, who turns his Balls into living Birds; and takes an empty Bag, which after being turn'd, trod, and stampt on, produces some Hundreds of Eggs, and at last a living Hen. Side-Boxes 2s. Pit 1s. To be perform'd at 6 a Clock every Evening.

Pictorial representations of posture masters are given in Marcellus Laroon's *Cryes of the City of London* (nos. 41, 42).

[1] In the obsolete sense of *musical composition*.

P. 505, line 29: *for* shortly, *read* shorter,

[1] Thomas Clayton, an English composer, had returned from Italy about 1704; he composed or arranged the music for *Arsinoe* (see No. 18, vol. i) and had also been responsible for the music in Addison's opera *Rosamond* (1707). A benefit for him in York Buildings is advertised in *Tatler* 163 (25 Apr. 1710) with a note:

This Gentleman is the Person who introduc'd the *Italian* Opera into *Great Britain*, and hopes he has Pretensions to the Favour of all Lovers of Musick, who can get over the Prejudice of his being their Countryman.

On 10 May 1711 Tonson had published *The Passion of Sappho, and Feast of Alexander*: set to musick by Mr. *Clayton* (advertised in No. 61), and performances of this music 'at Mr. Clayton's house in York Buildings' are advertised in Nos. 69–73, 75–77, for 24 and 29 May. For Steele's friendly efforts on behalf of Clayton see also his letter to Pope of 26 July 1711 (Blanchard, p. 49).

[2] Nicola Francesco Haym, born in Italy of German parents, came to England about 1700, and served as household musician to the Duke of Bedford. He had assisted in promoting Clayton's opera *Arsinoe* and served as musical adapter and librettist for various operas, notably the *Pirro e Demetrio* of Scarlatti in 1708, for which he wrote the overture and several additional numbers. Later he was associated with Handel as librettist. In 1705 he was employed by the music publisher Francis Vaillant in correcting a subscription edition of the works of Gorelli. A consort of music by Haym 'at Mr. Hickford's great Dancing-Room over-against the Tennis-Court in James's-street, near the Hay-Market' is announced for 17 Apr. 1713 (*Daily Courant*, 15 Apr.).

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Charles Dieupart, violinist and teacher of the harpsichord, also settled in England about 1700. He had assisted Motteux in the production of *Love's Triumph* at the Haymarket in 1708 by adapting the music of Scarlatti and others to the English words. The entertainments of music sponsored by Clayton, Haym, and Dieupart at Clayton's house in York-buildings are advertised frequently in the *Spectator*.

[a] Authors] Author *Fol*.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 259 Thursday, December 27, 1711 (1711)

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NO. 259

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1711[1]

[STEELE]

Quod decet Honestum est & quod Honestum est decet.

Tull.

THERE are some things which cannot come under certain Rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are outward Civilities and Salutations.[2] These one would imagine might be regulated by every Man's common Sense, without the help of an Instructor, but that which we call Common Sense suffers under that Word; for it sometimes implies no more than that Faculty which is common to all Men, but sometimes signifies right Reason, and what all Men should consent to. In this latter Acceptation of the Phrase, it is no great wonder People err so much against it, since it is not every one who is possessed of it, and there are fewer who, against common Rules and Fashions, dare obey its Dictates. As to Salutations, which I was about to talk of, I observe, as I strole about Town, there are great Enormities committed with regard to this Particular. You shall sometimes see a Man begin the offer of a Salutation, and observe a forbidding Air, or escaping Eye, in the Person he is going to Salute, and stop short in the Pole of his Neck. This in the Person who believed he could do it with a good Grace, and was refused the Opportunity, is justly resented with a Coldness in the[a] whole ensuing Season. Your great Beauties, People in much favour, or by any means, or for any purpose

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overflattered, are apt to practise this which one may call the preventing Aspect, and throw their Attention another way, least they should confer a Bow or a Curtsie upon a Person who might not appear to deserve that Dignity. Others you shall find so obsequious, and so very courteous, as there is no escaping their Favours of this kind. Of this sort may be a Man who is in the fifth or sixth Degree of Favour with a Minister; this good Creature is resolved to shew the World, that great Honours cannot at all change his Manners, he is the same Civil Person he ever was. He will venture his Neck to

Bow out of a Coach in full speed, at once to shew he is full of Business, and yet is not so taken up as to forget his old Friend. With a Man who is not so well formed for Courtship and Elegant Behaviour, such a Gentleman as this seldom finds his account in the return of his Complements, but he will still go on, for he is in his own Way, and must not omit; let the Neglect fall on your side, or where it will, his Business is still to be well-bred to the end. I think I have read in one of our *English* Comedies a Description of a Fellow that affected knowing every body, and for want of Judgment in Time and Place, would Bow and Smile in the Face of a Judge sitting in the Court, would sit in an opposite Gallery, and Smile in the Minister's Face as he came up into the Pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to some Familiarities between them in another Place.[1] But now I happen to speak of Salutation at Church, I must take Notice that several of my Correspondents have importuned me to consider that Subject, and settle the Point of Decorum in that Particular.

I do not pretend to be the best Courtier in the World, but I have often on publick Occasions thought it a very great Absurdity in the Company (during the Royal Presence) to exchange Salutations from all parts of the Room, when certainly Common Sense should suggest that all Regards at that time should be engaged and cannot be diverted to any other Object without Disrespect to the Soveraign. But as to the Complaint of my Correspondents, it is not to be imagined what Offence some of them take at the Custom of Saluting in Places of Worship. I have a very angry Letter from a Lady, who tells me, one of her Acquaintance, out of meer Pride and a pretence to be Rude, takes upon her to return no Civilities done to her in time of Divine Service, and is the most Religious Woman for no other reason, but to appear a Woman of the best Quality in the

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Church. This absurd Custom had better be abolished than retained, if it were but to prevent Evils of no higher a Nature than this is; but I am informed of Objections much more considerable: A Dissenter of Rank and Distinction was lately prevailed upon by a Friend of his to come to one of the greatest Congregations of the Church of *England* about Town; After the Service was over he declared he was very well satisfied with the little Ceremony which was used towards God Almighty; but at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another; As to this Point he was in a State of Despair, and feared he was not well-bred

enough to be a Convert. There have been many Scandals of this Kind given to our Protestant Dissenters, from the outward Pomp and Respect we take to our selves in our Religious Assemblies. A Quaker who came one Day into a Church, fixed his Eye upon an old Lady with a Carpet larger than that from the Pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth: An Anabaptist who designs to come over himself, and all his Family, within few Months, is sensible they want Breeding enough for our Congregations, and has sent his two Elder Daughters to learn to Dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at Church: It is worth considering whether, in regard to awkard People with scrupulous Consciences, a good Christian of the best Air in the World ought not rather to deny her self the Opportunity of shewing so many Graces, than keep a bashful Proselyte without the Pale of the Church.[1]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Cicero, *De Officiis*, 1. 27. 94: For whatsoever is decent, is likewise honest; and whatsoever is honest, is becoming, L'ESTRANGE.

[2] In No. 454 (vol. iv) Mr. Spectator speaks of 'an odd Humour I am guilty of,... which is saluting any Person whom I like, whether I know him or not'.

[a] Coldness in the] Coldness the *Fol*.

[1] La Foole in Jonson's *Silent Woman*, I. iii.

[1] A letter from Philalethes, dated 10 Apr. 1712 (Lillie, i. 264–9), criticizes the indecent behaviour of choristers, gentlemen, and ladies at divine service. Of the choristers, 'here is one lolling against the wall, or some such irreverent posture, while he sings; another, while the rest stand and sing *Magnificat*, or *Nunc dimittis*, is sitting; one, while the lesson is reading, has a paper, and pricks holes in it with a pin; another carries cissars to cut paper or his gloves to pieces'. The congregation are equally irreverent. 'There are gentlemen who walk about to make assignations, and make the house of God a publick exchange. Some ladies you shall see at prayers, one part of the time with a fan before their face, at another time the fan is taken away, to be the better capable of beholding and being beheld.'

The following advertisement appears in the *Post Boy* of 24 May 1712:

> To prevent the idle Talk and indecent Behaviour in the House of God, there is just publish'd, a Preparative to the publick Service, intitul'd, Private Devotions in the Church, fitted to employ some short time before divine Service begins; and also for the Holy Sacrament, by a Divine of the Church of England. Printed for Edward Place [and others]. Note, They are proper to bind with the Common- Prayer.

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NO. 260
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1711[2]

[STEELE]

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM now in the Sixty fifth Year of my Age, and having been the greater Part of my Days a Man of Pleasure, the Decay of my

Faculties is a Stagnation of my Life. But how is it, Sir, that my Appetites are encreased upon me with the Loss of Power to gratify them? I write this, like a Criminal, to warn People to enter upon what Reformation they please to make in themselves in their Youth, and not expect they shall be capable of it from a fond Opinion some have often in their Mouths, that if we do not leave our Desires they will leave us. It is far otherwise: I am now as vain in my Dress, and as flippant if I see a pretty Woman, as when in my Youth I stood upon a Bench in the Pit to survey the whole Circle of Beauties.[1] The Folly is so extravagant with me, and I went on with so little Check of my Desires, or Resignation of them, that I can assure you I very often, meerly to entertain my own Thoughts, sit with my Spectacles on writing Love-Letters to the Beauties that have been long since in their Graves. This is to warm my Heart with the feint Memory of Delights which were once agreeable to me; but how much happier would my Life have been now, if I could have looked back on any worthy Action done for my Country? If I had laid out

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that which I profused[2] in Luxury and Wantonness, in Acts ot Generosity or Charity? I have lived a Batchelour to this Day; and instead of a numerous Offspring, with which, in the regular Ways of Life, I might possibly have delighted my self, I have only to amuse my self with the Repetition of old Stories and Intrigues which no one will believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know whether you have ever treated of it or not; but you cannot fall on a better Subject, than that of the Art of growing old. In such a Lecture you must propose, that no one set his Heart upon what is transient: the Beauty grows wrinkled while we are yet gazing at her. The witty Man sinks into a Humourist imperceptibly, for want of reflecting that all things around him are in a Flux and continually changing: Thus he is in the Space of Ten or Fifteen Years surrounded by a new Set of People, whose Manners are as natural to them as his Delights,

Method of Thinking, and Mode of Living, were formerly to him and his Friends. But the Mischief is, he looks upon the same kind of Errours which he himself was guilty of with an Eye of Scorn, and with that sort of Ill-will which Men entertain against each other for different Opinions: Thus a crasy Constitution and an uneasy Mind is fretted with vexatious Passions for young Mens doing foolishly what it is Folly to do at all. Dear Sir, this is my present State of Mind; I hate those I should laugh at, and envy those I contemn. The Time of Youth and vigorous Manhood passed the Way in which I have disposed of it, is attended with these Consequences; but to those who five and pass away Life as they ought, all Parts of it are equally pleasant; only the Memory of good and worthy Actions is a Feast which must give a quicker Relish to the Soul, than ever it could possibly taste in the highest Enjoyments or Jollities of Youth. As for me, if I sit down in my great Chair and begin to ponder, the Vagaries of a Child are not more ridiculous than the Circumstances which are heaped up in my Memory. Fine Gowns, Country-dances, Ends of Tunes, interrupted Conversations, and mid-night Quarrels, are what must necessarily compose my Soliloquy. I beg of you to print this, that some Ladies of my Acquaintance, and my Years, may be perswaded to wear warm Night-caps this cold Season; and that my old Friend *Jack Tawdery* may buy him a Cane, and not creep with the Air of a Strut. I must add to all this, that if it were not for one Pleasure, which I thought

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a very mean one till of very late Years, I should have no one great Satisfaction left; but if I live to the 10th of *March* 1714 and all my Securities are good, I shall be worth Fifty thousand Pound.

I am,
SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Jack Afterday.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU will infinitely oblige a distressed Lover, if you will insert in your very next Paper the following Letter to my Mistress. You must know I am not a Person apt to despair, but she has got an odd Humour of stopping short unaccountably, and, as she her self told a Confident of hers, she has cold Fits. These Fits shall last her a Month or six Weeks together; and as she falls into them without Provocation, so it is to be hoped she will return from them without

the Merit of new Services. But Life and Love will not admit of such Intervals, therefore pray let her be admonished as follows.

Madam,

"I Love you and I honour you; therefore pray do not tell me of waiting till Decencies, till Forms, till Humours are consulted and gratified. If you have that happy Constitution as to be indolent for ten Weeks together, you should consider that all that while I burn in Impatiences and Feavers; but still you say it will be Time enough, tho' I and you too grow older while we are yet talking. Which do you think the more reasonable, that you should alter a State of Indifference for Happiness, and that to oblige me, or I live in Torment, and that to lay no Manner of Obligation upon you? While I indulge your Insensibility I am doing nothing; if you favour my Passion, you are bestowing bright Desires, gay Hopes, generous Cares, noble Resolutions, and transporting Raptures upon,

Madam,
Your most devoted
humble Servant." '

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Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HERE's a Gentlewoman lodges in the same House with me that I never did any Injury to in my whole Life, and she is always railing at me to those that she knows will tell me of it. Don't you think she is in Love with me? or would you have me break my Mind yet or not?

Your Servant,
T. B.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Footman in a great Family, and am in Love with the House-maid. We were all at Hotcockles[1] last Night in the Hall these Holidays; when I lay down and was blinded, she pull'd off her Shooe, and hit me with the Heel such a Rap as almost broke my Head to Pieces. Pray Sir, was this Love or Spite?

T

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Horace, *Epistles*, 2. 2. 55: On me each circling Year does make a prey. CREECH.

[1] Misson (pp. 219–20) describes the seating arrangements in the London theatres:

> The Pit is an Amphitheater, fill'd with Benches without Backboards, and adorn'd and cover'd with green Cloth. Men of Quality, particularly the younger Sort, some Ladies of Reputation and Vertue, and abundance of Damsels that hunt for Prey, sit all together in this Place, Higgledy-piggledy, chatter, toy, play, hear, hear not. Farther up, against the Wall, under the first Gallery, and just opposite to the Stage, rises another Amphitheater, which is taken up by Persons of the best Quality, among whom are generally very few Men. The Galleries, whereof there are only two Rows, are fill'd with none but ordinary People, particularly the Upper one.

[2] To profuse (to pour forth, to squander) is marked obsolete by *OED*; the last quotation is dated 1771.

[1] See No. 245. Cf. Gay, *Shepherd's Week, Monday*, 99–102:

As at *Hot-cockles* once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

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NO. 261

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Γάμος γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν εὐκταῖον κακόν.

Frag. vet. Po.

MY Father, whom I mentioned in my first Speculation, and whom I must always Name with Honour and Gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the Subject of Marriage. I was in my younger Years engaged, partly by his Advice, and partly by my own Inclinations, in the Courtship of a Person who had a great deal of Beauty, and did not at my first Approaches seem to have any Aversion to me; but as my Natural Taciturnity hindered me from shewing my self to the best Advantage, she by degrees began to look upon me as a very silly Fellow, and being resolved to regard Merit more than any thing else in the Persons who made their Applications to her, she married a Captain of Dragoons who happened to be beating up for Recruits in those Parts.

This unlucky Accident has given me an Aversion to pretty Fellows[2] ever since, and discouraged me from trying my Fortune with the fair Sex. The Observations which I made in this Conjuncture, and the repeated Advices which I received at that time from the good old Man above-mentioned, have produced the following Essay upon Love and Marriage.

The pleasantest Part of a Man's Life is generally that which passes

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in Courtship, provided his Passion be Sincere, and the Party beloved kind with Discretion. Love, Desire, Hope, all the pleasing Motions of the Soul rise in the Pursuit.

It is easier for an Artful Man, who is not in Love, to persuade his Mistress he has a Passion for her, and to succeed in his Pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest Violence. True Love hath ten thousand Griefs, Impatiencies and Resentments, that render a Man unamiable in the Eyes of the Person whose Affection he sollicits; besides, that it sinks his Figure, gives him Fears, Apprehensions and Poorness of Spirit, and often makes him appear Ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those Marriages generally abound most with Love and Con-

stancy, that are preceded by a long Courtship. The Passion should strike Root,[1] and gather Strength before Marriage be grafted on it. A long Course of Hopes and Expectations fixes the Idea in our Minds, and habituates us to a Fondness of the Person beloved.

There is nothing of so great Importance to us, as the good Qualities of one to whom we join our selves for Life; they do not only make our present State agreeable, but often determine our Happiness to all Eternity. Where the Choice is left to Friends, the chief Point under Consideration is an Estate: Where the Parties chuse for themselves, their Thoughts turn most upon the Person. They have both their Reasons. The first would procure many Conveniencies and Pleasures of Life to the Party whose Interests they espouse; and at the same time may hope that the Wealth of their Friend will turn to their own Credit and Advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual Feast. A good Person does not only raise, but continue Love, and breeds a secret Pleasure and Complacency in the Beholder, when the first Heats of Desire are extinguished. It puts the Wife or Husband in Countenance both among Friends and Strangers, and generally fills the Family with a healthy and beautiful Race of Children.

I should prefer a Woman that is agreeable in my own Eye, and not deformed in that of the World, to a Celebrated Beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent Passion for her,

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or you have not the proper Taste of her Charms; and if you have such a Passion for her, it is odds but it will be imbittered with Fears and Jealousies.

Good Nature, and Evenness of Temper, will give you an easie Companion for Life; Vertue and Good Sense, an agreeable Friend; Love and Constancy, a good Wife or Husband. Where we meet one Person with all these Accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The World, notwithstanding, is more intent on Trains and Equipage, and all the showy Parts of Life; we love rather to dazzle the Multitude, than consult our proper Interest; and, as I have elsewhere observed,[2] it is one of the most unaccountable Passions of Human Nature, that we are at greater Pains to appear easie and happy to others, than really to make our selves so. Of all Disparities, that in Humour makes the most unhappy Marriages, yet scarce enters into our Thoughts at the contracting of them.

Several that are in this respect[a] unequally yoaked, and uneasie for Life, with a Person of a particular Character, might have been pleased and happy with a Person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally vertuous and laudable in their kind.

Before Marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the Faults of the Person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the Person appears to you at a distance, you will find many Blemishes and Imperfections in her[b] Humour, upon a more intimate Acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here therefore Discretion and Good-nature are to shew their Strength; the first will hinder your Thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of Compassion and Humanity, and by degrees soften those very Imperfections into Beauties.

Marriage enlarges the Scene of our Happiness and Miseries. A Marriage of Love is pleasant; a Marriage of Interest easie; and a Marriage, where both meet, happy. A happy Marriage has in it all the Pleasures of Friendship, all the Enjoyments of Sense and Reason, and, indeed, all the Sweets of Life. Nothing is a greater Mark of a degenerate and vitious Age, than the common Ridicule

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which[C] passes on this State of Life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with Scorn or Neglect on the Impieties of the Times, and tread the Paths of Life together in a constant uniform
25 Course of Virtue. C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Menander, *Monostichoi*, 102 (Winterton, p. 505): Marriage for man is an evil much desired.

[2] Cf. No. 92 (vol. i). *Tatler* 24 is devoted to the 'very Pretty Fellow'.

[1] This is the earliest example in *OED* of this figurative use.

[2] See Nos. 188, 255–7.

[a] are in this respect] in this respect are *Fol*.

[b] her] their *Fol*.

[c] which] that *Fol*.

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NO. 262
MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1711[1]

[ADDISON]

Nulla venenato Littera mista Joco est.

Ov.

I THINK my self highly obliged to the Publick for their kind Acceptance of a Paper which visits them every Morning, and

has in it none of those *Seasonings* that recommend so many of the Writings which are in vogue among us.

As, on the one Side, my Paper has not in it a single Word of News, a Reflection in Politicks, nor a Stroke of Party; so, on the other, there are no fashionable Touches of Infidelity, no obscene Ideas, no Satyrs upon Priesthood, Marriage, and the like popular Topicks of Ridicule; no private Scandal, nor any thing that may tend to the Defamation of particular Persons, Families, or Societies.

There is not one of these abovementioned Subjects that would not sell a very indifferent Paper, could I think of gratifying the Publick by such mean and base Methods: But notwithstanding I have rejected every thing that savours of Party, every thing that is loose and immoral, and every thing that might create Uneasiness in the Minds of particular Persons, I find that the Demand for my Papers has encreased every Month since their first Appearance in the World. This does not perhaps reflect so much Honour upon my self, as on my Readers, who give a much greater Attention to

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Discourses of Virtue and Morality, than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

When I broke loose from that great Body of Writers who have employed their Wit and Parts in propagating Vice and Irreligion, I did not question but I should be treated as an odd kind of Fellow that had a Mind to appear singular in my Way of Writing: But the general Reception I have found, convinces me that the World is not so corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if those Men of Parts who have been employed in viciating the Age had endeavoured to rectify and amend it, they needed not have[a] sacrificed their good Sense and Virtue to their Fame and Reputation. No Man is so sunk in Vice and Ignorance, but there are still some hidden Seeds of Goodness and Knowledge in him; which give him a Relish of such Reflections and Speculations as have an Aptness to[b] improve the Mind and to make the Heart better.

I have shewn in a former Paper,[1] with how much Care I have avoided all such Thoughts as are loose, obscene, or immoral; and I beheve my Reader would still think the better of me, if he knew the Pains I am at in qualifying what I write after such a Manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private Persons. For

this Reason when I draw any faulty Character, I consider all those Persons to whom the Malice of the World may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular Circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured Applications. If I write any thing on a black Man,[1] I run over in my Mind all the eminent Persons in the Nation who are ofthat Complection: When I place an imaginary-Name at the Head of a Character, I examine every Syllable and Letter of it, that it may not bear any Resemblance to one that is real. I know very well the Value which every Man sets upon his Reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the Mirth and Derision of the Publiek, and should therefore scorn to divert my Reader at the Expence of any private Man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular Person's Reputation, so I have taken more than ordinary Care not to give Offence to those who appear in the higher Figures of Life. I would not make

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my self merry even with a Piece of Pasteboard that is invested with a publick Character; for which Reason I have never glanced upon the late designed Procession[2] of his Holiness and his Attendants,

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notwithstanding it might have afforded Matter to many ludicrous Speculations. Among those Advantages which the Publick may reap from this Paper, it is not the least, that it draws Mens Minds off from the Bitterness of Party, and furnishes them with Subjects of Discourse that may be treated without Warmth or Passion. This is said to have been the first Design of those Gentlemen who set on Foot the Royal Society; and had then a very good Effect, as it turned many of the greatest Genius's of that Age to the Disquisitions of natural Knowledge, who, if they had engaged in Politicks with the same Parts and Application, might have set their Country in a Flame.[1] The Air-Pump, the Barometer, the Quadrant, and the like Inventions,[2] were thrown out to those busy Spirits, as Tubs and Barrels are to a Whale, that he may let the Ship sail on without Disturbance, while he diverts himself with those innocent Amusements.[3]

I have been so very scrupulous in this Particular of not hurting any Man's Reputation, that I have forborn mentioning even such Authors as I could not name with Honour. This I must confess to have been a Piece of very great Self-denial: For as the Publick relishes nothing better than the Ridicule which turns upon a Writer of any Eminence, so there is nothing which a Man that has but a very ordinary Talent in Ridicule may execute with greater Ease. One might raise Laughter for a Quarter of a Year together upon the Works of a Person who has published but a very few Volumes. For which Reasons I am astonished, that those who have appeared against this Paper have made so very little of it. The Criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an Intention rather to discover Beauties and Excellencies in the Writers of my own Time, than to publish any of their Faults and Imperfections. In the mean while I should take it for a very great Favour from some of my underhand Detractors, if they would break all Measures with me so far, as to give me a Pretence for examining their Performances with

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an impartial Eye: Nor shall I look upon it as any Breach of Charity to criticise the Author, so long as I keep clear of the Person.

In the mean while, till I am provoked to such Hostilities, I shall from Time to Time endeavour to do Justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the politer Parts of Learning, and to point out such Beauties in their Works as may have escaped the Observation of others.

As the first Place among our *English* Poets is due to *Milton*, and as I have drawn more Quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular Criticism upon his *Paradise lost*, which I shall publish every *Saturday* till I have given my Thoughts upon that Poem. I shall not however presume to impose upon others my own particular Judgment on this Author, but only deliver it as my private Opinion. Criticism is of a very large Extent, and every particular Master in this Art has his favourite Passages in an Author, which do not equally strike the best Judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many Beauties or Imperfections which others have not attended to, and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent Writers publish their Discoveries on the same Subject. In short, I would always be understood to write my Papers of Criticism in the Spirit which *Horace* has expressed in those two famous Lines,

> … *Si quid novisti rectius istis*
> *Candidus imperti, si non his utere mecum*.[1]

If you have made any better Remarks of your own, communicate them with Candour; if not, make use of these I present you with.

C

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Ovid, *Tristia*, 2. 566: 'Mongst what I write no venom doth appear.

[a] not have] not to have *Fol*.

[b] Aptness to] Aptness in them to *Fol*.

[1] No. 179.

[1] i.e. a man of dark complexion.

[2] The 'Procession of His Holiness' had taken place annually on 17 Nov., the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth; as a strongly Protestant occasion it often stirred up much party feeling, particularly after the trial of Dr. Sacheverell. A procession was planned for 17 Nov. 1711, but the wax effigies prepared for the occasion (of the Pope, the Pretender, and the Devil, as well as four cardinals, four Jesuits, and four friars) were seized by the Tory government and carried to the Earl of Dartmouth's office (*Evening Post*, 17 Nov.). A broadsheet depicting 'The March of the Chevalier de St. George: or an Account of the Mock procession of burning the Pope and the Pretender, intended to be perform'd on the 17th of November, 1711 being the Anniversary of Queen Elizabeth of glorious Memory', is advertised as 'this day published' in No. 271 (10 Jan. 1712).

A pamphlet advertised in No. 242 (7 Dec. 1711) accusing Steele of assisting in this Protestant demonstration was issued by the Tory publisher John Morphew in 1711 as *A True Relation of the several Facts and Circumstances of the intended Riot and Tumult on Queen Elizabeth's Birth-day....* Swift seems to have supplied hints to Mrs. Manley for this publication (*Journal to Stella*, ed. Harold Williams, pp. 415–16, 421). Written in the form of a letter, dated 20 Nov., it inveighs against Wharton, Marlborough, and other Whig leaders, with (p. 11) the following reference to Mr. Spectator:

> And truely who can answer for the Consequence of such a Tumult, The Rage of a mad drunken Populace, fomented by such Incendiaries, (for the whole Party, to a Man, were ingaged to be there) I don't see how the City could have escaped Destruction? There were many to kindle Fires, none to put them out. The *Spectator*, who ought to be but a Looker-on, was to have been an Assistant, that seeing London in a Flame, he might have Opportunity to paint after the Life, and remark the Behaviour of the People in the Ruin of their Country, so to have made a *diverting Spectator*.

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Addison's hint in No. 269 that Sir Andrew Freeport had been accused of having a hand in the Pope's procession is probably an allusion to these rumours of Steele's part in the affair.

[1] In 1662, when the Royal Society was incorporated, there was an unsuccessful rising in the north against the government (Aitken).

[2] Thermometers had been in use in Italy throughout the seventeenth century, and in England both Robert Boyle and Robert Hooke had made further experiments. Fahrenheit's thermometer was not introduced until the reign of George I. Boyle had also experimented with the barometer, and there were various others, including Hooke's 'wheel barometer'. See A. Wolf, *A History of Science ... in the 16th & 17th centuries* (1939), pp. 82–98.

[3] In *Tatler* 112 Steele had written: 'I look upon an able Statesman out of Business like a huge Whale, that will endeavour to overturn the Ship, unless he has an empty Cask to play with.' Swift's *Tale of a Tub* was published in 1704.

[1] *Epistles*, 1. 6. 67–68.

If you know better Rules than these, be free,
Impart them, but if not, use these with Me. CREECH.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 263 Tuesday, January 1, 1712 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 263
TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1712[1]

[STEELE]

Gratular quod eum quem necesse erat diligere, qualis-cunque esset, talem habemus ut libenter quoque diligamus.

Trebonius apud Tull.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM the happy Father of a very towardly Son, in whom I do not only see my Life, but also my manner of Life, renewed. It would be extreamly beneficial to Society, if you would frequently resume Subjects which serve to bind these sort of Relations faster, and endear the Tyes of Blood with those of Good-will, Protection, Observance, Indulgence and Veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon Method, and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good Play, fit to undertake a Work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret Instincts, and Biasses of Human Nature, which would pass unobserved by common Eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outragious Offence against my own excellent Parents to answer for, but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past Life, from my earliest Infancy to this time, there are many Faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even till I my self became a Father. I had not till then a Notion of the Earnings[2] of Heart, which a Man has when he sees his Child do a laudable thing, or the sudden Damp which seises him when he

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fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a Remorse touched me for a long train of Childish Negligences of my Mother, when I saw my Wife the other Day look out of the Window, and turn as pale as Ashes upon seeing my younger Boy sliding upon the Ice. These slight Intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little Crimes, which Children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection, when they shall themselves become Fathers, they will look upon with the utmost Sorrow and Contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased

my Father, and I omitted for no other reason, but that I thought what he proposed the effect of Humour and old Age, which I am now convinced had Reason and good Sense in it. I cannot now go into the Parlour to him, and make his Heart glad with an Account of a Matter which was of no Consequence, but that I told it, and acted in it. The good Man and Woman are long since in their Graves, who used to sit and plot the Welfare of us their Children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old Folks at another End of the House. The Truth of it is, were we merely to follow Nature in these great Duties of Life, tho' we have a strong Instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generality of Mankind, and Growth towards Manhood so desirable to all, that Resignation to Decay is too difficult a Task in the Father; and Deference, amidst the Impulse of gay Desires, appears unreasonable to the Son. There are so few who can grow old with a good Grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the World, that a Father, were he to be actuated by his Desires, and a Son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when Reason interposes against Instinct, where it would carry either out of the Interests of the other, there arises that happiest Intercourse of good Offices between those dearest Relations of Human Life. The Father, according to the Opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down Blessings on the Son, and the Son endeavouring to appear the worthy Offspring of such a Father. It is after this manner that *Camillus* and his first-born dwell together. *Camillus* enjoys a pleasing and indolent old Age, in which Passion is subdued, and Reason exalted: He waits the Day of his

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Dissolution with a Resignation mixed with Delight, and the Son fears the Accession of his Father's Fortune with diffidence, least he should not enjoy or become it as well as his Predecessor. Add to this, that the Father knows he leaves a Friend to the Children of his Friends, an easie Landlord to his Tenants, and an agreeable Companion to his Acquaintance. He believes his Son's Behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This Commerce is so well cemented, that without the Pomp of saying, *Son, be a Friend to such a one when I am gone, Camillus* knows being in his Favour is Direction enough to the grateful Youth who is to succeed him, without the Admonition of his mentioning it. These Gentlemen are Honoured in all their Neighbourhood, and the same Effect

which a Court has on the Manners of a Kingdom, their Characters have on all who live within the Influence of them.

'My Son and I are not of Fortune to communicate our good Actions or Intentions to so many as these Gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my Son has, by the Applause and Approbation which his Behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old Man, besides my self, has rejoiced. Other Mens Children follow the Example of mine, and I have the inexpressible Happiness of over-hearing our Neighbours, as we ride by, point to their Children, and say with a Voice of Joy, There they go.

'You cannot, *Mr*. SPECTATOR, pass your time better, than in insinuating the Delights which these Relations well regarded bestow upon each other. Ordinary Passages are no longer such, but mutual Love gives an Importance to the most indifferent things, and a Merit to Actions the most insignificant. When we look round the World, and observe the many Misunderstandings which are created by the Malice and Insinuation of the meanest Servants between People thus related, how necessary will it appear that it were inculcated, that Men would be upon their Guard to support a Constancy of Affection, and that grounded upon the Principles of Reason, not the Impulses of Instinct.

'It is from the common Prejudices which Men receive from their Parents, that Hatreds are kept alive from one Generation to another; and when Men act by Instinct, Hatreds will descend when good

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Offices are forgotten. For the Degeneracy of Human Life is such, that our Anger is more easily transferred to our Children than our Love. Love always gives something to the Object it delights in, and Anger spoils the Person against whom it is moved[a] of something laudable in him: From this Degeneracy therefore, and a sort of Self-Love, we are more prone to take up the Ill Will of our Parents, than to follow them in their Friendships.

'One would think there should need no more to make Men keep up this sort of Relation with the utmost Sanctity, than to examine their own Hearts. If every Father remembered his own Thoughts and Inclinations when he was a Son, and every Son remembered what he expected from his Father, when he himself was in a state of Dependance, this one Reflection would preserve Men from being dissolute or rigid in these several Capacities. The Power and Subjection between them when broken, make them more emphatically

Tyrants and Rebels against each other, with greater Cruelty of Heart than the disruption of States and Empires can possibly produce. I shall end this Application to you with two Letters which passed between a Mother and Son very lately, and are as follows.'

Dear FRANK,

'IF the Pleasures which I have the Grief to hear you pursue in Town do not take up all your time, do not deny your Mother so much of it, as to read seriously this Letter. You said before Mr. *Letacre*, that an old Woman might live very well in the Country upon half my Jointure, and that your Father was a fond Fool to give me a Rent Charge of Eight hundred a Year to the Prejudice of his Son. What *Letacre* said to you upon that Occasion you ought to have born with more Decency, as he was your Father's well-beloved Servant, than to have called him *Country-putt*.[1] In the first place, *Frank*, I must tell you I will have my Rent duly paid, for I will make up to your Sisters for the Partiality I was guilty of, in making your Father do so much as he has done for you. I may, it seems, live upon half my Jointure? I lived upon much less, *Frank*, when I carried you from place to place in these Arms, and could neither eat, dress, or mind any thing for Feeding and Tending you a weakly Child, and shedding Tears when the Convulsions you were then troubled with

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returned upon you. By my Care you outgrew them, to throw away the Vigour of your Youth in the Arms of Harlots, and deny your Mother what is not yours to detain. Both your Sisters are crying to see the Passion which I smother; but if you please to go on thus like a Gentleman of the Town, and forget all Regards to your self and Family, I shall immediately enter upon your Estate for the Arrear due to me, and without one Tear more contemn you for forgetting the Fondness of your Mother, as much as you have the Example of your Father. Oh *Frank*, do I live to omit Writing my self

Your Affectionate Mother,
A.T.'

MADAM,

'I WILL come down to Morrow and pay the Mony on my Knees. Pray write so no more. I will take care you never shall, for I will be for ever hereafter

Your most Dutiful Son,
F. T.

'I will bring down new Heads[1] for my Sisters. Pray let all be forgotten.'

T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Cicero, *Epistulae ad familiares*, 12. 16. 1: I am glad, that he whom I must have loved from duty, whatever he had been, is such a one as I can love from inclination.

[2] For the spelling cf. No. 95 (vol. i).

[a] it is moved] it moved *Fol*.

[1] Obsolete slang for a rustic lout.

[1] i.e. head-dresses. Cf. No. 98 (vol. i).

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Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 264
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1712[2]

[STEELE]

... *Secretum iter & fallentis Semita vitæ*.

Hor.

IT has been from Age to Age an Affectation to love the Pleasure of Solitude, among those who cannot possibly be supposed qualified for passing Life in that Manner.[3] This People have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been writ on that Subject, for which we are beholden to excellent Persons who delighted in being retired and abstracted from the Pleasures that enchant the Generality of the World. This Way of Life is recommended indeed with great Beauty, and in such a Manner as disposes the Reader for the Time to a pleasing Forgetfulness, or Negligence of the particular Hurry of Life in which he is engaged, together with a Longing for that State which he is charmed with in Description. But when we consider the World it self, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philosophick Solitude, we shall be apt to change a Regard to that sort of Solitude, for being a little singular in enjoying Time after the Way a Man himself likes best in the World, without going so far as wholly to withdraw from it. I have often observed, there is not a Man breathing who does not differ from all other Men, as much in the Sentiments of his Mind, as the Features of his Face. The Felicity is, when any one is so happy as to find out and follow what is the proper bent of his Genius, and turn all his Endeavours to exert himself according as that prompts him. Instead of this, which is an Innocent Method of enjoying a

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Man's self, and turning out of the general Tracts[a] wherein you have crowds of Rivals, there are those who pursue their own way out of

a Sowrness and Spirit of Contradiction: These Men do every thing which they are able to support, as if Guilt and Impunity could not go together. They chuse a thing only because another dislikes it; and affect forsooth an inviolable Constancy in Matters of no manner of Moment. Thus sometimes an old Fellow shall wear this or that sort of Cut in his Cloaths[1] with great Integrity, while all the rest of the World are degenerated into Buttons, Pockets and Loops unknown to their Ancestors. As insignificant as even this is, if *it* were searched to the Bottom, you perhaps would find it not sincere, but that he is in the Fashion in his Heart, and holds out from mere Obstinacy. But I am running from my intended purpose, which was to celebrate a certain particular manner of passing away Life, and is a Contradiction to no Man, but a Resolution to contract none of the exorbitant Desires by which others are enslaved. The best way of separating a Man's self from the World, is to give up the desire of being known to it. After a Man has preserved his Innocence, and performed all Duties incumbent upon him, his time spent his own way is what makes his Life differ from that of a Slave. If they who affect Show and Pomp knew how many of their Spectators derided their trivial Taste, they would be very much less elated, and have an Inclination to examine the Merit of all they have to do with: They would soon find out that there are many who make a Figure below what their Fortune or Merit entitles them to, out of mere Choice, and an elegant desire of Ease and Disincumbrance. It would look like Romance to tell you in this Age of an old Man who is contented to pass for an Humourist, and one who does not understand the Figure he ought to make in the World, while he lives in a Lodging of Ten Shilhngs a Week with only one Servant. While he Dresses himself according to the Season in Cloth or in Stuff,[2] and has no one necessary attention to any thing but the Bell which calls to Prayers twice a Day. I say it would look like a Fable to report that this Gentleman gives away all which is the overplus of a great Fortune, by secret Methods, to other Men. If he has not the Pomp of a numerous Train, and of Professors of Service to him, he has every Day he lives the Conscience[3] that the Widow, the Fatherless,

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the Mourner, and the Stranger bless his unseen Hand in their Prayers. This Humourist gives up all the Compliments which People of his own Condition could make to him, for the Pleasures of helping the afflicted, supplying the needy, and befriending the neglected. This Humourist keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a vast Refuse of his Superfluities to purchase Heaven, and by freeing others from the Temptations of worldly Want, to carry a Retinue with him thither.

Of all Men who affect living in a particular way, next to this admirable Character, I am the most enamoured of *Irus*,[1] whose Condition will not admit of such Largesses, and perhaps would not be capable of making them, if it were. *Irus*, tho' he is now turned of fifty, has not appeared in the World, in his real Character, since five and twenty, at which Age he ran out a small Patrimony, and spent some Time after with Rakes who had lived upon him: A Course of ten Years Time passed in all the little Alleys, By Paths, and sometimes open Taverns and Streets of this Town, gave *Irus* a perfect Skill in judging of the Inclinations of Mankind, and acting accordingly. He seriously considered he was poor, and the general Horrour which most Men have of all who are in that Condition. *Irus* judged very rightly, That while he could keep his Poverty a Secret, he should not feel the Weight of it; he improved this Thought into an Affectation of Closeness and Covetousness. Upon this one Principle he resolved to govern his future Life; and in the thirty sixth Year of his Age he repaired to *Long-Lane*,[2] and looked upon several Dresses which hung there deserted by their first Masters, and exposed to the Purchase of the best Bidder. At this place he exchanged his gay Shabbyness of Cloaths fit for a much younger Man, to warm ones that would be decent for a much older one. *Irus* came out thoroughly equipped from Head to Foot, with a little Oaken Cane in the form of a substantial Man that did not mind his Dress, turned of fifty. He had at this Time fifty Pounds in ready Money; and in this Habit, with this Fortune, he took his present Lodging in St. *John-street*,[3] at the Mansion-House[4] of a

Taylor's Widow, who washes and can clear-starch his Bands.[1] From that Time to this, he has kept the main Stock, without Alteration

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under or over, to the Value of five Pounds. He left off all his old Acquaintance to a Man, and all his Arts of Life, except the Play of Back-gammon,[2] upon which he has more than bore his Charges. *Irus* has, ever since he came into this Neighbourhood, given all the Intimations, he skilfully could, of being a close Hunks worth Money: No body comes to visit him, he receives no Letters, and tells his Money Morning and Evening. He has from the publick Papers, a Knowledge of what generally passes, shuns all Discourses of Money, but shrugs his Shoulder when you talk of Securities; he denies his being rich with the Air, which all do who are vain of being so: He is the Oracle of a neighbouring Justice of Peace who meets him at the Coffee-house; the Hopes that what he has must come to somebody, and that he has no Heirs, have that effect where-ever he is known, that he every Day has three or four Invitations to dine at different Places, which he generally takes Care to chuse in such a manner, as not to seem inclined to the richer Man. All the young Men respect him, and say he is just the same Man he was when they were Boys. He uses no Artifice in the World, but makes use of Men's Designs upon him to get a Maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain Peevishness, (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could possibly enter into the Head of a poor Fellow. His Mein, his Dress, his Carriage, and his Language are such, that you would be at a Loss to guess, whether in the Active Part of his Life he had been a sensible Citizen, or Scholar that knew the World. These are the great Circumstances in the Life of *Irus*, and thus does he pass away his Days a Stranger to Mankind; and at his Death, the worst that will be said of him will be, That he got by every Man, who had Expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

I have an Inclination to print the following Letters; for that I have heard the Author of them has some where or other seen me, and by

an excellent Faculty in Mimickry my Correspondents tell me he can assume my Air, and give my Taciturnity a Slyness which diverts more than any thing I could say if I were present. Thus I am glad my silence is attoned for to the good Company in Town. He has carryed his Skill in Imitation so far, as to have forged a Letter from my Friend Sir ROGER in such a manner, that any one but I who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for Genuine.

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Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING observ'd in *Lily*'s Grammar how sweetly *Bacchus* and *Apollo* run in a Verse:[1] I have (to preserve the Amity between them) call'd in *Bacchus* to the Aid of my Profession of the *Theatre. So* that while some People of Quality are bespeaking Plays of me to be acted upon such a Day, and others, Hogsheads for their Houses, against such a Time; I am wholly employ'd in the agreeable Service of Wit and Wine: Sir, I have sent you Sir *Roger de Coverly*'s Letter to me, which pray comply with in favour of the *Bumper* Tavern.[2] Be kind, for you know a Player's utmost Pride is the Approbation of the SPECTATOR.

I am your Admirer, tho' *unknown*,

Richard Estcourt.'[3]

To Mr. *Estcourt* at his House in *Covent-Garden*.

Coverly, December

Old Comical One, the 18th, 1711.

'THE Hogsheads of Neat Port came safe, and have gotten thee good Reputation in these Parts; and I am glad to hear, that

a Fellow who has been laying out his Money, ever since he was born, for the meer Pleasure of Wine, has bethought himself of joining Profit and Pleasure together. Our Sexton (poor Man) having receiv'd Strength from thy Wine, since his Fit of the Gout is hugely taken with it: He says it is given by Nature for the Use of Families, that no Steward's Table can be without it, that it strengthens Digestion, excludes Surfeits, Fevers and Physick; which Green Wines of any kind can't do. Pray get a pure snug Room, and I hope next Term to help fill your Bumper with our People of the Club; but you must have no Bells stirring when the *Spectator* comes; I forbore Ringing to Dinner while he was down with me in the Country. Thank you for the little Hams and *Portugal* Onions; pray keep some always by you. You know my Supper is only Good *Cheshire* Cheese, best Mustard, a Golden Pippin, attended with a Pipe of *John Sly*'s Best.[1] Sir *Harry*[2] has stoln all your Songs, and tells

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the Story of the 5th of *November* to Perfection.

Yours to serve you,
Roger de Coverly.

'We've lost old *John*[2] since you were here.'

20 T

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Horace, *Epistles*, 1. 18. 103: A close retirement, and a life by stealth.

[3] The ideas in the opening of this essay are similar to those in the essay 'Of Obscurity' by Cowley, who also uses the motto of Horace.

[a] Tracts] Tracks *Fol*.

[1] Nichols thought this might allude 'to the Earl of Nottingham's long pockets, and large buttons'. Steele had spoken against fantastical habits, long pockets, and buttons, in *Tatters* 21 and 45, but the reference to Don Diego Dismallo in *Tatler* 21 may not allude to Nottingham (cf. Steele's disavowal in *Guardian* 53).

[2] i.e. woollen fabric.

[3] In the old sense of consciousness.

[1] Steele may be recalling the beggar in *Odyssey* 18 whose poverty became proverbial. 'He had a singular art in begging, and hence came the Adage, *Iro pauperior*, Poorer then *Irus*' (John Jones, note to *Ovid's Invective or Curse against Ibis*, Oxford, 1658, p. 78).

[2] Long-Lane, a continuation of Barbican, ran eastward from the northern extremity of West Smithfield to Aldersgate street. It was a mart for cast-off clothes. In *The Way of the World* (ðé. v) Lady Wishfort hopes to see Mirabell 'hung with Tatters, like a *Long-Lane* Penthouse'.

[3] A wide thoroughfare, running north-east and north from West Smithfield into the road to St. Albans.

[4] Formerly used in the sense of dwelling-house. The last quotation in *OED* to illustrate this meaning is dated 1755.

[1] i.e. a neckcloth. Cf. No. 179. Later in the century the term was restricted to the neckcloth worn by students in colleges, lawyers, and clergymen (Dobson).

[2] See No. 77 (vol. i).

[1] The first rule:

Propria quae maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas:

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Ut sunt divorum: Mars, Bacchus, Apollo; virorum,
Ut Cato, Virgilius; fluviorum, ut Tybris, Orontes;
Mensium, ut October; ventorum, ut Libs, Notus, Auster.

[2] Richard Estcourt had advertised in Nos. 260, 261, and 263 that he would open the Bumper Tavern in James's-street, Covent-Garden, on 1 Jan., with 'neat natural Wines, fresh and in Perfection; being bought of Brooke and Hellier;... to be sold by wholesale as well as retail with the utmost Fidelity by his old Servant trusty Anthony, who has so often adorned both the Theatres in England and Ireland ...'.

[3] Richard Estcourt (1668–1712), one of the versatile members of the Drury Lane company, the original of Sergeant Kite in *The Recruiting Officer*; some of his more famous roles were Bayes in *The Rehearsal*, Falstaff in *Henry IV*, and Teague in *The Committee*. Cibber thought him 'a languid, unaffecting actor', but 'so amazing and extraordinary a mimick, that no man or woman, from the coquette to the privy-counsellor, ever mov'd or spoke before him, but he could carry their voice, look, mien, and motion, instantly into another company' (*Apology*, chap, iv; Everyman's Library ed., pp. 64–65). According to Chetwood (*General History of the Stage*, Dublin, 1749, p. 143) 'he was a great Favourite with the late Duke of *Marlborough*, whose just Fame he celebrated in several out-of-the-way witty Ballads'.

[1] Sly was a tobacconist and haberdasher. See Nos. 187 and 526 (vol. iv).

[2] There are no other allusions to these characters in Sir Roger's circle.

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 265 Thursday, January 3, 1712 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 265
THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1712[3]

[ADDISON]

Dixerit è multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis ? & rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ?

Ovid. de Art. Am.

ONE of the Fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a Woman to be ζῶον φιλόκοσμον, *an Animal that delights in Finery*.[4]

I have already treated of the Sex in two or three Papers,[1] conformably to this Definition, and have in particular observed, that in all Ages they have been more careful than the Men to adorn that part of the Head, which we generally call the Outside.

This Observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary Discourse we say a Man has a fine Head, a long Head, or a good Head, we express our selves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his Understanding; whereas when we say of a Woman, she has a fine, a long, or a good Head, we speak only in relation to her Commode.

It is observed among Birds, that Nature has lavished all her Ornaments upon the Male, who very often appears in a most beautiful Head-dress: Whether it be a Crest, a Comb, a Tuft of Feathers, or a natural little Plume, erected like a kind of Pinacle on the very top of the Head. As Nature on the contrary[a] has poured

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out her Charms in the greatest abundance upon the Female part of our Species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest Garnitures of Art. The Peacock, in all his Pride, does not display half the Colours that appear in the Garments of a *British* Lady, when she is dressed either for a Ball or a Birthday.

But to return to our Female Heads. The Ladies have been for some time in a kind of *moulting Season,* with regard to that part of their Dress, having *cast*[2] great Quantities of Ribbon, Lace, and Cambrick, and in some measure reduced that part of the Human Figure to the beautiful Globular Form, which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of Ornament would be substituted in the place of those antiquated Commodes. But our Female Projectors were all the last Summer so taken up with the Improvement of their Petticoats,[3] that they had not time to attend to any thing else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower Parts, they now begin to turn their Thoughts upon the other Extremity, as well remembring the old Kitchin Proverb,[4] that if you light your Fire at both Ends, the middle will shift for its self.

I am engaged in this Speculation by a sight which I lately met with at the Opera. As I was standing in the hinder Part of the Box,

I took notice of a little Cluster of Women sitting together in the prettiest coloured Hoods that I ever saw. One of them was Blew, another Yellow, and another Philomot;[1] the fourth was of a Pink Colour, and the fifth of a pale Green. I looked with as much Pleasure upon this little party-coloured Assembly, as upon a Bed of Tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an Embassie of *Indian* Queens; but upon my going about into the Pit, and taking them in Front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much Beauty in every Face, that I found them all to be *English.* Such Eyes and Lips, Cheeks and Foreheads, could be the growth of no other Country. The Complection of their Faces hindered me from observing any further the Colour of their Hoods, though I could easily perceive by that unspeakable satisfaction which appeared in their looks, that their own Thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty Ornaments they wore upon their Heads.

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I am informed that this Fashion spreads daily, insomuch that the Whig and Tory Ladies begin already to hang out different Colours, and to shew their Principles in their Head-dress. Nay, if I may believe my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB, there is a certain old Coquet of his Acquaintance, who intends to appear very suddenly in a Rainbow Hood, like the *Iris* in *Dryden's Virgil,*[2] not questioning but that among such a variety of Colours she shall have a Charm for every Heart.

My Friend WILL, who very much values himself upon his great Insights into Gallantry tells me, that he can already guess at the Humour a Lady is in by her Hood, as the Courtiers of *Morocco* know the Disposition of their present Emperor by the Colour of the Dress which he puts on. When *Melesinda* wraps her Head in Flame Colour, her Heart is set upon Execution. When she covers it with Purple, I would not, says he, advise her Lover to approach her; but if she appears in White, it is Peace, and he may hand her out of her Box with Safety.

WILL, informs me likewise, that these Hoods may be used as Signals. Why else, says he, does *Cornelia* always put on a Black Hood when her Husband is gone into the Country?

Such are my Friend Honeycomb's Dreams of Gallantry. For my own part, I impute this diversity of Colours in the Hoods to the

diversity of Complection in the Faces of my pretty Country Women. *Ovid* in his Art of Love has given some Precepts as to this particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the Moderns. He recommends a Red striped Silk[1] to the pale Complection; White to the Brown, and Dark to the Fair. On the contrary, my Friend WILL, who pretends to be a greater Master in this Art than *Ovid,* tells me, that the palest Features look the most agreeable in white Sarsenet;[2] that a Face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest Scarlet, and that the darkest Complection is not a little alleviated by a Black Hood. In short, he is for losing the Colour of the Face in that of the Hood, as a Fire burns dimly, and a Candle goes half out in the light of the Sun. This, says he, your *Ovid* himself has hinted, where he treats of these matters when he tells us that the blue Water Nymphs are dressed in Sky-coloured

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Garments; and that *Aurora,* who always appears in the light of the Rising Sun, is robed in Saffron.[3]

Whether these his Observations are justly grounded I cannot tell; but I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the Ladies, praise or dispraise the Complection of a Face which he never saw, from observing the Colour of her Hood, and has been very seldom out in these his Guesses.

As I have nothing more at Heart than the Honour and Improvement of the fair Sex, I cannot conclude this Paper without an Exhortation to the *British* Ladies, that they would excel the Women of all other Nations as much in Vertue and good Sense, as they do in Beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as Industrious to cultivate their Minds, as they are to adorn their Bodies: In the mean while I shall recommend to their most serious Consideration the Saying of an old *Greek* Poet,

Γυναικὶ κόσμος ὁ τρόπος, κ᾽ οὐ χρυσία.[4]

C[a5]

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Ovid, *Ars amatoria,* 3. 7:

But some object, you teach the Wolf to prey,
And a fresh Stock of pois'nous Juice convey,
Into the Adder's Veins.

[4] Bayle, art. Periander, Remark B, quotes '*φιλόκοσμον* genus femineum est' from St. Jerome *(Epist. ad Gaudentium de Pacatulae institut.),* and in the article Bossus, Remark D, he writes: 'St. *Jerom* calls the Feminine sex *Philocosmon,* that is to say, *that loves finery,* and he adds that he knew many Women of great chastity who adorn'd themselves for their own satisfaction, without a design to please any Man.'

[1] See especially Nos. 98, 129 and 175.

[a] As Nature on the contrary] On the contrary, as Nature *Fol.*

[2] To throw off (clothes). Now chiefly *dial. (OED).*

[3] See No. 145.

[4] Apparently an invention of Mr. Spectator; no other example is known.

[1] A corruption of *feuillemorte,* the colour of a dead or faded leaf. In Shadwell's *Virtuoso* (III. i) Sir Nicholas Gimcrack identifies three sorts of ants, 'black, darkbrown, and fillamot'.

[2] *Aeneid,* 4. 700–1 (Dryden, 1003–4).

[1] *Ars amatoria,* 3. 269–70, 189.

[2] A fine and soft silk material in various colours.

[3] *Ars amatoria,* 3. 177–80.

[4] Menander, *Monostichoi,* 92 (Winterton, p. 507): 'Manners and not dress are the ornaments of a woman.' Cf. Tom Trippit's letter in No. 271. Addison had drawn on Menander for the motto for No. 261.

[a] *No. 265 is signed* T *in Folio (corrected in Errata, No. 267, to* C).

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[5] A letter on the variety of colours in hoods is printed in Lillie (ii. 178–9).

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NO. 267
SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1712[3]

[ADDISON]

Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii.

Propert.

THERE is nothing in Nature more irksom than[b] general Discourses, especially when they turn chiefly upon Words. For

this Reason I shall wave the Discussion of that Point[1] which was started some Years since, Whether *Milton's Paradise Lost* may be called an *Heroick Poem*?[a] Those who will not give it that Title, may call it (if they please) a *Divine Poem.*[b] It will be sufficient to its Per-

fection, if it has in it all the Beauties of the highest kind of Poetry; and as for those who alledge[a] it is not an Heroick Poem, they advance no more to the Diminution of it, than if they should say *Adam* is not *Æneas,* nor *Eve Helen.*

I shall therefore examine it by the Rules of Epic Poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or *Æneid* in the Beauties which are essential to that kind of Writing. The first thing to be considered in an Epic Poem, is the Fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the Action which it relates is more or less so.[1] This Action should have three Qualifications in it. First, It should be but one

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Action.[2] Secondly, It should be an entire Action; and Thirdly, It should be a great Action. To consider the Action of the *Iliad, Æneid,* and *Paradise Lost* in these three several Lights. *Homer* to preserve the Unity of his Action hastens into the midst of things, as *Horace* has observed:[3] Had he gone up to Leda's Egg, or begun much later, even at the Rape of *Helen,* or the Investing of *Troy,* it is manifest that the Story of the Poem would have been a Series of several Actions.

He therefore opens his Poem with the Discord of his Princes, and artfully[a] interweaves in the several succeeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them,[b] and had passed before this[c] fatal Dissension. After the same manner *Æneas* makes his first appearance in the *Tyrrhene* Seas, and within sight of *Italy*, because the Action proposed to be celebrated was that of his Settling himself in *Latium*. But because it was necessary for the Reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding parts of his Voyage, *Virgil* makes his Hero relate it by way of Episode in the second and third Books of the *Æneid*. The Contents of both which Books come before those of the first Book in the Thread of the Story, tho' for preserving[d] of this Unity of Action, they follow it[e] in the Disposition of the Poem. *Milton*, in Imitation of these two great Poets, opens his *Paradise Lost* with an Infernal Council plotting the Fall of Man, which is the Action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great [f]Actions, the Battel of the Angels, and the Creation of the World, (which preceded in point of time, and which, in my Opinion, would have entirely[f] destroyed the Unity of his Principal Action, had he related them in the same Order that they happened) he cast them into the fifth, sixth and seventh Books, by way of Episode to this noble Poem.[g]

Aristotle himself allows, that *Homer* has nothing to boast of as to the Unity of his Fable, tho' at the same time that great Critick and Philosopher endeavours to palliate this Imperfection in the *Greek* Poet, by imputing it in some Measure to the very Nature of an Epic Poem.[1] Some have been of Opinion, that the *Æneid* also labours[h] in this particular, and has Episodes which may be looked upon as Excrescencies rather than as Parts of the Action. On the contrary,

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the Poem which we have now under our Consideration, hath no other Episodes than such as naturally arise from the Subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing Incidents,[i] that it gives us at the same time a Pleasure of the greatest Variety, and of

the greatest Simplicity; [a]uniform in its Nature, tho' diversified in the Execution.[a]

I must observe also, that as *Virgil* in the Poem which was designed to celebrate the Original of the *Roman* Empire, has described the Birth of its great Rival, the *Carthaginian* Commonwealth :[b 1] *Milton* with the like Art in his Poem on the Fall of Man, has related the Fall of those Angels who are his professed Enemies. Besides the many other Beauties in such an Episode, it's running Parallel with the great Action of the Poem, hinders it from breaking the Unity so much as another Episode would have done, that had not so great an Affinity with the principal Subject. In short, this is the same kind of Beauty which the Criticks admire in the *Spanish Fryar*, or the *Double Discovery*, where the two different Plots look like Counterparts and Copies of one another.

The second Qualification required in the Action of an Epic Poem is, that it should be an *entire* Action: An Action is entire when it is compleat in all its Parts; or as *Aristotle* describes it, when it consists of a Beginning, a Middle, and an End.[2] Nothing should go before it, be intermix'd with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no single Step should be omitted in that just and regular Progress which it must be supposed to take from its Original to its Consummation. Thus we see the Anger of *Achilles* in its Birth, its Continuance and Effects; and *Æneas*'s Settlement in *Italy*, carried on through all the Oppositions in his way to it both by Sea and Land. The Action in *Milton* excels (I think) both the former in this particular; we see it contrived in Hell, executed upon Earth, and punished by Heaven. The parts of it are told in the most distinct manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural Order.[c]

The third Qualification of an Epic Poem is its *Greatness*. The Anger of *Achilles* was of such Consequence, that it embroiled the

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Kings of *Greece*, destroy'd the Heroes of *Asia*,[d] and engaged all the Gods in Factions. *Æneas*'s Settlement in *Italy* produced the *Cæsars*, and gave Birth to the *Roman* Empire. *Milton*'s Subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the Fate of single Persons or Nations, but of a whole Species. The united

Powers of Hell are joyned together for the Destruction of Mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence it self interposed. The principal Actors are Man in his greatest Perfection, and Woman in her highest Beauty. Their Enemies are the fallen Angels: The Messiah their Friend, and the Almighty their Protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole Circle of Being, whether within the Verge of Nature, or out of it, has a proper Part assigned it in this admirable[a] Poem.

In Poetry, as in Architecture, not only the whole, but the principal Members, and every part of them, should be Great. I will not presume to say, that the Book of Games[1] in the *Æneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this nature, nor to reprehend *Virgil*'s Simile of the Top,[b]2 and many other of the same Kind[c] in the *Iliad*, as liable to any Censure in this Particular; but I think we may say, without derogating from[d] those wonderful Performances, that there is an Indisputable and Unquestioned[e] Magnificence in every Part of *Paradise Lost*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan System.

But *Aristotle*, by the Greatness of the Action, does not only mean that it should be great in its Nature, but also in its Duration, or in other Words, that it should have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call Greatness. The just Measure of this kind of Magnitude, he explains by the following Similitude. An Animal, no bigger than a Mite, cannot appear perfect to the Eye, because the Sight takes it in at once, and has only a confused Idea of the whole, and not a distinct Idea of all its Parts; If on the contrary you should suppose an Animal often thousand Furlongs in length, the Eye would be so filled with a single Part of it, that it could not give the Mind an Idea of the whole.[3] What these Animals are to the Eye, a very short or a very long Action would be to the Memory. The first

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would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. *Homer* and *Virgil* have shewn their principal Art in this Particular; the Action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Æneid*, were in themselves exceeding short, but are so beautifully

extended and diversified by the Invention[a] of *Episodes*,[1] and the Machinery of Gods, with the like Poetical Ornaments, that they make up an agreeable Story sufficient to employ the Memory without overcharging it.[2] *Milton*'s Action is enriched with such a variety of Circumstances, that I have taken as much Pleasure in reading the Contents of his Books, as in the best invented Story I ever met with. It is possible, that the Traditions on which the *Iliad* and *Æneid* were built, had more Circumstances in them than the History of *the Fall of Man*, as it is related in Scripture. Besides it was easier for *Homer* and *Virgil* to dash the Truth with Fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the Religion of their Country by it. But as for *Milton*, he had not only a very few Circumstances upon which to raise his Poem, but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest Caution in every thing that he added out of his own Invention. And, indeed, notwithstanding all the Restraints he was under, he has filled his Story with so many surprising Incidents, which bear so close Analogy[b] with what is delivered in Holy Writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate Reader, without giving Offence to the most scrupulous.

The Modern Criticks[3] have collected from several Hints in the

Iliad and *Æneid* the Space of Time, which is taken up by the Action of each of those Poems; but as a great Part of *Milton*'s Story was transacted in Regions that lie out of the reach of the Sun and the Sphere of Day, it is impossible to gratifie the Reader with such a Calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; none of the Criticks, either Ancient or Modern, having laid down Rules to circumscribe the Action of an Epic Poem with any determined number of Years, Days or Hours.[a]

But of this more particularly hereafter.[b]

L

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NOTES

[3] *Motto.* Propertius, *Elegies,* 2.34.65 : Give place, ye bards of Rome and Grecian wits ! This line was originally applied by Propertius to the author of the *Aeneid* (Suetonius, *De Poetisi: Vita Vergili,* 30). Rapin quotes it as the conclusion of his 'Comparison of Homer and Virgil' (*Whole Critical Works,* i. 210). It is applied to Milton in the laudatory poem of Dr. Samuel Barrow ('In Paradisum Amissam Summi Poetae Johannis Miltoni'), prefixed to the second edition *of Paradise Lose* (1674).

Addison had been anticipated in praise of Milton's epic by John Dennis, who in the final chapter of his *Advancement and Reformation of Poetry* (1701) had claimed greater sublimity for some of the passages in *PL* than the ancient poets, principally on the grounds of 'the Excellence of his Religion' (*Works,* ed. Hooker, i. 271–8). More importantly, in *The Grounds of Criticism in Poetry* (1704), Dennis took many of his examples from Milton to illustrate the importance of sublimity and enthusiasm in poetry. For a general discussion of the subject see Hooker's long note (i. 511–14), which lists the passages in *PL* selected for praise by both Dennis and Addison (less than a dozen in all) and points out aspects of the poem in which both critics concur. Hooker concludes that it is 'more than likely' that Addison was influenced by the earlier writer and regrets that he did not see fit to acknowledge Dennis's priority. Neither Addison nor Steele held Dennis in high esteem, and although Dennis does anticipate the *Spectator* in a few points, Addison's series of papers, covering systematically the entire poem and written with much more literary grace, was undoubtedly of greater importance in furthering Milton's reputation in the eighteenth century and making *PL* a poem better understood and appreciated by the ordinary cultivated reader. 'Almost every turn of thought in Addison's mind seems to have found some illustration in *Paradise Lost;* and he had the ability to make others feel this vital connection between Milton and all that was most worth thinking about in life' (John Walter Good, *Studies in the Milton Tradition,* University of Illinois Studies in Language and Literature, vol. i, nos. 3–4, 1915, p. 153). See further Raymond D. Havens, *The Influence of Milton on English Poetry* (Cambridge, Mass., 1922), chap. i. Although Gay, Defoe, Prior, Pope, and Swift had all given evidence of a knowledge of the epic before the appearance of the *Spectator,* it was Addison who helped the rising middle class to a first-hand knowledge of *PL,* so that by the middle of the century Cibber affirmed *(Lives,* 1753, v. 196 n.) that owing to Addison's papers 'it had become even unfashionable not to have read' Milton (Havens, p. 22). The prestige which this series of papers long maintained is suggested by Thomas Newton's statement in the preface to his edition of *PL* in 1749 (sig. a2^{v}-a3):

> It was recommended to me indeed to print entire Mr. Addison's Spectators upon the Paradise Lost, as ingenious essays which had contributed greatly to the reputation of the poem, and having been added to several editions

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> they could not well be omitted in this edition: and accordingly those papers, which treat of the poem in general, are prefixed in the nature of a preliminary discourse; and those, which arc written upon each book separately, are inserted under each book, and interwoven in their proper places.

Addison's papers cannot be accounted for simply as a means to further the sale of Tonson's books, but it is worth noting that the 'ninth edition' of *PL,* 'Printed very Correctly, with a neat Elzever Letter, in 12mo. for the Pocket', is announced by Tonson as just published, in No. 29 and later numbers. For Lord Somers's encouragement in the publication of *Paradise Lost* see Tonson's dedication to Somers of the 8th edition (8vo), 1707.

The eighteen *Spectator* essays were collected and further revised in 1719, under the title *Notes upon the Twelve Books of Paradise Lost, written by Mr. Addison,* announced as 'this day published' (*Gazette,* 4 July 1719) a few days after Addison's death. A French translation was frequently reprinted with French editions of Milton's poem, notably by Louis Racine in 1755.

[b] more ... than] *19*; so ... as *Fol., 8vo, 12mo*

[1] In his *Discourse concerning Satire* (1693) Dryden maintained that Milton's subject 'is not that of an Heroic Poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness; his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works; his heavenly machines are many and his human persons are but two' (*Essays,* ed. Ker, ii. 29).

[a] *Heroick Poem* ?] *Italics added in 19*

[b] *Italics added in 8vo, 12mo, 19*

[1] For the relationship of 'fable' to 'action' in English criticism at this time see H. T. Swedenberg, Jun., *The Theory of the Epic in England 1650–1800* (University of California Publications in English, vol. xv, 1944, chap. vii). Addison here seems to be thinking of fable in the sense in which Le Bossu had defined it, 'a Discourse invented to form Men's Manners by Instructions disguis'd under the Allegories of one single Action' (book i, chap. vi). In No. 297 (vol. iii), on the other hand, he uses the term fable, simple and implex, where it seems synonymous with action, and follows Le Bossu's qualifications for epic action (book ii, chap. vii).

[2] Aristotle, *Poetics,* 23. 1 ('ought to include one only Action, entire, perfect, and finished' (Dacier's translation, p. 390)). Le Bossu (book ii, chap, vii) had enumerated four qualifications for epic action: unity, integrity, importance, and duration. Unity requires

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the use of episodes which shall be kept in proper subordination to the main action (chap, vii, viii); integrity means that the action should be 'entire, perfect, and compleat' (chap, ix-xvii); duration allows a longer action in epic poems than in dramatic (chap, xviii); and importance requires the epic poet to surprise 'the Minds of his Readers by Admiration, and by the *Importance* of the Things he treats of; and [by] taking for his Subject a Great, Noble, and Important Action' (chap. xix). Addison obviously has these points of Le Bossu in mind, since he discusses duration along with greatness toward the end of the essay. His use of the French critic is not to be wondered at, since Le Bossu was 'the most quoted in England of all the French critics' (A. F. B. Clark, *Boileau ... in England,* Paris, 1925, p. 243), and his *Traité du poème épique* (1675), translated into English in 1695 (2nd ed., 1719), was admired and quoted and imitated by English critics from Dryden on (cf. No. 70, vol. i). The formula of Le Bossu forms the basis 'for almost all concrete examinations of narrative poems during the next hundred years, and whenever we come upon critical reviews of epic poetry, they are pretty sure to be based upon Le Bossu's scheme' (Clark, p. 244). Addison's criteria for action are in fact what almost any well-read critic of his day would subscribe to. Dryden, at the beginning of his Dedication of the *Aeneis,* had used the same formula: the action of the heroic poem 'is always one, entire, and great' (ed. Ker, ii. 154); and Dennis, in his *Remarks on Prince Arthur* (1696), holds that the action of an epic poem should be one, important, and entire (ed. Hooker, i. 59).

[3] alledge] say *Fol.*

[3] *Ars poetica,* 146–52.

[a] artfully *19*; with great Art *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[b] an account... them,] an account of every thing which relates to the Story, *Fol*.

[c] this] *19*; that *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[d] for preserving] for the preserving *Fol*.

[e] it] *19*; them *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[f-f] Actions ... entirely] *19*; Actions which preceded in point of time, the Battel of the Angels, and the Creation of the World, (which would have entirely *Fol*., *8vo*,

[g] *19 adds in margin: Vid* the End of Spect. 327.

[1] *Poetics*, 26. 6.

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[h] also labours] *19*; labours also *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[i] Incidents,] Circumstances, *Fol.*

[a-a] uniform…Execution. *Addedin 19*

[b] Commonwealth:] Commonwealth. *Fol*.

[1] See Le Bossu, book ii, chap. xi.

[2] *Poetics*, 23. 1.

[c] Order.] *19*; Method. *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[d] Asia,] *19*;*Troy, Fol., 8vo, 12mo*

[a] admirable] *19*; noble *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[1] *Aeneid*, 5; *Iliad*, 23.

[b] the Top,] *19*; a Top, *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[2] *Aeneid*, 7. 378–84.

[c] Kind] *19*; nature *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[d] derogating from] offence to *Fol*.

[e] In-disputable and Unquestioned] *19*; unquestionable *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[3] Aristotle, *Poetics*, 7. 4.

[a] Invention] Intervention *Fol*.

[1] Dacier, in a note on the *Poetics* 24. 7, writes (p. 418):

> Epick Poem cannot subsist without Narration, since 'tis the Narration that gives its Form, and distinguishes it from Tragedy; but as Narration, properly speaking, is not an Imitation, or at most an imperfect one, an Epick Poem ought to be a true Imitation. He uses in his Poem only so much of the

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> Narration, as is necessary to preserve its Form; and when he has said some small Matter himself, makes his Persons appear who are really Actors. This is what Aristotle, with good reason too, thought so praiseworthy. *Virgil* knew perfectly well this Address of *Homer*, and made a wonderful use of it.

[2] Aristotle, *Poetics*, 17. 3–5.

[b] close Analogy] lp; close an Analogy *Fol*., *8vo. 12mo*

[3] In the *Discourse concerning Satire* Dryden mentions the action in the Iliad as fortyeight days (Ker, ii. 43), and in the *Parallel of Poetry and Painting* he writes: ' 'Tis true, Homer took up only the space of eight-and-forty days for his *Iliads*; but whether Virgil's action was comprehended in a year, or somewhat more, is not determined by Bossu' (Ker, ii. 131). (Le Bossu discusses the duration of the action in book ii, chap, xviii, and in book iii, chap, xii.) In the Dedication of the *Aeneis* Dryden dismisses the matter: 'Indeed, the whole dispute is of no more concernment to the common reader, than it is to a ploughman, whether February this year had 28 or 29 days in it' (Ker, ii. 204). Dacier, in a note to the *Poetics*, 5. 4, observes that Homer confined the action of the *Iliad* to forty-seven days, since the theme was one of violence and passion, but that he allowed eight and a half years to the *Odyssey*, where the theme was the wisdom and conduct of Ulysses. '*Virgil*', he concludes, 'knew very well this Prudence and Wisdom of the *Greek* Poet; for to the Action of his *Æneids*, whose Character is Piety, and good Nature, he gives Seven Years; In Confining that Poem, to the narrow limits of the *Iliads*, he would have been no less blameable, than *Homer*, if he had given to his *Iliads*, the whole extent of his *Odysses*' (p. 67).

[a] *19 adds in margin*: *Vid. Spect*. 308.

[b] But … hereafter.] *19*; *This piece of Criticism on* Milton'*s* Paradise Lost, *shall be carried on in following Papers. Fol*.; *This Piece of Criticism on* Milton'*s* Paradise Lost *shall be carried on in the following* Saturdays *Papers. 8vo, 12mo*

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 268 Monday, January 7, 1712 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 268
MONDAY, JANUARY 7, 1712[1]

[STEELE]

... *Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus Horum Hominum ...

Hor.

IT is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought of late, that at present I wholly forbear any Attempt towards it: I am of Opinion that I ought sometimes to lay before the World the plain Letters of my Correspondents in the artless Dress in which they hastily send them, that the Reader may see I am not Accuser and Judge my self, but that the Indictment is properly and fairly laid, before I proceed against the Criminal.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' AS you are *Spectator General*, I apply my self to you in the following Case; *viz*. I do not wear a Sword, but I often divert my self at the Theatre, where I frequently see a Set of Fellows pull plain People, by way of Humour or Frolick, by the Nose, upon frivolous or no Occasions. A Friend of mine the other Night applauding what

a graceful Exit Mr. *Wilks*[1] made, one of these Nose-wringers overhearing him, pinch'd him by the Nose. I was in the Pit the other Night, (when it was very much crowded) a Gentleman leaning upon me, and very heavily, I very civilly requested him to remove his Hand; for which he pulled me by the Nose. I would not resent it

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in so publick a Place, because I was unwilling to create a Disturbance; but have since reflected upon it as a thing that is unmanly and disingenuous, renders the Nose-puller odious, and makes the Person pulled by the Nose look little and contemptible. This Grievance I humbly request you would endeavour to redress.

I am your Admirer, &c.

James Easy.'[2]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Discourse of the 29th of *December* on Love and Marriage is of so useful a kind, that I cannot forbear adding my Thoughts to yours on that Subject. Methinks it is a Misfortune, that the Marriage State, which in its own Nature is adapted to give us the compleatest Happiness this Life is capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many as it daily proves. But the Mischief generally proceeds from the unwise Choice People make for themselves, and an Expectation of Happiness from things not capable of giving it. Nothing but the good Qualities of the Person beloved, can be a Foundation for a Love of Judgment and Discretion; and whoever expect Happiness from any thing but Virtue, Wisdom, Good-humour, and a Similitude of Manners, will find themselves widely mistaken. But how few are there who seek after these things, and do not rather make Riches their chief if not their only Aim?

How rare is it for a Man, when he engages himself in the Thoughts of Marriage, to place his Hopes of having in such a Woman a constant, agreeable Companion? one who will divide his Cares and double his Joys? who will manage that Share of his Estate he intrusts to her Conduct with Prudence and Frugality, govern his House with Oeconomy and Discretion, and be an Ornament to himself and Family? Where shall we find the Man who looks out for one who places her chief Happiness in the Practice of Virtue, and makes her Duty her continual Pleasure? No, Men rather seek for Money as the Complement of all their Desires; and regardless of what kind of Wives they take, they think Riches will be a Minister to all kind of Pleasures, and enable them to keep Mistresses, Horses, Hounds, to drink, feast, and game with their Companions, pay their Debts contracted by former Extravagancies, or some such vile and

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unworthy End; and indulge themselves in Pleasures which are a Shame and Scandal to humane Nature. Now as for the Women; How few of them are there who place the Happiness of their Marriage in the having a wise and virtuous Friend? one who will be faithful and just to all, and constant and loving to them? who with Care and Diligence will look after and improve the Estate, and without grudging allow whatever is prudent and convenient? Rather, How few are there who do not place their Happiness in out-shining others in Pomp and Show? and that do not think within themselves when they have married such a rich Person, that none of their Acquaintance shall appear so fine in their Equipage, so adorn'd in their Persons, or so magnificent in their Furniture as themselves? Thus their Heads are filled with vain Ideas; and I heartily wish I could say that, Equipage and Show were not the chief Good of so many Women as I fear it is.

'After this Manner do both Sexes deceive themselves, and bring Reflections and Disgrace upon the most happy and most honourable State of Life; whereas if they would but correct their depraved Taste, moderate their Ambition, and place their Happiness upon proper Objects, we should not find Felicity in the Marriage State such a Wonder in the World as it now is.

'Sir, if you think these Thoughts worth inserting amongst your own, be pleas'd to give them a better Dress, and let them pass abroad; and you will oblige

Your Admirer,
A.B.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' AS I was this Day walking in the Street, there happened to pass by on the other Side of the Way a Beauty, whose Charms were so attracting that it drew my Eyes wholly on that Side, insomuch that I neglected my own Way, and chanced to run my Nose directly against a Post; which the Lady no sooner perceived, but fell out into a Fitt of Laughter, though at the same Time she was sensible that her self was the Cause of my Misfortune, which in my Opinion was the greater Aggravation of her Crime. I being busy

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wiping off the Blood which trickled down my Face, had not time to acquaint her with her Barbarity, as also with my Resolution, *viz*. never to look out of my Way for one of her Sex more: Therefore, that your humble Servant may be revenged, he desires you to insert this in one of your next Papers; which he hopes will be a Warning to all the rest of the Woman Gazers, as well as to poor

Anthony Gape.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I DESIRE to know in your next, if the merry Game of *the Parson has lost his Cloak*,[1] is not mightily in vogue amongst the fine Ladies this *Christmas*; because I see they wear Hoods of all Colours,[2] which I suppose is for that Purpose: If it is, and you think it proper, I will carry some of those Hoods with me to our Ladies in *Yorkshire*; because they enjoyned me to bring them something from *London* that was very new. If you can tell any thing in which I can obey their Commands more agreeably, be pleased to inform me, and you will extremely oblige

Your humble Servant.'

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Oxford, Dec*. 29.

'SINCE you appear inclined to be a Friend to the Distressed, I beg you would assist me in an Affair under which I have suffered very much. The reigning Toast of this Place is *Patetia*; I have pursued her with the utmost Diligence this Twelve-month, and find nothing stands in my Way but one who flatters her more than I can. Pride is her favourite Passion; therefore if you would be so far my Friend as to make a favourable Mention of her in one of

your Papers, I beheve I should not fail in my Addresses. The Scholars stand in Rows, as they did to be sure in your time, at her Pew-door; and she has all the Devotion paid to her by a Crowd of Youth who are unacquainted with the Sex, and have Inexperience added to their Passion: However if it succeeds according to my Vows, you will make me the happiest Man in the World, and the most obliged amongst all

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Your humble Servants.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I CAME at my Mistress's Toilet this Morning, for I am admitted when her Face is stark-naked: She frowned, and cryed pish when I said a thing that I stole; and I will be judged by you whether it was not very pretty. Madam, said I, you should forbear that Part of your Dress, it may be well in others; but you cannot place a Patch where it does not hide a Beauty.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Satires*, 1. 3. 20–30:

> He cannot bear the Raillery of the Age. CREECH.

[1] Robert Wilks was born in 1670 and died on 27 Sept. 1732, 'the most celebrated Actor of his Time' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xii. 979). Cibber pays tribute to his diligence and sober character in chap. vii of the *Apology*, and in chap, ix praises his performance in Farquhar's *Constant Couple*: 'Sir Harry Wildair (as Wilks play'd it) was the best acted part that ever our English theatre had to boast of' (Everyman's Library ed., p. 162). His graceful manner of making an exit is praised in *Tatler* 14, his histrionic skill in *Tatler* 19. *Tatler* 182 contains a comparison of Wilks and Cibber, 'perfect Actors in their different Kinds'. During the week preceding the appearance of this number of the *Spectator* he had played Sir Philip Luckless in *The Northern Lass*, Don John in *The Chances*, Sir Charles Easy in *The Careless Husband*, Loveless in *The Scornful Lady*, and the Copper Captain in *Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife*. His acting is also praised in No. 370 (vol. iii).

[2] This letter is by James Heywood, and is reprinted in his *Poems and Letters on Several Subjects* (1722), pp. 100–1. According to Nichols he was 'for many years a wholesale linen-draper on Fish-street-hill, who died at his house in Austin Friars, in the 90th year of his age, July 23, 1776'. See also *DNB*. In No. 240 the *Spectator* had printed a letter signed Charles Easy, also on theatrical matters, but this is not included in Heywood's *Poems and Letters*, which contains no other contributions to the *Spectator*.

[1] The only quotation in *OED* is dated 1889. An article on children's games in the *Craftsman* of 4 Feb. 1738 mentions 'The Parson hath lost his Fuddling-Cap' as a game in Cromwell's time (quoted in *London Magazine*, vii. 61). I have found no other references.

[2] See No. 265.

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 269 Tuesday, January 8, 1712 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 269
TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1712[1]

[ADDISON]

... Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas...

Ov.

I WAS this Morning surprized with a great knocking at the Door, when my Landlady's Daughter came up to me and told me that there was a Man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly Person, but that she did not know his Name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the Coachman of my worthy Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY. He told me that his Master came to Town last Night, and would be glad to take a Turn with me in *Grays-Inn* Walks. As I was wondring in my self what had brought Sir ROGER to Town, not having lately received any Letter from him, he told me that his

Master was come up to get a Sight of Prince *Eugene*,[1] and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a Utile pleased with the Curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private Discourse, that he looked upon Prince *Eugenio* (for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater Man than *Scander beg*.[2]

I was no sooner come into *Grays-Inn* Walks,[3] but I heard my

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Friend upon the Terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great Vigour, for he loves to clear his Pipes in good Air (to make use of his own Phrase) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes Notice of the Strength which he still exerts in his Morning Hemms.

I was touched with a secret Joy at the Sight of the good old Man, who before he saw me was engaged in Conversation with a Beggar Man that had asked an Alms of him. I cou'd hear my Friend chide him for not finding out some Work; but at the same time saw him put his Hand in his Pocket and give him Six-Pence.

Our Salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind Shakes of the Hand, and several affectionate Looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good Friend his Chaplain was very well, and much at my Service, and that the *Sunday* before, he had made a most incomparable Sermon out of Doctor *Barrow*.[4] I have left, says he, all my Affairs in his Hands, and being willing to lay an Obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty Marks, to be distributed among his poor Parishioners.[5]

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of *Will. Wimble*. Upon which he put his Hand into his Fob, and presented

me in his Name with a Tobacco Stopper, telling me that *Will*, had been busie all the beginning of the Winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he had made a Present of one to every Gentleman in the County who[a] has good Principles, and smokes. He added, that poor *Will*, was at present under great Tribulation, for that *Tom Touchy* had taken the Law of him for cutting some Hazle Sticks out of one of his Hedges.

Among other Pieces of News which the Knight brought from his Country-Seat, he inform'd me that *Moll White* was dead; and that about a Month after her Death the Wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his Barns. But for my own part, says Sir ROGER, I do not think that the old Woman had any hand in it.

He afterwards fell into an Account of the Diversions which[b] had passed in his House during the Holydays, for Sir ROGER, after the

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laudable Custom of his Ancestors, always keeps open-House at *Christmas*. I learned from him, that he had killed eight fat Hogs for this Season, that he had dealt about his Chines very liberally amongst[c] his Neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of Hogs-puddings with a pack of Cards to every poor Family in the Parish. I have often thought, says Sir ROGER, it happens very well that *Christmas* should fall out in the middle of Winter.[d] It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the Year, when the poor People would suffer very much from their Poverty and Cold,[e] if they had not good Cheer, warm Fires, and *Christmas* Gambols to support them. I love to rejoyce their poor Hearts at this Season, and to see the whole Village merry in my great Hall. I allow a double quantity of Malt to my small Beer, and set it a running for twelve Days to every one that calls for it. I have always a Piece of cold Beef and a Mince-Pye upon the Table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my Tenants pass away a whole Evening in playing their innocent Tricks, and smutting one another. Our Friend *Will. Wimble* is as merry as any of them, and shews a thousand Roguish Tricks upon these Occasions.

I was very much delighted with the Reflection of my old Friend, which carried so much Goodness in it. He then launched out into the Praise of the late Act of Parliament[1] for securing the Church of

England, and told me, with great Satisfaction, that he believed it already began[a] to take Effect; for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to Dine at his House on *Christmas* Day, had been observed to Eat very plentifully of his Plumb-porridge.

After having dispatched all our Country matters, Sir ROGER made several Enquiries concerning the Club, and particularly of his old Antagonist Sir ANDREW FREEPORT. He asked me with a kind of Smile, whether Sir ANDREW had not taken the Advantage of his Absence, to vent among them some of his Republican Doctrin' s; but soon after gathering up his Countenance into a more than ordinary Seriousness, Tell me truly, says he, don't you think Sir ANDREW had a Hand in the Pope's Procession[1]—but without giving me time to answer him, Well, well, says he, I know you are a wary Man, and do not care to talk of publick Matters.

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The Knight then asked me, if I had seen Prince *Eugenio*, and made me promise to get him a Stand in some convenient Place where he might have a full sight of that Extraordinary Man, whose Presence does so much Honour to the *British* Nation. He dwelt very long on the Praises of this Great General, and I found that since I was with him in the Country, he had drawn many Observations together out of his reading in *Baker*'s Chronicle,[2] and other Authors, who[b] always lie in his Hall Window, which very much redound to the Honour of this Prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the Morning in hearing the Knight's Reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a Pipe with him over a dish of Coffee at *Squires.*3 As I love the old Man, I take a delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the Coffee-house, where his venerable Figure drew upon us the Eyes of the whole Room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper End of the high Table, but he called for a clean Pipe, a Paper of Tobacco, a Dish of Coffee, a Wax Candle, and the *Supplement,*[4] with such an Air of Cheerfulness and Good-humour,

that all the Boys in the Coffee-room (who seemed to take Pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several Errands, insomuch that no Body else could come at a Dish of Tea, till the Knight had got all his Conveniencies about him.

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NOTES

1 *Motto*. Ovid, *Ars amatoria*, 1. 241–2:

Most rare is now our old Simplicity. DRYDEN.

[1] Prince Eugene had arrived in England on the Saturday evening preceding the publication of this paper, with an offer from the Emperor Charles VI of troops to be sent to the Peninsula if England would refrain from making a peace without Spain. His friend and colleague the Duke of Marlborough had just been dismissed, on 31 Dec, from all his offices by the Queen. Eugene's visit was consequently the occasion for great excitement in London, especially among the Whigs. 'Government and Opposition', writes Trevelyan, 'vied with each other in making him welcome, and in using him each for its own ends. The Whigs praised him as the friend and partner in war of their injured hero, come over to help him avert a disgraceful peace. The Tories hailed him no less loudly, as a greater general and a nobler man than Marlborough' (iii. 201–2). His mission was not successful, and he left England again on 17 Mar. (*Post-Man*, 18 Mar.).

[2] Prince Scanderbeg of Epirus fought successfully against the Turks in the fifteenth century. See No. 316 (vol. iii).

[3] Gray's Inn Walks, in Gray's Inn Gardens, just west of the buildings of the Inn, enjoyed a reputation for good air.

[4] See No. 106 (vol. i).

[5] The old mark was worth 13*s*. 4*d* or two-thirds of a pound. Thirty marks would equal £20.

[a] who] that *Fol*.

[b] which] that *Fol*.

[c] amongst] among *Fol*.

[d] mid- dle of Winter.] *8vo*; middle of the Winter. *Fol*., *12mo*

[e] Poverty and Cold,] Cold, and Poverty, *Fol*.

[1] The Bill against Occasional Conformity, which had been introduced into the House of Commons as early as 1702 by the Tories, was finally passed into law on 7 Dec. 1711

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(Trevelyan, iii. 194–6). It was repealed in 1719 and nonconformists were again granted the freedom given them in 1689.

[a] began] begun *Fol*.

[b] who] that *Fol*.

[1] See No. 262.

[2] See No. 37 (vol. i).

[3] See No. 49 (vol. i).

[4] The *Supplement* appeared, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 1708 until July 1712, under the imprint of John Morphew, the publisher of the Tory *Post Boy*, to which it served as supplement.

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 270 Wednesday, January 9, 1711 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 270
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1712[1]

[STEELE]

Discit enim citius meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis deridet quam quod[a] *probat*...

Hor.

I DO not know that I have been in greater Delight for these[b] many Years, than in beholding the Boxes at the Play the last Time the *Scornful-Lady*[2] was acted. So great an Assembly of Ladies placed in gradual Rows in all the Ornaments of Jewels, Silks, and Colours, gave so lively and gay an Impression to the Heart, that methought the Season of the Year was vanished; and I did not think it an ill Expression of a young Fellow who stood near me, that called the Boxes those Beds of Tulips. It was a pretty variation of the prospect, when any one of these fine Ladies rose up and did honour[3] to herself and Friend at a distance, by curtisying; and gave opportunity to that Friend to shew her charms to the same Advantage in returning the Salutation. Here that Action is as proper and graceful, as it is at Church unbecoming and Impertinent. By the Way, I must take the liberty to observe, that I did not see any one who is usually so full of Civilities at Church, offer at any such Indecorum during any part of the Action of the Play. Such beautiful Prospects gladden our Minds, and when considered in general, give innocent and

pleasing Ideas. He that dwells upon any one Object of Beauty, may fix his Imagination to his Disquiet; but the Contemplation of a

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whole Assembly together, is a Defence against the Encroachment of Desire: At least to me, who have taken pains to look at Beauty abstracted from the Consideration of its being the Object of Desire, at Power only as it sits upon another without any hopes of partaking any share of it, at Wisdom and Capacity without any pretensions to rival or envy its Acquisitions: I say to me who am really free from forming any hopes by beholding the Persons of Beautiful Women, or warming my self into Ambition from the Successes of other Men, this World is not only a meer Scene, but a very pleasant one. Did Mankind but know the freedom which there is in keeping thus aloofe[a] from the World, I should have more Imitators, than the powerfullest Man in the Nation has Followers. To be no Man's Rival in Love, or Competitor in Business, is a Character which if it does not recommend you as it ought to benevolence among those whom you live with, yet has it certainly this Effect, that you do not stand so much in need of their Approbation, as you would if you aimed at it more, in setting your Heart on the same things which the Generality doat on. By this means, and with this easy Philosophy, I am never less at a Play than when I am at the Theatre; but indeed I am seldom so well pleased with the Action as in that place, for most Men follow Nature no longer than while they are in their Night-Gowns, and all the busy part of the Day are in Characters which they neither become or act in with pleasure to themselves or their Beholders. But to return to my Ladies, I was very well pleased to see so great a Crowd of them assembled at a Play, wherein the Heroine, as the Phrase is, is so just a Picture of the Vanity of the Sex in tormenting their Admirers. The Lady who pines for the Man whom she treats with so much Impertinence and Inconstancy, is drawn with much Art and Humour. Her Resolutions to be extremely civil, but her Vanity arising just at the Instant that she resolved to express her self kindly, are described as by one who had studied the Sex. But when my Admiration is fixed upon this excellent Character, and two or three others in the Play, I must confess I was moved with the utmost Indignation at the trivial, senseless, and unnatural Representation of the Chaplain. It is possible there may be a Pedant in Holy Orders,[1] and we have seen one or two of them in the World;

but such a driveler as Sir *Roger*,[1] so bereft of all manner of Pride, which is the Characteristick of a Pedant, is what one would not

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believe could come into the Head of the same Man who drew the rest of the Play. The meeting between *Welford* and him shews a Wretch without any Notion of the Dignity of his Function; and it is out of all common sense, that he should give an Account of himself *as one sent four or five Miles in a Morning on Foot for Eggs.* It is not to be denied, but his part and that of the Maid whom he makes Love to,[2] are excellently well performed; but a thing which is blameable in it self, grows still more so by the success in the Execution of it. It is so mean a thing to gratify a loose Age with a scandalous Representation of what is reputable among Men, not to say what is sacred, that no Beauty, no Excellence in an Author ought to attone for it; nay such Excellence is an aggravation of his Guilt, and an Argument that he errs against the Conviction of his own Understanding and Conscience. Wit should be tried by this Rule, and an Audience should rise against such a Scene, as throws down the Reputation of any thing which the Consideration of Religion or Decency should preserve from Contempt. But all this Evil arises from this one Corruption of Mind, that makes Men resent Offences against their Virtue, less than those against their Understanding. An Author shall write as if he thought there was not one Man of Honour or Woman of Chastity in the House, and come off with Applause: For an Insult upon all the Ten Commandments, with the little Criticks, is not so bad as the Breach of an Unity of Time or Place. Half Wits do not apprehend the Miseries that must necessarily flow from Degeneracy of Manners; nor do they know that Order is the Support of Society. Sir *Roger* and his Mistress are Monsters of the Poets own forming; the Sentiments in both of them are such as do not arise in Fools of their Education. We all know that a silly Scholar, instead of being below every one he meets with, is apt to be exalted above the Rank of such as are really his Superiors: His Arrogance is always founded upon particular Notions of Distinction in his own Head, accompanied with a Pedantick Scorn of all Fortune and Preheminence

when compared with his Knowledge and Learning. This very one Character of Sir *Roger*, as silly as it really is, has done more towards the Disparagement of Holy Orders, and consequently of Virtue it self, than all the Wit that Author or any other could make up for in the Conduct of the longest Life after it. I do not pretend, in saying this, to give my self Airs of more Virtue than my Neighbours, but

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assert it from the Principles by which Mankind must always be governed. Sallies of Imagination are to be over-looked, when they are committed out of Warmth in the Recommendation of what is Praiseworthy; but a deliberate advancing of Vice with all the Wit in the World, is as ill an Action as any that comes before the Magistrate, and ought to be received as such by the People.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Epistles*, 2. 1. 262–3:

For what's derided by the Censuring Crowd,
Is thought on more than what is just and Good. CREECH.

[a] *deridet quam quod*] *deridet quod* Fol. *Corrected in Errata* (*No. 271*)

[b] these] this *Fol*.

[2] *The Scornful Lady*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, had been given at Drury Lane on the preceding Friday, 4 Jan., with Mrs. Oldfield in the title-role.

[3] Steele used this phrase again in his maiden speech in the House of Commons on 16 Feb. 1714, when referring to the Speaker, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and brought upon himself the wrath of his opponents (Aitken, *Life of Steele*, ii. 9).

[a] aloofe] a loose *Fol*., *corrected in Errata* (*No. 271) to* loose; aloof *8vo, 12mo*

[1] A letter signed Belinda (Lillie, ii. 190–1), dated 11 Jan. 1712, complains of 'an affront on Dr. Sacheverel' in this essay. She and her sisters, she says, 'were whiggs once as well as you, but our father has lately had a place in the government, so that we are resolv'd not to hear the least hint of a reflection on the man that was the first founder of our good fortune'.

[1] This part was taken by Cibber. Welford was played by Booth. The meeting between Sir Roger and Welford occurs in the opening scene. The chaplain is made to say, 'Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles, for eggs.'

[2] Act IV, scene i.

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NO. 271
THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1712[1]

[ADDISON]

Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores.

Virg.

I RECEIVE a double Advantage from the Letters of my Correspondents; first, as they shew me which of my Papers are most acceptable to them, and in the next place, as they furnish me with Materials for new Speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make use of the Letter it self, but form the Hints of it into Plans of my own Invention, sometimes I take the Liberty to change the Language or Thought into my own way of speaking and thinking, and always (if it can be done without prejudice to the Sense) omit the many Compliments and Applauses which are usually bestowed upon me.

Besides the two Advantages above-mentioned, which I receive from the Letters that are sent me, they give me an Opportunity of lengthning out my Paper by the skilful Management of the subscribing Part at the End of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the Ease, both of my self and my Reader.

Some will have it, that I often write to my self, and am the only punctual Correspondent I have. This Objection would indeed be

material, were the Letters I communicate to the Publick stuffed with my own Commendations, and if, instead of endeavouring to divert or instruct my Readers, I admired in them the Beauty of my

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own Performances. But I shall leave these wise Conjecturers to their own Imaginations, and produce the three following Letters for the Entertainment of the Day.

SIR,

'I WAS last *Thursday* in an Assembly of Ladies, where there were Thirteen different coloured Hoods. Your *Spectator* of that Day lying upon the Table, they ordered me to read it to them, which I did with a very clear Voice, till I came to the *Greek* Verse at the end of it.[1] I must confess I was a little startled at its popping upon me so unexpectedly: However, I covered my Confusion as well as I could, and after having muttered two or three hard Words to my self, laught heartily, and cryed *A very good jest, Faith*. The Ladies desired me to explain it to them, but I begg'd their Pardon for that, and told them that if it had been proper for them to hear, they may be sure the Author would not have wrapt it up in *Greek*. I then let drop several Expressions, as if there was something in it that was not fit to be spoken before a Company of Ladies. Upon which the Matron of the Assembly, who was dressed in a Cherry-coloured Hood, commended the Discretion of the Writer, for having thrown his filthy Thoughts into *Greek,* which was likely to corrupt but few of his Readers. At the same time she declared herself very well pleased, that he had not given a decisive Opinion upon the new-fashioned Hoods; for to tell you truly, says she, I was afraid he would have made us ashamed to show our Heads. Now, Sir, you must know, since this unlucky Accident happened to me in a Company of Ladies, among whom I passed for a most ingenious Man, I have consulted one who is well versed in the *Greek* Language, and assures me upon his Word, that your late Quotation means no more, than that *Manners and not Dress are the Ornaments of a Woman*. If this comes to the knowledge of my Female Admirers, I shall be very hard put to it to bring my self off handsomly. In the mean while I give you this Account, that you may take care hereafter not to betray any of your Well-wishers into the like Inconveniencies. It is in the number of these that I beg leave to Subscribe my self

Tom Trippit.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

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'YOUR Readers are so well pleased with your Character of Sir ROGER DE COVERLY, that there appeared a sensible Joy in every Coffee-house, upon hearing the old Knight was come to Town. I am now with a Knot of his Admirers, who make it their joint Request to you, that you would give us publick Notice of the Window or Balcony where the Knight intends to make his Appearance. He has already given great Satisfaction to several who have seen him at *Squire*'s Coffee-house.[1] If you think fit to place your short Face at Sir ROGER'S Left Elbow, we shall take the Hint, and gratefully acknowledge so great a Favour.

I am, SIR,
Your most Devoted
Humble Servant.
C.D.'

SIR,

'KNOWING you[a] are very Inquisitive after every thing that is Curious in Nature, I will wait on you if you please in the Dusk of the Evening, with my *Show* upon my Back, which I carry about with me in a Box, as only consisting of a Man, a Woman, and an Horse. The two first are married, in which state the little Cavalier has so well acquitted himself, that his Lady is with Child. The big-bellied Woman, and her Husband, with their whimsical Palfry, are so very light, that when they are put together into a Scale, an ordinary Man may weigh down the whole Family. The little Man is a Bully in his Nature; but when he grows Cholerick I confine him to his Box 'till his Wrath is over, by which means I have hitherto prevented him from doing Mischief. His Horse is likewise very vicious, for which reason I am forced to tie him close to his Manger with a Pack-thread. The Woman is a Coquet. She struts as much as it is possible for a Lady of two Foot high, and would ruin me in Silks, were not the quantity that goes to a large Pincushion sufficient to make her a Gown and Petticoat. She told me the other Day, that she heard the Ladies wore coloured Hoods, and ordered me to get her one of the finest Blue. I am forced to comply with her Demands while she is in her present Condition, being very willing to have more of the same Breed. I do not know what she may

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produce me, but provided it be a *Show* I shall be very well satisfied. Such Novelties should not, I think, be concealed from the *British Spectator*; for which reason I hope you will excuse this Presumption in,

Your most Dutiful,
most Obedient
and most Humble Servant,
;S. T.'[1]
L

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Virgil, *Aeneid*, 4. 701:

And drew a thousand Colours from the Light, DRYDEN.

[1] See No. 265.

[1] No. 49 (vol. i).

[a] KNOWING you] *12mo*; KNOWING that you *Fol.*, *8vo*

[1] S. T.'s 'show' is advertised in No. 326:

> By the Desire of several Persons of Quality. To be seen some Time longer, Over against the Muse-Gate at Charing Cross these Rarities following; viz. A little Man 3 Foot high and 32 Years of Age, strait and proportionable every way. The next is his Wife, a little Woman, 2 Foot 9 Inches high, and 30 Years of Age, who is now brought to bed, after a long and tedious Labour under the Hands of several able Phisicians, being the least Woman that ever was with Child in Europe; Like- wise their little Horse, 2 Foot odd Inches high, which performs several wonderful Actions by the Word of Command, being so small that it's kept in a Box....

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 272 Friday, January 11, 1712 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 272
FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1712[2]

[STEELE]

... Longa est injuria, longa
Ambages.

Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Occasion of this Letter is of so great Importance, and the Circumstances of it such, that I know you will but think it just to insert it, in Preference of all other Matters that can present themselves to your Consideration. I need not, after I have said this, tell you that I am in Love. The Circumstances of my Passion I shall let you understand as well as a disordered Mind will admit. That cursed Pickthank[3] Mrs. *Jane*! Alass, I am railing at one to you by

her Name as familiarly, as if you were acquainted with her as well as my self: But I will tell you all as fast as the alternate Interruptions of Love and Anger will give me Leave. There is a most agreeable young Woman in the World whom I am passionately in love with, and from whom I have for some Space of Time received as great Marks of Favour as were fit for her to give or me to desire. The successful Progress of the Affair of all others the most essential towards a Man's Happiness, gave a new Life and Spirit not only to my Behaviour and Discourse, but also a certain Grace to all my Actions in the Commerce of Life in all things tho' never so remote from Love. You know the predominant Passion spreads its self thro'

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all a Man's Transactions, and exalts or depresses it according to the Nature of such Passion. But alass, I have not yet begun my Story, and what is making Sentences and Observations when a Man is pleading for his Life? To begin then: This Lady has corresponded with me under Names of Love, she my *Belinda* I her *Cleanthes*. Tho' I am thus well got into the Account of my Affair, I cannot keep in the Thread of it so much as to give you the Character of Mrs. *Jane*, whom I will not hide under a borrowed Name; but let you know that this Creature has been since I knew her very handsome, (tho' I will not allow her even she *has been* for the Future) and during the Time of her Bloom and Beauty was so great a Tirant to her Lovers, so overvalued her self and under-rated all her Pretenders, that they have deserted her to a Man; and she knows no Comfort but that common one to all in her Condition, the Pleasure of interrupting the Amours of others. It is impossible but you must have seen several of these Volunteers in Malice, who pass their whole Time in the most laborious way of Life, in getting Intelligence, running from Place to Place with new Whispers, without reaping any other Benefit but the Hopes of making others as unhappy as themselves. Mrs. *Jane* happened to be at a Place where I, with many others well acquainted with my Passion for *Belinda*, passed a *Christmas* Evening. There was among the rest a young Lady so free in her Mirth, so amiable in a just Reserve that accompanied it, I wrong her to call it a Reserve, but there appeared in her a Mirth or Chearfulness which was not a Forbearance of more immoderate Joy, but the natural Appearance of all which could flow from a Mind possessed of an Habit of Innocence and Purity. I must have utterly forgot *Belinda* to have taken no Notice of one who was growing up to the same womanly Virtues which shine to Perfection in her, had I not

distinguished one who seemed to promise to the World the same Life and Conduct with my faithful and lovely *Belinda*. When the Company broke up, the fine young Thing permitted me to take Care of her Home; Mrs. *Jane* saw my particular Regard to her, and was informed of my attending her to her Father's House. She came early to *Belinda* the next Morning, and asked her if Mrs. *Such-a-one* had been with her? No: If Mr. *Such-a-one*'s Lady? No; Nor your Cousin *Such-a-one*? No. Lord, says Mrs. *Jane*, what is the Friendship of Women—Nay they may well laugh at it. And did no one tell you any thing of the Behaviour of your Lover Mr. *What-d'ye-call* last

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Night? But perhaps it is nothing to you that he is to be married to young Mrs.——on *Tuesday* next? *Belinda* was here ready to die with Rage and Jealousy. Then Mrs. *Jane* goes on: I have a young Kinsman who is Clerk to a great Conveyancer, who shall shew you the rough Draught of the Marriage-Settlement. The World says her Father gives him Two thousand Pound more than he could have with you. I went innocently to wait on *Belinda* as usual, but was not admitted; I writ to her, and my Letter was sent back unopened. Poor *Betty* her Maid, who is on my Side, has been here just now blubbering, and told me the whole Matter. She says she did not think I could be so base; and that she is now odious to her Mistress for having so often spoke well of me, that she dare not mention me more. All our Hopes are placed in having these Circumstances fairly represented in the SPECTATOR, which, *Betty* says she dare not but bring up assoon as it is brought in; and has promised when you have broke the Ice to own this was laid between us: And when I can come to an Hearing, the young Lady will support what we say by her Testimony, that I never saw her but that once in my whole Life. Dear Sir, do not omit this true Relation, nor think it too particular; for there are Crowds of forlorn Coquets who intermingle themselves with other Ladies, and contract Familiarities out of Malice, and with no other Design but to blast the Hopes of Lovers, the Expectation of Parents, and the Benevolence of Kindred. I doubt not but I shall be,

SIR,
Your most obliged
humble Servant,
CLEANTHES.'

SIR, Will's Coffee-house, *Jan.* 10.

'THE other Day entering a Room adorned with the Fair Sex, I offered, after the usual Manner, to each of them a Kiss; but one, more scornful than the rest, turned her Cheek. I did not think it proper to take any Notice of it till I had asked your Advice.

Your humble Servant,
E. S.'

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THE Correspondent is desired to say which Cheek the Offender turned to him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Parish Vestry, *January* 9.

All Ladies who come to Church in the new-fashioned Hoods, are desired to be there before divine Service begins, least they divert the Attention of the Congregation.

RALPH.

T[1]

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Virgil, *Aeneid*, 1. 341–2:

Great is the injury, the story long.

In the folio the motto was Ovid, *Remedia amoris*, 135–6:

—Ubi visus eris nostra medicabilis arte
Fac monitis fugias otia prima meis.

(When therefore I shall find you amenable to my skill, obey my counsels and first of all shun leisure.)

[3] 'One who picks a thank, i.e. curries favour with another; a flatterer, sycophant; a tell-tale. *Arch* and *dial.*' (*OED*).

[1] Lillie (ii. 216–18) prints a letter signed T. H. from 'Eaton, Jan. 24. 1711–12', on the talkativeness of women.

> I am a young man, and have suffered much by Mrs. Tattle, of the family of the gossiping tale-bearers. It cannot indeed be said of her that she ever wore out a pair of horses in scattering her scandal, because she never had them; but her tongue must inevitably have been worn to the stumps long since, had it not been enormously long. Of all womens tongues I pity hers the most, (I wish it deserved pity) it being the general opinion of her neighbours that it is never at rest, even though she be asleep, either through the rapidity of motion the service of the day put it into, which keeps it still in agitation, or because it is practising in the night the tale it is to tell in the morning....

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Satires*, 1. 2. 37–38:

Now you that wish these base *Adulterers* ill,
And Punishment as bad as is their Will;
Must needs be pleas'd .... CREECH.

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Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 273
SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1712[2]

[ADDISON]

... *Notandi sunt tibi* Mores.

Hor.

HAVING examined the Action of *Paradise Lost*, let us in the next place consider the Actors. [a]This is *Aristotle*'s Method of

considering; first the Fable, and secondly the Manners,[a] or, as we generally call them in *English,* the Fable and the Characters.[1]

Homer has excelled all the Heroic Poets that ever wrote, in the multitude and variety of his Characters. Every God that is admitted into his Poem, acts a Part which would have been suitable to no other Deity. His Princes are as much distinguished by their Manners as by their Dominions; and even those among them, whose Characters seem wholly made up of Courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of Courage in which they excell. In short, there is scarce a Speech or Action in the *Iliad*, which the Reader may not ascribe to the Person that speaks or acts, without seeing his Name at the Head of it.

Homer does not only out-shine all other Poets in the Variety, but also in the Novelty of his Characters. He has introduced among his *Grecian* Princes a Person, who had lived in three Ages of Men,[b]2 and conversed with *Theseus, Hercules, Polyphemus*, and the first Race of

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Heroes. His principal Actor is the [c]Son of a Goddess, not to mention the Off-spring of other Deities, who have likewise[c] a Place in his Poem, and the venerable *Trojan* Prince, who was the Father of so many Kings and Heroes. There is in these several Characters of *Homer*, a certain Dignity as well as Novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the Nature of an Heroic Poem. Tho', at the same time, to give them the greater variety, he has described a *Vulcan*, that is, a Buffoon among his Gods, and a *Thersites* among his Mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely short of *Homer* in the Characters of his Poem, both as to their Variety and Novelty. *Æneas is* indeed a perfect Character, but as for *Achates*, tho' he is stiled the Hero's Friend, he does nothing in the whole Poem which may deserve that Title. *Gyas, Mnestheus*,[d] *Ser gestus* and *Cloanthus*, are all of them Men of the same Stamp and Character,

... *Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum:* Virg.[a1]

There are indeed several very natural Incidents in the Part of *Ascanius;* as that of *Dido* cannot be sufficiently admired. I do not see any thing new or particular in *Turnus. Pallas* and *Evander* are remote Copies[b] of *Hector* and *Priam*, as *Lausus* and *Mezentius* are almost Parallels to *Pallas* and *Evander*. The Characters of *Nisus* and *Eurialus* are beautiful, but common. [c]We must not forget the Parts of *Sinon, Camilla*, and some few others, which are fine Improvements[d] on the *Greek* Poet.[c] In short, there is neither that Variety nor Novelty in the Persons of the *Æneid,* which we meet with in those of the *Iliad*.

If we look into the Characters *oí Milton*, we shall find that he has introduced all the Variety his Fable[e] was capable of receiving. The whole Species of Mankind was in two Persons at the time to which the Subject of his Poem is confined. We have, however, four distinct Characters in these two Persons. We see Man and Woman in the highest Innocence and Perfection, and in the most abject State of Guilt and Infirmity. The two last Characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two first are not only more magnificent, but more new than any Characters either in *Virgil* or *Homer*,

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or indeed in the whole Circle of Nature.[2]

Milton was so sensible of this Defect in the Subject of his Poem, and of the few Characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two Actors of a Shadowy and Fictitious Nature, in the Persons of Sin and Death,[3] by which means he has wrought into[f] the Body of his Fable a very beautiful and well invented Allegory.[g] But notwithstanding the Fineness of this Allegory may attone for it in some measure; I cannot think that Persons of such a Chymerical Existence are proper Actors in an Epic Poem;[g] because there is not that measure of Probability annexed to them, which is requisite in Writings of this kind, as I shall shew more at large hereafter.[h]

Virgil has, indeed, admitted *Fame*[a] as an Actress in the *Æneid*, but the Part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired Circumstances in that Divine Work.[1] We find in Mock-Heroic Poems, particularly in the *Dispensary* and the *Lutrin,*[2] several Allegorical Persons of this Nature, which are very beautiful in those Compositions, and may, perhaps, be used as an Argument, that the Authors of them were of Opinion, such[b] Characters might have a Place in an Epic Work. For my own part, I should be glad the Reader would think so, for the sake of the Poem I am now examining, and must further add, that if such empty unsubstantial Beings may be ever made use of on this occasion, never were[c] any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper Actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another Principal Actor in this Poem is the great Enemy of Mankind. The part of *Ulysses* in *Homer*'s *Odissey* is very much admired by *Aristotle,*[3] as perplexing that Fable with very agreeable Plots and Intricacies, not only by the many Adventures in his Voyage, and the Subtilty of his Behaviour, but by the various Concealments and Discoveries of his Person in several parts of that Poem. But the Crafty Being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer Voyage than *Ulysses*, puts in practice many more Wiles and Stratagems, and hides himself under a greater variety of Shapes and Appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great Delight and Surprize of

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the Reader.

We may likewise observe with how much Art the Poet has varied several Characters of the Persons that speak in his infernal Assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting it self towards Man in its full Benevolence under the Three-fold Distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer and a Comforter!

Nor must we omit the Person of *Raphael*, who amidst his Tenderness and Friendship for Man, shews such a Dignity and Condescen-

tion in all his Speech and Behaviour, as are suitable to a Superior Nature. [a]The Angels are indeed as much diversified in *Milton*, and distinguished by their proper[b] Parts, as the Gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil.* The Reader will find nothing ascribed to *Uriel, Gabriel*, *Michael*, or *Raphael*, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective Characters.[a]

There is another Circumstance in the principal Actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid,* which gives a peculiar[c] Beauty to those two Poems, and was therefore contrived with very great Judgment.[1] I mean the Authors having chosen for their Heroes Persons who were so nearly related to the People for whom they wrote. *Achilles* was a *Greek*, and *Æneas* the remote Founder of *Rome*. By this means their Countrymen (whom they principally proposed to themselves for their Readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their Story, and sympathized with their Heroes in all their Adventures. A *Roman* could not but rejoice in the Escapes, Successes and Victories of *Æneas*, and be grieved at any Defeats, Misfortunes or Disappointments that befel him; as a *Greek* must have had the same regard for *Achilles*. And it is plain, that each of those Poems have lost this great Advantage, among those Readers to whom their Heroes are as Strangers, or indifferent Persons.

Milton's Poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its Readers, whatever Nation, Country or People he may belong to, not to be related to the Persons who are the principal Actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to its Advantage, the principal Actors in this Poem are not only our Progenitors, but our

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Representatives. We have an actual Interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost Happiness[d] is concerned, and lies at Stake in all their Behaviour.

I shall subjoyn as a Corollary to the foregoing Remark, an admirable Observation out of *Aristotle*, which hath been very much misrepresented in the Quotations of some Modern Criticks. 'If a Man of perfect and consummate Virtue falls into a Misfortune, it raises our Pity, but not our Terror, because we do not fear that it

may be our own Case, who do not resemble the Suffering Person.'[1] But as that great Philosopher adds, 'If we see a Man of Virtue[a] mixt with Infirmities, fall into any Misfortune, it does not only raise our Pity but our Terror; because we are afraid that the like Misfortunes may happen to our selves, who resemble the Character of the Suffering Person'

I shall only remark in this Place,[b] that the foregoing[c] Observation of *Aristotle*, tho' it may be true in other Occasions, does not hold in this; because in the present Case, though the Persons who fall into Misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate Virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own Case; since we are embark'd with them on the same Bottom, and must be Partakers of their Happiness or Misery.

In this, and some other very few Instances, *Aristotle*'s Rules for Epic Poetry (which he had drawn from his Reflections upon *Homer*) cannot be supposed to square[d] exactly with the Heroic Poems which have been made since his Time; since it is evident to every impartial Judge his Rules would still have been more perfect,[e] cou'd he have perused the *Æneid* which was made some hundred Years after his Death.

[f]In my next I shall go through other parts of *Milton*'s Poem; and hope that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a Comment upon *Milton*, but upon *Aristotle*.[f]

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Horace, *Ars poetica*, 156: Note well the manners.

[2] Cf. No. 151.

[a-a] This … Manners,] These are what *Aristotle* means by the Fable and the Manners, *Fol*.

[1] Although he follows 'Aristotle's method' in considering manners in the second place, Addison somewhat oversimplifies in equating manners with characters. Strictly speaking, 'Manners characterize Men, and denote their Inclinations, either good, or bad' (Dacier, p. 85). Le Bossu (book iv, chap, i) defines them as 'all the natural or acquired Inclinations, which carry us on to good, bad, or indifferent Actions'. In No. 309 (vol. iii) Addison illustrates the general points he makes here by analysing the characters of the fallen angels.

[1] Cf. No. 6 (vol. i). Isaac Bickerstaff had observed (*Tatler* 84) that 'there is nothing in Woman so graceful and becoming as Modesty: It adds Charms to their Beauty, and gives a new Softness to their Sex'.

[b] in three Ages of Men,] *19*; thrice the Age of Man, *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[2] Nestor (*Iliad*, 1. 247–65).

[2] Cf. Addison's description of stoicism in No. 243 as 'the Pedantry of Virtue'.

[c-c] Son … likewise] Off-spring of a Goddess, not to mention the Son of *Aurora*, who has likewise *Fol.*

[d] *Mnestheus*,] *19*; *Mnesteus, Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[a] Virg.] *om. in Fol*.

[1] *Aeneid,* 1. 222.

[b] are remote Copies] are Copies *Fol*.

[c-c] We … Poet. *om. in Fol*.

[d] are fine Improvements] *19*; are beautiful Improvements *8vo*; are Improvements *12mo*

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[e] his Fable] *19*; that his Poem *Fol*., *12mo*; his Poem *8vo*

[2] Dennis, in the *Grounds of Criticism in Poetry* (1704), remarked that '*Milton* was the first, who in the space of almost 4000 Years, resolved, for his Country's Honour and his own, to present the World with an Original Poem; that is to say, a Poem that should have his own Thoughts, his own Images, and his own Spirit' (Hooker, i. 3 3 3).

[3] Addison criticizes these more fully in No. 357 (vol. iii).

[f] wrought into] *19*; interwoven in *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[g-g] *19 adds in margin*: *Vid. Spect. 279.*

[h] as ... hereafter. *Added in 8vo, 12mo, 19*

[a] *Fame*]*Italics added in 19*

[1] *Aeneid*, 4. 173–97.

[2] Garth's *Dispensary* was published in 1699, Boileau's *Lutrin* in 1674 and 1681.

[b] such] that such *Fol*.

[c] never were] *19*; there were never *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[3] *Poetics*, 17. 5; 24. 10. Dacier (pp. 430–2) has a long note on this, concluding (p. 432):

> Thus this Absurdity which is found in the Fable, when 'tis examin'd alone, is hidden by the Beauties that surround it, and 'tis this the Poets ought to imitate: This is more adorned with Fictions, than any place of *Homer*, and whose Style is most wrought up, it signifies little to have this Account of it; Read it and you'll find that *Homer* is the greatest Charmer in the World.

[a-a] *Added in 8vo, 12mo, 19*

[b] by their proper] *8vo, 19*; by proper 12mo

[c] peculiar] particular *Fol*.

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[1] The material in this and the following paragraph follows very closely a passage in Addison's *Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning*, first published in 1739 (Guthkelch, ii. 456–7). It has been suggested that the *Discourse* is an early work drawn upon by Addison for this number (and No. 416, vol. iii). See E. K. Broadus in *Modern Language Notes*, xxii (1907), 1–2.

[d] Happiness] Happiness or Misery *Fol*.

[1] Aristotle, *Poetics*, 13. 2–3. As translated by Dacier, it reads: 'We must not chuse to make a very honest Man fall from Prosperity into Adversity; for instead of exciting Terror and Compassion, it will give Horror, which is detested by all' (p. 186). Addison's reference to the *Aeneid is* probably influenced by Le Bossu's discussion (book ii, chap, xvii) of sad endings as appropriate to tragedy and happy endings as appropriate to the epic. 'The *Romans* would have been disgusted and offended, if [Virgil] had ill used their Founder and Ancestors: And besides in the *Odysseis* and the *Æneid* the Poets would have been unjust, and the Readers dissatisfied, if such brave Princes and such noble Souls as *Ulysses* and *Æneas* had been suffer'd to sink under any Misfortune' (ed. 1719, i. 211–12).

[a] Virtue] *19*; Virtues *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[b] I shall... Place,] *19*; I shall take another Opportunity to observe, that a Person of an absolute and consummate Virtue should never be introduced in Tragedy, and shall only remark in this Place, *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[c] the foregoing] this *Fol.*

[d] square] *19*; quadrate *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[e] since ... perfect,] *19*; as it is plain his Rules would have been still more perfect, *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[f-f] In italics in Fol., proper names in roman

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 274 Monday, January 14, 1712 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 274
MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1712[1]

[STEELE]

Audire est operæ pretium procedere recte
Qui mœchis non vultis ...

Hor.

I HAVE upon several Occasions (that have occurred since I first took into my Thoughts the present State of Fornication) weighed with my self, in Behalf of guilty Females, the Impulses of Flesh and Blood, together with the Arts and Gallantries of crafty Men; and reflect with some Scorn that most Part of what we in our Youth think gay and polite, is nothing else but an Habit of indulging a Pruriency[2] that Way. It will cost some Labour to bring People to so lively a Sense of this, as to recover the manly Modesty in the Behaviour of my Men Readers, and the bashful Grace in the Faces of my Women: But in all Cases which come into Debate, there are certain things previously to be done before we can have a true Light into the Subject Matter; therefore it will, in the first Place, be necessary to consider the impotent Wenchers and industrious Haggs who are supplied with, and are constantly supplying new Sacrifices to the Devil of Lust. You are to know then, if you are so happy as not to know it already, that the great Havock which is made in the Habitations of Beauty and Innocence, is committed by such as can only lay waste and not enjoy the Soil. When you observe the present State of Vice and Virtue, the Offenders are such as one would think

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should have no Impulse to what they are pursuing; as in Business, you see sometimes Fools pretend to be Knaves, so in Pleasure, you will find old Men set up for Wenchers. This latter sort of Men are the great Basis and Fund of Iniquity in the Kind we are speaking of: You shall have an old rich Man often receive Scrawls from the several Quarters of the Town, with Descriptions of the new Wares in their Hands, if he will please to send Word when he will be waited on. This Interview is contrived, and the Innocent is brought to such Indecencies as from Time to Time banish Shame and raise Desire. With these Preparatives the Haggs break their Wards by little and

little, till they are brought to lose all Apprehensions of what shall befall them in the Possession of younger Men. It is a common Post-script of an Hagg to a young Fellow whom she invites to a new Woman, *She has, I assure you, seen none but old Mr. Such-a-one*. It pleases the old Fellow that the Nymph is brought to him unadorned, and from his Bounty she is accommodated with enough to dress her for other Lovers. This is the most ordinary Method of bringing Beauty and Poverty into the Possession of the Town: But the particular Cases of kind Keepers, skillfull Pimps, and all others who drive a separate Trade, and are not in the general Society or Commerce of Sin, will require distinct Consideration. At the same time that we are thus severe on the Abandoned, we are to represent the Case of others with that Mitigation as the Circumstances demand. Calling Names does no Good; to speak worse of any thing than it deserves, does only take off from the Credit of the Accuser, and has implicitly the Force of an Apology in the Behalf of the Person accused. We shall therefore, according as the Circumstances differ, vary our Appellations of these Criminals: Those who offend only against themselves, and are not Scandals to Society, but out of Deference to the sober Part of the World, have so much Good left in them as to be ashamed, must not be huddled in the common Word due to the worst of Women; but Regard is to be had to their Circumstances when they fell, to the uneasy Perplexity under which they lived under senseless and severe Parents, to the Importunity of Poverty, to the Violence of a Passion in its Beginning well grounded, and all other Alleviations which make unhappy Women resign the Characteristick of their Sex, Modesty.[1] To do otherwise than thus, would be to act like a Pedantick Stoick,[2] who thinks all Crimes alike, and

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not like an impartial SPECTATOR, who looks upon them with all the Circumstances that diminish or enhance the Guilt. I am in Hopes if this Subject be well pursued, Women will hereafter from their Infancy be treated with an Eye to their future State in the World; and not have their Tempers made too untractable from an improper Sowerness or Pride, or too complying from Familiarity or Forwardness contracted at their own Houses. After these Hints on this Subject, I shall end this Paper with the following genuine Letter;

and desire all who think they may be concerned in future Speculations on this Subject, to send in what they have to say for themselves for some Incidents in their Lives, in order to have proper Allowances made for their Conduct.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *January* 5, 1711.

'THE Subject of your Yesterday's Paper is of so great Importance, and the thorough handling of it may be so very useful to the Preservation of many an innocent young Creature, that I think every one is obliged to furnish you with what Lights he can to expose the pernicious Arts and Practices of those unnatural Women call'd Bawds. In order to this the enclosed is sent you, which is *verbatim* the Copy of a Letter written by a Bawd of Figure in this Town to a noble Lord. I have concealed the Names of both, my Intention being not to expose the Persons but the Thing.

I am,
SIR,
Your humble Servant.

My Lord,

"I Having a great Esteem for your Honour, and a better Opinion of you than of any of the Quality, makes me acquaint you of an Affair that I hope will oblige you to know. I have a Niece that came to Town about a Fortnight ago. Her Parents being lately dead she came to me, expecting to a found me in so good a Condition as to a set her up in a Milliner's Shop. Her Father gave Fourscore Pound with her for five Years: Her Time is out, and she is not Sixteen; as pretty a black Gentlewoman as ever you saw, a little Woman, which I know your Lordship likes; well shaped, and as fine a Com-

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plection for Red and White as ever I saw; I doubt not but your Lordship will be of the same Opinion. She designs to go down about a Month hence except I can provide for her, which I cannot at present. Her Father was one with whom all he had died with him, so there is four Children left destitute; so if your Lordship thinks fit to make an Appointment where I shall wait on you with my Niece, by a Line or two, I stay for your Answer; for I have no Place fitted up since I left my House fit to entertain your Honour. I told her she should go with me to see a Gentleman a very good Friend of mine; so I desire you to take no Notice of my Letter by reason she is ignorant of the Ways of the Town. My Lord, I desire if you

meet us to come alone; for upon my Word and Honour you are the first that ever I mentioned her to. So I remain,

Your Lordship's
Most humble Servant to Command.

"I beg of you to burn it when you've read it." '

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 275 Tuesday, January 15, 1712 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 275
TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1712[1]

[ADDISON]

... tribus Anticyris caput insanabile ...

Juv.

I WAS Yesterday engaged in an Assembly of Virtuoso's, where one of them produced many curious Observations, which he had lately made in the Anatomy of an Human Body. Another of the Company communicated to us several wonderful Discoveries, which he had also made on the same Subject, by the help of very fine Glasses. This gave Birth to a great Variety of uncommon Remarks, and furnished Discourse for the remaining Part of the Day.

The different Opinions which were started on this Occasion presented to my Imagination so many new Ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my Fancy all the last Night, and composed a very wild Extravagant Dream.

I was invited, methought,[a] to the Dissection of a *Beau's Head* and of a *Coquet's Heart*, which were both of them laid on a Table before us. An imaginary Operator opened the first with a great deal of Nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial View, appeared like the Head of another Man; but, upon applying our Glasses to it, we made a very odd Discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as Brains, were not such in reality, but an Heap of strange Materials wound up in that Shape and Texture, and packed together with wonderful Art in the several Cavities of the Skull. For, as *Homer* tells us,[2] that the Blood of the Gods is not real Blood, but only

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something like it; so we found that the Brain of a Beau is not real Brain, but only something like it.

The *Pineal Gland,*[1] which many of our Modern Philosophers suppose to be the Seat of the Soul, smelt very strong of Essence and Orange-Flower Water, and was encompassed with a kind of Horny Substance, cut into a thousand little Faces or Mirrours, which were imperceptible to the naked Eye, insomuch that the Soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own Beauties.

We observed a large *Antrum*[2] or Cavity in the *Sinciput,*[3] that was filled with Ribbons, Lace and Embroidery, wrought together in a most curious Piece of Network, the Parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked Eye. Another of these *Antrums* or Cavities, was stuffed with invisible Billet-doux, Love-Letters, pricked Dances,[4] and other Trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of Powder, which set the whole Company a Sneezing, and by the Scent discovered it self to be right *Spanish*.[5] The several other Cells were stored with Commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the Reader an exact Inventory.

There was a large Cavity on each side of the Head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with Fictions, Flatteries and Falsehoods, Vows, Promises and Protestations; that on the left with Oaths and Imprecations. There issued out a *Duct* from each of these Cells, which ran into the Root of the Tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common *Duct* to the Tip of it. We discovered several little Roads or Canals running from the Ear into the Brain, and took particular Care to trace them out through their several Passages. One of them extended it self to a bundle of Sonnets and little Musical Instruments. Others ended in several Bladders which were filled either with Wind or Froth. But the large Canal entered into a great Cavity of the Skull, from whence there went another Canal into the Tongue. This great

Cavity was filled with a kind of Spongy Substance, which the *French* Anatomists call *Galimatias*,[1] and the *English*, Nonsense.

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The Skins of the Forehead were extreamly tough and thick, and what very much surprized us, had not in them any single Blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our Glasses; from whence we concluded, that the Party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the Faculty of Blushing.

The *Os Cribriforme*[2] was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with Snuff.[3] We could not but take Notice in particular of that small Muscle, which is not often discovered in Dissections, and draws the Nose upwards, when it expresses the Contempt which the Owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned Reader, this is that Muscle which performs the Motion so often mentioned by the *Latin* Poets,[4] when they talk of a Man's cocking his Nose, or playing the Rhinoceros.[5]

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the Eye, saving only, that the *Musculi Amatorii*, or as we may translate it into *English*, the *Ogling Muscles*, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas on the contrary, the *Elevator* or the Muscle[6] which

turns the Eye towards Heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this Dissection such new Discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any Notice of those Parts which are to be met with in common Heads. As for the Skull, the Face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the Head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the Heads of other Men. We were informed, that the Person to whom this Head belonged, had passed for *a Man* above five and thirty Years; during which time he Eat and Drank like other People, dressed well, talked loud, laught frequently, and on particular Occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a Ball or an Assembly; to which one of the Company added, that a certain knot of Ladies took him for a Wit. He was cut off in the flower of his Age by the blow of a Paring-Shovel, having been surprized by an eminent Citizen, as he was tendring some Civilities to his Wife.

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When we had thoroughly examin'd this Head with all its Apartments, and its several kinds of Furniture, we put up the Brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of Scarlet Cloth, in order to be *prepared*, and kept in a great Repository of Dissections; our Operator telling us that the Preparation would not be so difficult as that of another Brain, for that he had observed several of the little Pipes and Tubes which ran through the Brain were already filled with a kind of Mercurial Substance,[1] which he looked upon to be true Quick-Silver.

He applied himself in the next place to the *Coquet's Heart*, which he likewise laid open with great Dexterity. There occurred to us many Particularities in this Dissection; but being unwilling to burden my Reader's Memory too much, I shall reserve this Subject for the Speculation of another Day.[2]

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Ars poetica*, 300: A head which three doses of hellebore cannot cure.

[a] methought,] methoughts, *Fol*.

[2] Homer, *Iliad*, 5. 339–43.

[1] The *giandula pinealis*: 'Called in Latin *Pinealis*, from its shape, arising from a broad Basis to a narrower copped top, somewhat resembling a Pine-apple.... This Gland *Des Cartes* thinks to be the primary seat of the Soul, and that all Animal Operations draw their Origins from it' (Thomas Gibson, *Anatomy of Humane Bodies Epitomized*, book iii, chap, vi (6th ed., 1703, p. 385)). In *Les Passions de l'âme* (1649), art. xxxi, Descartes argued that the pineal gland is the seat of the soul (English trans., 1650 pp. 25–26).

[2] From Greek *ἄντρον* a cave.

[3] The fore part of the head.

[4] To prick is to set down music by means of pricks or notes; here it would be the music for such dances.

[5] For snuff see No. 73 (vol. i).

[1] *OED* records the word in English from 1653.

[2] *Os* (Latin, mouth), used in anatomy in naming the mouths or entrances of certain passages. *Cribriformis* (Latin, having the appearance of a sieve). According to Thomas Gibson (*Anatomy of Humane Bodies Epitomized* (book vi, chap, vi) it is so called

> because like a Sieve it hath many holes, by which the filaments of the olfactory Nerves ... pass into the Nostrils. It is seated in the middle *Basis* of the Forehead at the top of the Nostrils, and is covered with the *Dura Mater* which accompanies the nervous filaments aforesaid through the holes (6th ed., 1703, p. 584).

[3] This point had been discussed in a question and answer in the *British Apollo*, 2 July 1708:

> Q. Is there a passage from the Nose to the Brain, by which the Brain might be injured by too much taking of Snuff?

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> A. That there are Passages from the Brain to the Nostrills, is most certain, *viz* the Perforations of the *Os Cribrosum*, through which the Nervous Fibres descend, but they are so small that Snuff Powders cannot be intromitted, or Ascend through them to the Brain: Yet may the Overmuch use of such Powders so furr and clog that Bone, that the discharge of Excrementitious Humours may be hindred, and the Brain Consequently very much injur'd thereby.

[4] Cf. Martial, *Epigrams*, 1. 3. 5–6.

[5] This quotation is the only example in *OED* of this phrase.

[6] Cf. Thomas Gibson, *The Anatomy of Humane Bodies Epitomized*, book v, chap, iv, Of the Muscles of the Eyes':

> The Muscles of each *Eye* are in number six; four *streigbt*, and two *oblique*. The *streigbt* move the Eyes upwards and downwards, to the right hand and to the left: the *oblique* move them obliquely ...
>
> The *first* of the *streigbt* is called *attollens* or *Elevator*, because it moveth the Eye upwards....
>
> The *oblique* Muscles are called *circumagentes*, winders or rollers about, and *amatorii*, or amorous; and are in number two ... (6th ed., 1703, pp. 493–4).

[1] Mercury was almost universally used for curing venereal diseases.

[2] See No. 281.

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 276 Wednesday, January 16, 1712 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 276
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1712[1]

[STEELE]

Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HOPE you have Philosophy enough to be capable of bearing the Mention of your Faults. Your Papers which regard the fallen Part of the fair Sex, are, I think, written with an Indelicacy which makes them unworthy to be inserted in the Writings of a Moralist who knows the World.[1] I cannot allow that you are at Liberty to observe upon the Actions of Mankind with the Freedom which you seem to resolve upon; at least if you do so, you should take along with you the Distinction of Manners of the World, according to the Quality and Way of Life of the Persons concerned. A Man of Breeding speaks of even Misfortune among Ladies, without giving it the most terrible Aspect it can bear; and this Tenderness towards them, is much more to be preserved when you speak of Vices. All Mankind are so far related, that Care is to be taken, in things to which all are liable, you do not mention what concerns one in Terms which shall disgust another. Thus to tell a rich Man of the Indigence of a Kinsman of his, or abruptly inform a virtuous Woman of the Lapse of one who till then was in the same Degree of Esteem with her self, is in a kind involving each of them in some Participation of those Disadvantages. It is therefore expected from every Writer, to

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treat his Argument in such a Manner, as is most proper to entertain the sort of Readers to whom his Discourse is directed. It is not necessary, when you write to the Tea-Table, that you should draw Vices which carry all the Horrour of Shame and Contempt: If you paint an impertinent Self-love, an artful Glance, an assumed Complection, you say all which you ought to suppose they can possibly be guilty of When you talk with this Limitation, you behave your self so as that you may expect others in Conversation may second your Raillery; but when you do it in a Stile which every Body else forbears in Respect to their Quality, they have an easy Remedy in forbearing to read you, and hearing no more of their Faults. A Man that is now and then guilty of an Intemperance, is not to be called a Drunkard; but the Rule of polite Raillery, is to sneak of a Man's

Faults as if you loved him. Of this Nature is what was said by *Cœsar:* When one was railing with an uncourtly Vehemence, and broke out, What must we call him who was taken in an Intrigue with another Man's Wife? *Cœsar* answered very gravely, *A careless Fellow.*[1] This was at once a Reprimand for speaking of a Crime which in those Days had not the Abhorrence attending it as it ought, as well as an Intimation that all intemperate Behaviour before Superiours loses its Aim, by accusing in a Method unfit for the Audience. A Word to the Wise. All I mean here to say to you is, That the most free Person of Quality can go no further than being an unkind Woman; and you should never say of a Man of Figure worse, than that he knows the World.

I am,
SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Francis Courtly.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Woman of an unspotted Reputation, and know nothing I have ever done which should encourage such Insolence; but here was one the other Day, and he was dressed like a Gentleman too, who took Liberty to name the Words Lusty Fellow in my Presence. I doubt not but you will resent it in Behalf of,

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SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Celia.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU lately put out a dreadful Paper,[2] wherein you promise a full Account of the State of criminal Love; and call all the Fair who have transgressed in that Kind by one very rude Name which I do not care to repeat: But I desire to know of you whether I am or I am not one of those? My Case is as follows. I am kept by an old Batchelour, who took me so young that I knew not how he came by me: He is a Bencher of one of the Inns of Court, a very gay healthy old Man; which is a very lucky thing for him, who has been,

he tells me, a Scowrer,[1] a Scamperer,[2] a Breaker of Windows, and Invader of Constables, in the Days of Yore when all Dominion ended with the Day, and Males and Females met helter-skelter, and the Scowrers drove before them all who pretended to keep up Order or Rule to the Interruption of Love and Honour. This is his Way of Talk, for he is very gay when he visits me; but as his former Knowledge of the Town has alarmed him into an invincible Jealousy, he keeps me in a Pair of Slippers, neat Boddice, warm Petticoats, and my own Hair woven in Ringletes, after a Manner, he says, he remembers. I am not Mistress of one Farthing of Money, but have all Necessaries provided for me, under the Guard of one who procured for him while he had any Desires to gratify. I know nothing of a Wench's Life, but the Reputation of it: I have a natural Voice, and a pretty untaught Step in Dancing. His Manner is to bring an old Fellow who has been his Servant from his Youth, and is grey-headed: This Man makes on the Violin a certain jiggish Noise to which I dance, and when that is over I sing to him some loose Air that has more Wantonness than Musick in it. You must have seen a strange windowed House near *Hide-Park*, which is so built that no one can look out of any of the Apartments; my Rooms are after that Manner, and I never see Man, Woman or Child but in Company with the two Persons abovementioned. He sends me in all the Books, Pamphlets, Plays, Operas and Songs that come out; and his utmost Delight in me, as a Woman, is to talk over all his old Amours in my Presence, to play with my Neck, say *the Time was*,

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give me a Kiss, and bid me be sure to follow the Directions of my Guardian, (the abovementioned Lady) and I shall never want. The Truth of my Case is, I suppose, that I was educated for a Purpose he did not know he should be unfit for when I came to Years. Now, Sir, what I ask of you, as a Casuist, is to tell me how far in these Circumstances I am innocent, though submissive; he guilty, though impotent?

I *am, SIR*,
Your constant Reader,
PUCELLA.'

To the Man called the SPECTATOR.

Friend,

'FORASMUCH as at the Birth of thy Labour, thou didst promise upon thy Word, that letting alone the Vanities that do abound, thou wouldest only endeavour to strengthen the crooked Morals of this our *Babylon*, I gave Credit to thy fair Speeches, and admitted one of thy Papers, every Day save *Sunday*, into my House; for the Edification of my Daughter *Tabitha*, and to the End that *Susanna* the Wife of my Bosom might profit thereby. But alass ! my Friend, I find that thou art a Liar, and that the Truth is not in thee;[1] else why didst thou, in a Paper which thou didst lately put forth, make mention of those vain Coverings for the Heads of our Females, which thou lovest to liken unto Tulips,[2] and which are lately sprung up among us? Nay, why didst thou make mention of them in such a seeming, as if thou didst approve the Invention, insomuch that my Daughter *Tabitha* beginneth to wax wanton, and to lust after these foolish Vanities? Surely thou dost see with the Eyes of the Flesh. Verily therefore, unless thou dost speedily amend and leave off following thine own Imaginations, I will leave off thee.

Thy Friend as hereafter thou dost demean thy self,
Hezekiah Broadbrim.'

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Satires*, 1.3.42: Would that Virtue had given Error an honest Name.

[2] See Nos. 266 and 274.

[1] The story is included among the apophthegms of Bacon in Thomas Bayly's *Witty Apophthegms* (1658), p. 134:

One of the *Romanes* said to his friend, *What think you of one who vas taken in the act and manner of adulterie*? The other answered, *Marry I think be vas slow at dispatcb.*

[2] No. 266.

[1] Cf. No. 35 (vol. i). In Shadwell's play, *The Scoarers*, Whachum (described as a city-wit and scowrer) says of himself: ';I am one of the maddest Fellows about the Town, I sing, roar, serenade, bluster, break Windows, demolish Bawdy-houses, beat Bawds, scower the Streets, and the like, as well as any he that swaggers in the Town ...' (IV. i).

[2] This is the earliest quotation for this word in *OED*, which defines it, with query as 'a street ruffian'.

[1] 1 John ii. 4.

[2] No. 265.

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Eustace Budgell, The Spectator: No. 277 Thursday, January 17, 1712 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 277
THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1712[3]

[BUDGELL]

... *fas est & ab hoste doceri*.

Virg.

I PRESUME I need not inform the Polite Part of my Readers, that before our Correspondence with *France* was unhappily interrupted by the War, our Ladies had all their Fashions from thence;[4] which the Milleners took care to furnish them with by means of

a Jointed Baby,[1] that came regularly over, once a Month, habited after the manner of the most Eminent Toasts in *Paris*.

I am credibly informed, that even in the hottest time of the War, the Sex made several Efforts, and raised large Contributions towards the Importation of this Wooden *Mademoiselle*.

Whether the Vessel they set out was lost or taken, or whether its Cargo was seized on by the Officers of the Custom-house,[2] as a peice of Contreband Goods, I have not yet been able to learn; it is, however, certain their first Attempts were without Success, to the no small Disappointment of our whole Female World; but as their Constancy and Application, in a matter of so great Importance, can never be sufficiently commended, I[a] am glad to find, that in Spight of all Opposition, they have at length carried their Point, of which I received Advice by the two following Letters.

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Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM so great a Lover of whatever is *French*, that I lately discarded an humble Admirer, because he neither spoke that Tongue, nor drank Claret.[3] I have long bewailed, in secret, the Calamities of my Sex during the War, in all which time we have laboured under the Insupportable Inventions of *English* Tire-women,[4] who, tho' they sometimes copy indifferently well, can never compose with that *Gout*[5] they do in *France*.

'I was almost in Despair of ever more seeing a Model from that dear Country, when last *Sunday* I overheard a Lady, in the next Pew to me, whisper another, that at the *Seven Stars* in *King-street Covent-garden*[6]there was a *Mademoiselle*[7] compleatly dressed just come from *Paris*.

'I was in the utmost Impatience during the remaining part of the Service, and as soon as ever it was over, having learnt the Milleners *Addresse*, I went directly to her House in *King-street*, but was told that the *French* Lady was at a Person of Quality's in *Pall-Mall*, and would not be back again till very late that Night. I was therefore obliged to renew my Visit early this Morning, and had then a full view of the dear Moppet[1] from Head to Foot.

'You cannot imagine, worthy Sir, how ridiculously I find we have all been trussed up during the War, and how infinitely the *French-dress* excells ours.

'The Mantua[2] has no Leads in the Sleeves, and I hope we are not lighter than the *French* Ladies, so as to want that kind of Ballast; the Petticoat has no Whale-bone, but sets with an Air altogether galant and *degagé*;[3] the *Coiffeure* is inexpressibly pretty, and in short, the whole Dress has a thousand Beauties in it, which I would not have as yet made too publick.

'I thought fit, however, to give you this Notice, that you may not be surprized at my appearing á*la mode de Paris* on the next Birth-Night.[4]

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I am, SIR,
Your humble Servant,
Teraminta.'

Within an Hour after I had read this Letter, I received another from the Owner of the Puppet.

SIR,

'ON *Saturday* last, being the 12th Instant, there arrived at my House in *King-street, Covent-Garden*, a *French* Baby for the Year 1712. I have taken the utmost Care to have her dressed by the most celebrated Tyre-women and Mantua-makers in *Paris*, and do not find that I have any reason to be sorry for the Expence I have been at in her Cloaths and Importation: However, as I know no Person who is so good a Judge of Dress, as your self, if you please to call at my House in your way to the City, and take a View of her, I promise to amend whatever you shall disapprove in your next Paper, before I exhibit her as a Pattern to the Publick.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Admirer,
and most obedient Servant,
Betty Cross-stitch.'

As I am willing to do any thing in reason for the Service of my Country-women, and had much rather prevent Faults than find them, I went last Night to the House of the above-mentioned Mrs. *Cross-stitch*. As soon as I enter'd, the Maid of the Shop, who, I suppose, was prepared for my coming, without asking me any Questions introduced me to the little Damsel, and ran away to call her Mistress.

The Puppet was dressed in a Cherry-coloured Gown and Petticoat, with a short working Apron over it, which discovered her Shape to the most Advantage. Her Hair was cut and divided very prettily, with several Ribbons stuck up and down in it. The Millener assured me, that her Complexion was such as was worn by all the Ladies of the best Fashion in *Paris*. Her Head was extreamly high, on which Subject having long since declared my Sentiments,[1] I shall

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say nothing more to it at present. I was also offended at a small Patch she wore on her Breast, which I cannot suppose is placed there with any good Design.

Her Necklace was of an immoderate length, being tied before in such a manner, that the two ends hung down to her Girdle; but whether these supply the place of Kissing-Strings[2] in our Enemy's

Country, and whether our *Brinish* Ladies have any occasion for them, I shall leave to their serious Consideration.

After having observed the Particulars of her Dress, as I was taking a view of it all together, the Shop-Maid, who is a pert Wench, told me that *Mademoiselle* had something very Curious in the tying of her Garters; but as I pay a due Respect even to a pair of Sticks when they are under Petticoats, I did not examine into that Particular.

Upon the whole I was well enough pleased with the Appearance of this gay Lady, and the more so, because she was not Talkative, a Quality very rarely to be met with in the rest of her Country-women.

As I was taking my leave, the Millener farther informed me, that with the Assistance of a Watch-maker, who was her Neighbour, and the Ingenious Mr. *Powell*,[1] she had also contrived another Puppet, which by the help of several little Springs to be wound up within it, could move all its Limbs, and that she had sent it over to her Correspondent in *Paris*, to be taught the various Leanings and Bendings of the Head, the Risings of the Bosome, the Curtesy and Recovery, the genteel Trip, and the agreeable Jet,[2] as they are all now practised at the Court of *France*.

She added, that she hoped she might depend upon having my Encouragement as soon as it arrived; but as this was a Petition of too great importance to be answered *extempore*, I left her without a Reply, and made the best of my way to WILL. HONEYCOMB'S Lodgings, without whose Advice I never communicate any thing to the Publick of this Nature. X

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NOTES

[3] *Motto*. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, 4. 428: 'Tis permitted to learn from an enemy.

[4] Cf. Nos. 45, 53 (vol. i)

[1] The old word for doll or puppet. The quotations in *OED* range from 1552 to 1721.

[2] The Custom-House, built in 1668, was situated on the Thames, a few blocks west of the Tower. For a picture of the front see W. W. Hutchins, *London Town Past and Present*, p. 256.

[a] commended, I] commended, so I *Fol*.

[3] By the Methuen Treaty with Portugal in 1703 England agreed to admit Portuguese wine at rates a third less than those charged on French wine. Throughout the eighteenth century port in consequence came into England more lightly taxed than claret. 'Port was patriotic and Whig and woollen; claret was Francophile and Jacobite—patriotic only in Scotland' (Trevelyan, i. 301).

[4] Here used in the obsolete sense of dressmaker or costumier (*OED*).

[5] 'Style or manner in which a work of art is executed, as judged by connoisseurs; also a prevailing or fashionable style in matters of taste' (*OED*). The earliest example in *OED* is dated 1717.

[6] King-street, Covent-Garden, ran west from the north-west corner of the garden toward St. Martin's Lane. Hatton calls it 'a very considerable and pleasant street' (p. 43). The Seven Stars was apparently an actual shop in this street. The *British Mercury* of 20 May 1711 advertises 'A Shop to be Lett, with other Conveniencies', at this address. Earlier, in the *Daily Courant* of 29 July 1709, is the advertisement: 'At the Seven Stars in the Piazza in Covent-Garden, is to be sold Counters of all sizes, Shelves of all sorts, and Drawers, with other Necessaries for Shopkeepers, by E.H.' The proprietor of this shop, who signs herself 'Betty Cross-stitch' in this number, *may* have been one Charlotte Wood. The following advertisement appears in the *Daily Courant* of 1 Dec. 1716:

> Charlotte Wood, Milliner, at the Seven Stars in King-street, Covent-Garden, (being going to leave off Trade) hath all Sorts of fine Lace, Muslin, Hollands, and all other Millinery Goods, to dispose of, Wholesale or Retale, at Reasonable Rates.

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[7] According to a writer in *American Notes and Queries*, iv (1944), 136, it was customary up to the nineteenth century 'for Parisian dressmakers to advertise their wares by dressing "fashion dolls" for the inspection of their customers. And each year one of the French dolls was exhibited on Ascension Day in Venice—this doll was known as "the toilette of the year." Up to the middle of the eighteenth century the figures were small, but thereafter they were made life-size.'

[1] Defined by *OED* as obsolete or archaic, with quotations ranging from 1601 to 1801.

[2] A loose gown (French *manteau*). See No. 80 (vol. i).

[3] A French importation, for *easy, unconstrained. OED* gives one example (1697) earlier than this.

[4] 'The evening of a royal birthday; the court-festival held thereon. *Obs.*' (*OED*). This is the earliest example given in *OED*.

[1] No. 98 (vol. i), and more recently in No. 265.

[2] 'A woman's bonnet- or cap-strings tied under the chin with the ends hanging loose' (*OED*).

[1] Martin Powell, the puppet-master. See No. 14 (vol. i).

[2] The trip was 'a light lively movement of the feet'; the jet 'an affected movement or jerk of the body; a swagger' (*OED*).

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Oxford Scholarly Editions Online

Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 278 Friday, January 18, 1712 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 278
FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1712[1]

[STEELE]

... Sermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum ...

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

SIR,

'YOUR having done considerable Services in this great City by rectifying the Disorders of Families, and several Wives having preferr'd your Advice and Directions to those of their Husbands, emboldens me to apply to you at this Time. I am a Shop-keeper, and tho' but a young Man, I find by Experience that nothing but the utmost Diligence both of Husband and Wife (among trading People) can keep Affairs in any tollerable Order. My Wife at the Beginning of our Establishment shewed her self very assisting to me in my Business as much as could lie in her Way, and I have Reason to believe 'twas with her Inclination; but of late she has got acquainted with a Schoolman, who values himself for his great Knowledge in the *Greek* Tongue. He entertains her frequently in the Shop with Discourses of the Beauties and Excellencies of that Language, and repeats to her several Passages out of the *Greek* Poets, wherein he tells her there is unspeakable Harmony and agreeable Sounds that all other Languages are wholly unacquainted with. He

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has so infatuated her with his Jargon, that instead of using her former Diligence in the Shop, she now neglects the Affairs of the House, and is wholly taken up with her Tutor in learning by Heart Scraps of *Greek*, which she vents upon all Occasions. She told me some Days ago, that whereas I use some *Latin* Inscriptions in my Shop, she advised me with a great deal of Concern to have them changed into *Greek*, it being a Language less understood, would be more conformable to the Mistery[2] of my Profession; that our good Friend would be assisting to us in this Work; and that a certain Faculty of Gentlemen would find themselves so much obliged to me, that they would infallibly make my Fortune: In short, her frequent Importunities upon this and other Impertinences of the

like Nature make me very uneasy; and if your Remonstrances have no more Effect upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall be obliged to ruin my self to procure her a Settlement at *Oxford* with her Tutor, for she's already too mad for *Bedlam*. Now, Sir, you see the Danger my Family is exposed to, and the Likelihood of my Wife's becoming both troublesome and useless, unless her reading her self, in your Paper, may make her reflect. She is so very learned that I cannot pretend by Word of Mouth to argue with her: She laughed out at your ending a Paper in *Greek*,[1] and said 'twas a Hint to Women of Literature, and very civil not to translate it to expose them to the Vulgar. You see how it is with,

SIR,
Your humble Servant.'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IF you have that Humanity and Compassion in your Nature that you take such Pains to make one think you have, you will not deny your Advice to a distressed Damsel, who intends to be determined by your Judgment in a Matter of great Importance to her. You must know then, There is an agreeable young Fellow, to whose Person, Wit, and Humour no body makes any Objection, that pretends to have been long in Love with me. To this I must add, (whether it proceeds from the Vanity of my Nature, or the seeming Sincerity of my Lover, I won't pretend to say) that I verily believe he has a real Value for me; which, if true, you'll allow may justly

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augment his Merit with his Mistress. In short, I am so sensible of his good Qualities, and what I owe to his Passion, that I think I could sooner resolve to give up my Liberty to him than any body else, were there not an Objection to be made to his Fortunes, in regard they don't answer the utmost mine may expect, and are not sufficient to secure me from undergoing the reproachful Phrase so commonly used, That she has play'd the Fool. Now, tho' I am one of those few who heartily despise Equipage, Diamonds, and a Coxcomb; yet since such opposite Notions from mine prevail in the World, even amongst the best, and such as are esteem'd the most prudent People, I can't find in my Heart to resolve upon incurring the Censure of those wise Folks, which I am conscious I shall do, if, when I enter into a married State, I discover a Thought beyond that of equalling, if not advancing my Fortunes. Under this Difficulty

I now labour, not being in the least determin'd whether I shall be govern'd by the vain World, and the frequent Examples I meet with, or hearken to the Voice of my Lover, and the Motions I find in my Heart in favour of him. Sir, Your Opinion and Advice in this Affair, is the only thing I know can turn the Ballance; and which I earnestly intreat I may receive soon; for, till I have your Thoughts upon it, I am engag'd not to give my Swain a final Discharge.

'Besides the particular Obligation you will lay on me, by giving this Subject Room in one of your Papers, 'tis possible it may be of use to some others of my Sex, who will be as grateful for the Favour as

SIR,
Your Humble Servant,
Florinda.

'P. S. *To tell you the Truth I am Married to Him already, but pray say something to justify me.*'

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU will forgive Us Professors of Musick if We make a second Application[1] to You, in Order to promote our Design of exhibiting Entertainments of Musick in *York-Buildings.* It is industriously insinuated, that Our Intention is to destroy Operas in General; but we beg of you to insert this plain Explanation of our

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selves in your Paper. Our Purpose is only to improve our Circumstances, by improving the Art which we profess. We see it utterly destroyed at present; and as we were the Persons who introduced Operas, we think it a groundless Imputation that we should set up against the Opera in it self. What we pretend to assert is, That the Songs of different Authors injudiciously put together, and a Foreign Tone and Manner which are expected in every Thing now performed amongst us, has put Musick it self to a stand; insomuch that the Ears of the People cannot now be entertained with any thing but what has an impertinent Gayety, without any just Spirit;[a] or a Languishment of Notes, without any Passion or common Sense. We hope those Persons of Sense and Quality who have done us the Honour to subscribe, will not be ashamed of their Patronage towards us, and not receive Impressions that patronising us is being for or against the Opera, but truly promoting their own Diversions

in a more just and elegant Manner than has been hitherto performed.

We are, SIR,
Your most humble Servants,
Thomas Clayton.
Nicolino Haym.
Charles Dieupart.'

There will be no Performances in York-Buildings, *till after that of the Subscription*. T

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Epistles* 2. 1. 250–1:1 rather choose a low and creeping style.

[2] Here used in the old sense of a secret or highly technical operation in a trade or art, Cf. OED.

[1] See No. 265.

[1] See No. 258.

[a] Spirit;] *8vo;* Spirit *Fol*., *12mo*

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Joseph Addison, The Spectator: No. 279 Saturday, January 19, 1712 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

Published in print: 1987 **Published online:** May 2014

NO. 279
SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1712[1]

[ADDISON]

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.

Hor.

WE have already taken a general Survey of the Fable and Characters in *Milton's Paradise Lost*: The Parts which remain to be consider'd, according to *Aristotle's* Method, are the *Sentiments* and the Language. Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my Reader, that it is my Design as soon as I have finished my general Reflections on these four several Heads, to give particular Instances out of the Poem now[a] before us of Beauties and Imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other Particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the Reader may not judge too hastily of this Piece of Criticism, or look upon it as Imperfect, before he has seen the whole Extent of it.

The Sentiments in an Epic Poem are the Thoughts and Behaviour which the Author ascribes to the Persons whom he introduces, and *are just* when they are conformable to the Characters of the several Persons. The Sentiments have likewise a relation to *Things* as well as *Persons*, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the Subject. If in either of these Cases the Poet endeavours to argue

or explain, to magnifie or diminish, to raise Love or Hatred,[a] Pity

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or Terror, or any other Passion, we ought to consider whether the Sentiments he makes use of are proper for those[b] Ends. *Homer* is censured by the Criticks[1] for his Defect as to this Particular in several parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, tho' at the same time those who have treated this great Poet with Candour,[2] have attributed this Defect to the Times in which he lived. It was the fault of the Age, and not of *Homer*, if there wants that Delicacy in some of his Sentiments, which now appears[c] in the Works of Men of a much inferior Genius. Besides, if there are Blemishes in any particular Thoughts, there is an infinite Beauty in the greatest part of them. In short, if there are many Poets who wou'd not have fallen into the meanness of some of his Sentiments, there are none who cou'd have risen up to the Greatness of others. *Virgil* has excelled all others in the Propriety of his Sentiments. *Milton* shines likewise very much in this Particular: Nor must we omit one Consideration which adds to his Honour and Reputation. *Homer* and *Virgil* introduced Persons whose Characters are commonly known among Men, and such as are to be met with either in History, or in ordinary Conversation. *Milton's* Characters, most of them, lie out of Nature, and were to be formed purely by his own Invention. It shews a greater Genius in *Shakespear* to have drawn his *Calyban*,[3] than his *Hotspur* or *Julius*

Cesar: The one was to be supplied out of his own Imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon Tradition, History and Observation. It was much easier therefore for *Homer* to find proper Sentiments for an Assembly of *Grecian* Generals, than for *Milton* to diversifie his Infernal Council with proper Characters, and inspire them with a variety of Sentiments. The Loves of *Dido* and *Æneas* are only Copies of what has passed between other Persons. *Adam* and *Eve*, before the Fall, are a different Species from that of Mankind, who are descended from them; and none but a Poet of the most unbounded Invention, and the most exquisite Judgment, cou'd have filled their Conversation and Behaviour with so many apt[a] Circumstances during their State of Innocence.

Nor is it sufficient for an Epic Poem to be filled with such Thoughts as are *Natural*, unless it abound also with such as are *Sublime. Virgil* in this Particular falls short of *Homer*.[1] He has not indeed so many

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Thoughts that are Low and Vulgar; but at the same time has not so many Thoughts that are Sublime and Noble. The truth of it is, *Virgil* seldom rises into very astonishing Sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleases us by the force of his own Genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his Hints from *Homer*.

Milton's chief Talent, and indeed his distinguishing Excellence, lies in the Sublimity of his Thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other part of Poetry; but in the greatness of his Sentiments he triumphs over all the Poets both Modern and Ancient, *Homer* only excepted. It is impossible for the Imagination of Man to distend it self with greater Ideas, than those which he has laid together in his first, second and sixth Books.[b]2 The seventh, which describes the Creation of the World, is likewise wonderfully Sublime, tho' not so apt to stir up Emotion in the Mind of the Reader, nor consequently so perfect in the Epic way of Writing, because it is filled with less Action. Let the judicious Reader[c] compare what *Longinus*[3] has observed on several Passages

in *Homer*, and he will find Parallels for most of them in the *Paradise Lost*.

From what has been said we may infer, that as there are two kinds of Sentiments, the Natural and the Sublime, which are always to be pursued in an Heroic Poem, there are also two kinds of Thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of Thoughts we meet with little or nothing that is like them in *Virgil*: He has none of those trifling[a] Points and Puerilities[1] that are so often to be met with in *Ovid*, none of the Epigrammatick Turns of *Lucan*, none of those swelling Sentiments which are so frequent in *Statius* and *Claudian*, none of those mixed Embellishments of *Tasso*.[2] Every thing is just and natural. His Sentiments shew that he had a perfect Insight into Human Nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to affect it.[b]

[c]Mr. *Dryden* has in some Places, which I may hereafter take

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notice of, misrepresented *Virgil*'s way of thinking as to this Particular, in the Translation he has given us of the *Æneid.* I do not remember that *Homer* any where falls into the Faults above mentioned, which were indeed the false Refinements of later Ages. *Milton*, it must be confest, has sometimes erred in this Respect, as I shall shew more at large in another Paper;[3] tho' considering all[d] the Poets of the Age in which he writ, were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did sometimes comply with the[e] vicious Taste which prevails so much among Modern Writers.

But since several Thoughts may be natural which are low and

groveling, an Epic Poet should not only avoid such Sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but also such as are mean[a] and vulgar. *Homer* has opened a great Field of Raillery to Men of more Delicacy than Greatness of Genius, by the Homeliness of some of his Sentiments. But, as I have before said, these are rather to be imputed to the Simplicity of the Age in which he lived, to which I may also add, of that which he described, than to any Imperfection in that Divine Poet. *Zoilus*,[1] among the Ancients, and Monsieur *Perrault*,[2] among the Moderns, pushed their Ridicule very far upon him, on account of some such Sentiments. There is no Blemish to be observed in *Virgil* under this Head, and but a very few[b] in *Milton.*

I shall give but one Instance of this Impropriety of Thought[c] in *Homer*, and at the same time compare it with an Instance of the same nature, both in *Virgil* and *Milton*. Sentiments which raise Laughter, can very seldom be admitted with any decency into an Heroic Poem, whose Business is[d] to excite Passions of a much nobler Nature. *Homer*, however, in his Characters of *Vulcan*[3] and *Thersites*,[4] in his Story of *Mars* and *Venus*,[5] in his Behaviour of *Irus*,[6]and in other Passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the Burlesque Character, and to have departed from that serious Air which seems essential to the Magnificence of an Epic Poem. I remember but one Laugh in the whole *Æneid,* which rises in the Fifth Book upon *Monates*, where he is represented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a Rock.[7] But this Piece of Mirth is so well timed, that

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the severest Critick can have nothing to say against it, for it is in the Book of Games and Diversions, where the Reader's Mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an Entertainment. The only Piece of Pleasantry in *Paradise Lost*, is where the Evil Spirits are described as rallying the Angels upon the Success of their new invented Artillery. This Passage[8] I look upon to be the most

exceptionable[a] in the whole Poem, as being nothing else but a String of Punns, and those too very indifferent.[b]

... Satan beheld their Plight,
And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.
O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud !
E'er while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open Front,
And Breast, (*what could we more*) *propounded terms*
Of Composition,[c] *strait they chang'd their Minds,*
Flew off, *and into strange Vagaries fell,*
As they would dance, yet for a Dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant, and wild, perhaps
For Joy of offer'd Peace: *but I suppose*
If our Proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick Result.
To whom thus Belial *in like gamesome mood.*
Leader, the Terms we sent, were Terms of weight,
Of hard Contents, *and full of force urg'd home,*
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled *many*; *who receives them right,*
Had need, from Head to Foot, well understand;
Not understood, *this Gift they have besides,*
They shew us when our Foes walk not upright.
Thus they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing L

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Ars poetica*, 316: He knows how to give each person a becoming part.

[a] Poem now] *19*; Poem which is now *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[a] the Poet... Hatred,] *19*; the Poet argues, or explains, magnifies or diminishes, raises Love or Hatred, *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[b] those] *19*; these *Fol*., *12mo*; their *8vo*

[1] Rapin ('A Comparison of Homer and Virgil', chap, viii) criticizes Homer for the meanness of his sentiments, but concludes that 'the Weaknesses of this Poet, are not so much to be imputed to him, as to the Age he liv'd in, which was not capable of any greater Refinement, either in Thoughts or in Morals' (*Whole Critical Works*, 1706, i. 160). Le Bossu (book vi, chap, iii) takes the same position. 'What is base and ignoble at one time and in one Country, is not always so in others' (cd. 1719, ii. 259).

[2] For this word and *candid* cf. Nos. 253 and 188.

[c]which now appears] *19*; which appears *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[3] In treating imagination as the poetic power which creates something 'out of nature' and 'original', Addison is somewhat in advance of his time. Shadwell, in the Prefaceto *The Lancashire Witches* (1682), had praised Shakespeare for creating witch-craft 'for the most part out of his own imagination', and Rowe in 1709 thought Shakespeare's genius most apparent where 'he gives his Imagination an entire Loose, and raises his Fancy to a flight above Mankind and the Limits of the visible World' (Preface, p. xxiii); but to most critics of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries the poet's imagination worked with visible materials, and invention consisted generally in simply making new combinations from existing materials. Dryden, in the Preface to *Troilus and Cressida* (1679), had praised Shakespeare's Caliban, but on the ground that the character 'is not wholly beyond the bounds of credibility, at least the vulgar still believe it' (Ker, i. 219). The most that Rowe can say of the 'extravagant Character of *Caliban*' is that it is 'mightily well sustain'd, shews a wonderful Invention in the Author, who could strike out such a particular wild Image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon Grotesques that was ever seen' (Preface, p. xxiv).

[a] so many apt] *19*; such Beautiful *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

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[1] The general view. Cf. Sir W. Temple, 'Of Poetry' (Spingarn, iii. 82).

[b] in his first, second and sixth Books.]*12mo, 19*; in his first and sixth Book. *Fol.;* in his first, second, and tenth Books. *8vo*

[2] Dennis (Preface to the *Passion of Byblis*, 1692) had found 'something so transcendency sublime' in these three books (*Works*, ed. Hooker, i. 4).

[c] the judicious Reader] *19*; the Reader *Fol., 8vo, 12mo*

[3] *On the Sublime*, 9.

[a] trifling] *19*; little *Fol.*, *8vo, 12mo*

[1] Ovid, Lucan, Statius, and Claudian are frequently grouped as examples of writers of 'false wit' at this time. Dryden couples Lucan and Statius as 'men of an unbounded imagination, but who often wanted the poise of judgment' (Preface to *The State of Innocence*, 1677; Ker, i. 184).

[2] For the reputation of Tasso in the eighteenth century see A. F. B. Clark, *Boileau and the French Classical Critics in England* (Paris, 1925), pp. 337–60.

[b] affect it.] affect it. I remember but one Line in him which has been objected against, by the Criticks, as a point of Wit. It is in his ninth Book, where *Juno* speaking of the *Trojans*, how they survived the Ruins of their City, expresses her self in the following Words;

Num capti potuere capi, num incensa cremarunt
Pergama ?...

Were the Trojans *taken even after they were Captives, or did* Troy *burn even when it was in Flames*? *Fol*.

[c] *No paragraph in Fol., 12mo*

[3] No. 297 (vol. iii).

[d] considering all] *8vo, 19*; considering how all *Fol.*, *12mo*

[e] the] *8vo, 19*; that *Fol.*, *12mo*

[a] mean]*19*; low *Fol.*, *8vo, 12mo*

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[1] A rhetorician of the fourth century B.c., who wrote nine books against Homer, attacking the Homeric epics on aesthetic, grammatical, and moral grounds.

[2] Charles Perrault (1628–1703), in the *Parallèles des Anciens et des Modernes*, the first volume of which appeared in 1688, sought to prove the superiority of modern authors over the ancients. See also Boileau, *Critical Reflections on Longinus*, especially Reflection vi.

[b] but a very few] *19*; but very few *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[c] Thought] *19*; Sentiments *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[d] Business is] *8vo, 19*; Business it is *Fol*., *12mo*

[3] *Iliad*, 1. 595–600.

[4] *Iliad*, 2. 211–77.

[5] *Odyssey*, 8. 266–366.

[6] *Odyssey*, 18. 1–107. Rapin (*Whole Critical Works*, i. 160) also notes these examples of Homer's 'loose and familiar way of Talking'.

[7] *Aeneid*, 5. 158–82.

[8] *PL*, vi. 607–29 ('So they', line 628).

[a] most exceptionable] silliest *Fol*.

[b] indifferent.] *19*; indifferent ones. *Fol*., *8vo, 12mo*

[c] *Of* Composition,] *19*;*Of Composition*; *Fol., 8vo, 12mo*

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 280 Monday, January 21, 1712 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 280
MONDAY. JANUARY 21, 1712[1]

[STEELE]

Principibus Placuisse viris non ultima laus est.
Hor.

THE Desire of Pleasing makes a Man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the Motive

from which that Inclination appears to flow. If your Concern for pleasing others arises from innate Benevolence, it never fails of Success; if from a Vanity to excell, its Disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable Man, is he who is endowed with that natural Bent to do acceptable things, from a Delight he takes in them meerly as such; and the Affectation of that Character is what constitutes a Fop. Under these Leaders one may draw up all those who make any Manner of Figure except in dumb Show.

A rational and select Conversation is composed of Persons, who have the Talent of pleasing with Delicacy of Sentiments flowing from habitual Chastity of Thought; but mixed Company is frequently made up of Pretenders to Mirth, and is usually pester'd with constrained, obscene, and painful Witticisms. Now and then you meet with a Man so exactly formed for Pleasing, that it is no Matter what he is doing or saying, that is to say, that there need be no Manner of Importance in it, to make him gain upon every Body who hears or beholds him. This Felicity is not the Gift of Nature only, but must be attended with happy Circumstances, which add a Dignity to the familiar Behaviour which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable Man. It is from this that every *Body*

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loves and esteems *Polycarpus.* He is in the Vigour of his Age and the Gayety of Life, but has passed through very conspicuous Scenes in it; though no Soldier he has shared the Danger, and acted with great Gallantry and Generosity on a decisive Day of Battle. To have those Qualities which only make other Men conspicuous in the World as it were supernumerary to him, is a Circumstance which gives Weight to his most indifferent Actions; for as a known Credit is Ready-Cash to a Trader, so is acknowledged Merit immediate Distinction, and serves in the Place of Equipage to a Gentleman.[1] This renders *Polycarpus* graceful in Mirth, important in Business, and regarded with Love in every ordinary Occurrence. But not to dwell upon Characters which have such particular Recommendations to our Hearts, let us turn our Thoughts rather to the Methods of Pleasing, which must carry Men through the World who cannot pretend to such Advantages. Falling in with the particular Humour or Manner of one above you, abstracted from the general Rules of good Behaviour, is the Life of a Slave.[2] A Parasite differs in nothing from the meanest Servant, but that the Footman hires himself for

bodily Labour, subjected to go and come at the Will of his Master, but the other gives up his very Soul: He is prostituted to speak, and professes to think after the Mode of him whom he courts. This Servitude to a Patron, in an honest Nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his Livery; therefore we shall speak of those Methods only which are worthy and ingenuous.

The happy Talent of pleasing either those above you or below you, seems to be wholly owing to the Opinion they have of your Sincerity. This Quality is to attend the agreeable Man in all the Actions of his Life; and I think there need be no more said in Honour of it, than that it is what forces the Approbation even of your Opponents. The guilty Man has an Honour for the Judge who with Justice pronounces against him the Sentence of Death it self. The Author of the Sentence at the Head of this Paper was an excellent Judge of humane Life, and passed his own in Company the most agreeable that ever was in the World. *Augustus*[1] lived amongst his Friends as if he had his Fortune to make in his own Court: Candour and Affability, accompanied with as much Power as ever Mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost Manner agree-

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able among a Set of admirable Men, who had Thoughts too high for Ambition, and Views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the Disposal of an Empire, without the Pleasures of their mutual Conversation. A certain Unanimity of Taste and Judgment, which is natural to all of the same Order in the Species, was the Band of this Society; and the Emperour assumed no Figure in it but what he thought was his Due from his private Talents and Qualifications, as they contributed to advance the Pleasures and Sentiments of the Company.

Cunning People, Hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous or half wise, are incapable of tasting the refined Pleasure of such an equal Company as could wholly exclude the Regard of Fortune in their Conversations. *Horace*, in the Discourse from whence I take the Hint of the present Speculation, lays down excellent Rules for Conduct in Conversation with Men of Power; but he speaks it with an Air of one who had no Need of such an Application for any thing which related to himself. It shows he understood what it was to be a skilfull Courtier, by just Admonitions against Importunity, and shewing how forcible it was to speak modestly of your own Wants.

There is indeed something so shameless in taking all Opportunities to speak of your own Affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him upon whom he depends, fares like the Beggar who exposes his Sores, which instead of moving Compassion, makes the Man he begs of turn away from the Object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen Years ago an honest Fellow, who so justly understood how disagreeable the Mention or Appearance of his Wants would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a Counterpart of *Irus*, whom I have formerly mentioned.[1] This Man, whom I have missed for some Years in my Walks, and have heard was some way employed about the Army, made it a Maxim, That good Wigs, delicate Linnen, and a chearful Air, were to a poor Dependant the same that working Tools are to a poor Artificer. It was no small Entertainment to me, who knew his Circumstances, to see him who had fasted two Days, attribute the Thinness they told him of to the Violence of some Gallantries he had lately been guilty of. The skilfull Dissembler carried this on with the utmost Address; and if any suspected his

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Affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himself in some fashionable Vice rather than an irreproachable Poverty, which saved his Credit with those on whom he depended.

The main Art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a Favour from your Patron than Claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the Method of Pleasing so as to succeed in the World, when there are Crowds who have, in City, Town, Court, and Country, arrived at considerable Acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of acting in any constant Tenour of Life, but have gone on from one successful Errour to another: Therefore I think I may shorten this Enquiry after the Method of Pleasing; and as the old Beau said to his Son, once for all, *Pray* Jack *be a fine Gentleman*, so may I to my Reader abridge my Instructions, and finish the Art of Pleasing in a Word, *Be rich*.

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Horace, *Epistles*, i. 17. 35:

> To please the Great is not the smallest praise. CREECH.

[1] Steele makes a similar comparison in No. 218.

[2] Cf. Cowley's first essay,'Of Liberty'.

[1] In *Tatler* 173 Steele writes in much the same way of the relations of Horace and Augustus.

[1] No. 264.

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NO. 281
TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1712[1]

[ADDISON]

Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulti exta.

Virg.

HAVING already given an Account of the Dissection of a *Beau's Head*,[2] with the several Discoveries made on that Occasion; I shall here, according to my Promise, enter upon the Dissection of a *Coqueas Heart,* and communicate to the Publick such Particularities as we observed in that curious Piece of Anatomy.[3]

I should perhaps have waved this Undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my Promise by several of my unknown Correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an Example of the Coquet, as I have already done of the Beau. It is therefore in Compliance with the Request of Friends, that I have looked over the Minutes of my former Dream, in order to give the Publick an exact Relation of it, which I shall enter upon without further Preface.

Our Operator, before he engaged in this Visionary Dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his Art more difficult, than to lay open the Heart of a Coquet, by reason of the many Labyrinths and Recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in die Heart of any other Animal.

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He desired us first of all to observe the *Pericardium*, or outward Case of the Heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our Glasses discerned in it Millions of little Scars, which seem'd to have been occasioned by the Points of innumerable Darts and Arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward Coat;

though we could not discover the smallest Orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward Substance.

Every Smatterer in Anatomy knows, that this *Pericardium*, or Case of the Heart, contains in it a thin reddish Liquor, supposed to be bred from the Vapours which exhale out of the Heart, and being stopt here, are condensed into this watry Substance. Upon examining this Liquor, we found that it had in it all the Qualities of that Spirit which is made use of in the Thermometer,[1] to shew the Change of Weather.

Nor must I here omit an Experiment one of the Company assured us he himself had made with this Liquor, which he found in great quantity about the Heart of a Coquet whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually enclosed it in a small Tube made after the manner of a Weather-Glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the Variations of the Atmosphere, it showed him the Qualities of those Persons who entered the Room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the Approach of a Plume of Feathers, an embroidered Coat, or a Pair of fringed Gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped Perriwig, a clumsy pair of Shoes, or an unfashionable Coat came into his House: Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his Laughing aloud when he stood by it, the Liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this Invention whenever he had a Man of Sense or a Coxcomb in his Room.

Having cleared away the *Pericardium*, or the Case and Liquor above-mentioned, we came to the Heart itself. The outward Surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *Muero*, or Point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the Fingers like a smooth piece of Ice.

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The Fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other Hearts; insomuch, that the whole Heart was wound up together like a

Gordian Knot,[1] and must have had very irregular and unequal Motions, whilst it was employed in its Vital Function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the Vessels which came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any Communication that it had with the Tongue.

We could not but take Notice likewise, that several of those little Nerves in the Heart which are affected by the Sentiments of Love, Hatred, and other Passions, did not descend to this before us from the Brain, but from the Muscles which lie about the Eye.

Upon weighing the Heart in my Hand, I found it to be extreamly light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at when upon looking into the Inside of it, I saw Multitudes of Cells and Cavities running one within another, as our Historians[2] describe the Appartments of *Rosamond*'s Bower. Several of these little Hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of Trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular Account of, and shall therefore only take Notice of what lay first and uppermost, which upon our unfolding it and applying our Microscope to it appeared to be a Flame-coloured Hood.[3]

We were informed that the Lady of this Heart, when living, received the Addresses of several who made Love to her, and did not only give each of them Encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an Eye of Kindness; for which Reason we expected to have seen the Impression of Multitudes of Faces among the several Plaites and Foldings of the Heart, but to our great Surprize not a single Print of this nature discovered it self till we came into the very Core and Center of it. We there observed a little Figure, which, upon applying our Glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very Fantastick manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the Face before, but could not possibly recollect either the Place or Time; when at length one of the Company, who had examined this Figure more

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nicely than the rest, shew'd us plainly by the make of its Face, and the several turns of its Features, that the little Idol which was thus lodged in the very Middle of the Heart was the Deceased Beau, whose Head I gave some Account of in my last *Tuesday*'s Paper.

As soon as we had finished our Dissection, we resolved to make an

Experiment of the Heart, not being able to determine among our selves the Nature of its Substance, which differed in so many Particulars from that of the Heart in other Females. Accordingly we laid it into a Pan of burning Coals, when we observed in it a certain Salamandrine Quality,[1] that made it capable of living in the midst of Fire and Flame, without being consum'd, or so much as sindged.

As we were admiring this strange *Phœnomenon,* and standing round the Heart in a Circle, it gave a most prodigious Sigh or rather Crack, and dispersed all at once in Smoke and Vapour. This imaginary Noise, which methoughts was louder than the burst of a Cannon, produced such a violent Shake in my Brain, that it dissipated the Fumes of Sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake. L

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NOTES

[1] *Motto*. Virgil, *Aeneid*, 4. 64:

> And anxiously the panting Entrails views, DRYDEN.

[2] No. 275.

[3] Nathaniel Wanley's *Wonders of the Little World* (1678) contains a chapter (book i, chap, xxi) entitled 'Of the Heart; and in what manner it hath been found in some Bodies' (pp. 32–34), which has some similarity to this essay. A closer resemblance is to be found in the long article, 'Examples of Accidents relating to the Heart and how found in some Human Bodies', in Charles Povey's newspaper, the *General Remark: or Miscellanies* of 24 Dec. 1708. It contains examples, supposedly historical, of cases in which the heart was found in an unusual condition—some found 'all hairy', others 'quite dry'd and shrunk up for want of Water in the Pericardium'. The fifth example is that of a noble Roman, whose body being opened 'there was found in it no Heart at all, only the Tunicle it was wrapt in; the Heart itself and every Portion thereof being dry d up and consum'd by an excessive Heat'.

[1] It is clear from this sentence and the reference to 'weather-glass' in the following paragraph, as well as from *Tatters* 214 and 220, that Addison is using the terms 'thermometer', 'weather-glass', and 'barometer' somewhat loosely to indicate an instrument which both determines temperature and forecasts changes in the weather. Cf. *OED*, s.v. 'Weatherglass'. In *Tatler* 214 Addison describes 'a Sort of a Political Barometer, or, to speak more intelligibly, a State Weather-Glass', and at greater length in *Tatler* 220 an 'Ecclesiastical Thermometer', which contains a liquid which rises or falls according to the religious atmosphere of various parts of London. In *Spectator* 262 Addison mentions the barometer as one of the inventions of the Royal Society. See also No. 238 and note.

[1] Plutarch, *Life of Alexander*, 18. 1–2.

[2] See Sir Richard Baker's *Chronicle* (ed. 1684), p. 59. Rosamond's bower is, of course, also the setting for Addison's opera of 1707.

[3] See No. 265.

[1] No. 198.

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NO. 282
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1712[2]

[STEELE]

... *Spes incerta futuri*.

Virg.

IT is a lamentable thing that every Man is full of Complaints, and constantly uttering Sentences against the Fickleness of Fortune, when People generally bring upon themselves all the Calamities they fall into, and are constantly heaping up Matter for their own Sorrow and Disappointment. That which produces the greatest Part of the Pollutions of Mankind, is a false Hope which People indulge with so sanguine a Flattery to themselves, that their Hearts are bent upon fantastical Advantages which they had no Reason to believe should ever have arrived to them. By this unjust Measure of calculating their Happiness, they often mourn with real Affliction for imaginary Losses. When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for our selves, I cannot but reflect upon a particular Set of People, who in their own Favour resolve every thing that is possible into what is probable, and then reckon upon that

Probability as on what must certainly happen. WILL. HONEYCOMB, upon my observing his looking on a Lady with some particular Attention, gave me an Account of the great Distresses which had laid waste that her very fine Face, and given an Air of Melancholy to a very agreeable Person. That Lady, and a Couple of Sisters of hers, were, said WILL, fourteen Years ago, the greatest Fortunes about Town; but without having any Loss by bad Tenants, by bad

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Securities, or any Damage by Sea or Land, are reduced to very narrow Circumstances. They were at that Time the most inaccessible haughty Beauties in Town; and their Pretensions to take upon them at that unmerciful rate, was rais'd upon the following Scheme, according to which all their Lovers were answered.

'Our Father is a youngish Man, but then our Mother is somewhat older, and not likely to have any Children: His Estate, being 800 l. *per Annum*, at 20 Year's Purchase, is worth 16,000 l. Our[a] Uncle, who is above 50, has 400 l. *per Annum*, which, at the foresaid Rate, is 8000 l. There's a Widow Aunt who has 10,000 l. at her own Disposal left by her Husband, and an old Maiden-Aunt who has 6000 l. Then our Father's Mother has 900 l, *per Annum*, which is worth 18,000 l. and 1000 l. each of us has of her own, which can't be taken from us. These summ'd up together stand thus;

			l.	
Father's	800	—	16,000	This equally divided between us three, amounts to 20,000 l. each; and Allowance being given for Enlargement upon common Fame, we may law-fully pass for 30,000 l.
Uncle's	400	—	8000	
Aunt's	10,000 6,000	—	16,000	
Grandmother	900	—	18,000	
Own 1000 each		—	3000	
		Total	61,000	

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'In Prospect of this, and the Knowledge of her own personal Merit, every one was contemptible in their Eyes, and they refus'd those Offers which had been frequently made 'em. But *mark the End*: The Mother dies, the Father is married again, and has a Son, on him was entail'd the Father's, Uncle's, and Grandmother's Estate. This cut off 43,000 l. The Maiden-Aunt married a tall Irishman, and with her went the 6000 l. The Widow died, and left but enough to pay her Debts and bury her; so that there remain'd for these three

Girls but their own 1000 l. They had this Time passed their Prime, and got on the wrong Side of Thirty; and must pass the Remainder of their Days, upbraiding Mankind that they mind nothing but Money, and bewailing that Virtue, Sense, and Modesty are had at present in no Manner of Estimation.'

I mention this Case of Ladies before any other, because it is the most irreparable: For tho' Youth is the Time less capable of Reflection, it is in that Sex the only Season in which they can advance their Fortunes. But if we turn our Thoughts to the Men, we see such Crowds of Unhappy from no other Reason, but an ill-grounded Hope, that it is hard to say which they rather deserve, our Pity or Contempt. It is not unpleasant to see a Fellow after grown old in Attendance, and after having passed half a Life in Servitude, call himself the unhappiest of all Men, and pretend to be disappointed because a Courtier broke his Word. He that promises himself any thing but what may naturally arise from his own Property or Labour, and goes beyond the Desire of possessing above two Parts in three even of that, lays up for himself an encreasing Heap of Afflictions and Disappointments. There are but two Means in the World of gaining by other Men, and these are by being either agreeable or considerable. The Generality of Mankind do all things for their own sakes; and when you hope any thing from Persons above you, if you cannot say I can be thus agreeable, or thus serviceable, it is ridiculous to pretend to the Dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you, you were injudicious in hoping for any other than to be neglected, for such as can come within these Descriptions of being capable to please or serve your Patron, when his Humour or Interests call for their Capacity either way.

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It would not methinks be an useless Comparison between the Condition of a Man who shuns all the Pleasures of Life, and of one who makes it his Business to pursue them. Hope in the Recluse makes his Austerities comfortable, while the luxurious Man gains nothing but Uneasiness from his Enjoyments. What is the Difference in the Happiness of him who is macerated by Abstinence, and his who is surfeited with Excess? He who resigns the World, has no Temptation to Envy, Hatred, Malice, Anger, but is in constant Possession of a serene Mind; he who follows the Pleasures of it, which are in their very Nature disappointing, is in constant Search of Care, Sollicitude, Remorse, and Confusion.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *January the* 14th, 1712.

'I AM a young Woman, and have my Fortune to make; for which Reason I come constantly to Church to hear divine Service and make Conquests: But one great Hindrance in this my Design, is, that our Clerk, who was once a Gardener, has this *Christmas* so over deckt the Church with Greens, that he has quite spoilt my Prospect, insomuch that I have scarce seen the young Baronet I dress at these three Weeks, though we have both been very constant at our Devotions, and don't sit above three Pews off. The Church, as it is now equipt, looks more like a Green-house than a Place of Worship: The middle Isle is a very pretty shady Walk, and the Pews look like so many Arbours of each Side of it. The Pulpit it self has such Clusters of Ivy, Holly, and Rosemary about it, that a light Fellow in our Pew took Occasion to say, that the Congregation heard the Word out of a Bush, like *Moses*.[1] Sir *Anthony Love*'s Pew in particular is so well hedged, that all my Batteries have no Effect. I am obliged to shoot at Random among the Boughs, without taking any manner of Aim. *Mr*. SPECTATOR, unless you'll give Orders for removing these Greens, I shall grow a very awkard Creature at Church, and soon have little else to do there but say my Prayers. I am in haste,

Dear Sir,
Your most Obedient Servant.
;Jenny Simper.'[2]

T

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NOTES

[2] *Motto*. Virgil, *Aeneid*, 8. 580:

> While Hopes and Fears in equal ballance lye. DRYDEN.

In the original folio sheets the motto was: Et nulli rei nisi Poenitentiae natus (And born for nothing save penitence), slightly altered from the concluding sentence of Tertullian's *De Poenitentia* (12. 9).

[a] worth 16,000 l. Our] worth 16,000; Our *Fol*.

[1] Exod. iii. 4.

[2] For the sequel to this letter see No 284 (vol. iii).

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Sir Richard Steele, The Spectator: No. 266 Friday, January 4, 1712 (1712)

Donald F. Bond (ed.), The Spectator, Vol. 2

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NO. 266
FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1712[1]

[STEELE]

Id vero est quod ego mihi puto palmarium
Me reperisse, quomodo adolescentulus
Meretricum ingenia, & mores possit noscere
Mature ut cum cognorit perpetuo oderit.

Ter.

NO Vice or Wickedness, which People fall into from Indulgence to Desires which are natural to all, ought to place them below the Compassion of the virtuous Part of the World; which indeed often makes me a little apt to suspect the Sincerity of their Virtue, who are too warmly provoked at other Peoples personal Sins. The unlawful Commerce of the Sexes is of all other the hardest to avoid; and yet there is no one which you shall hear the rigider Part of Womankind speak of with so little Mercy. It is very certain that a modest Woman cannot abhor the Breach of Chastity too much; but pray let her hate it for herself, and only pity it in others. WILL. HONEYCOMB calls these over-offended Ladies, the outragiously virtuous.

I do not design to fall upon Failures in general, with relation to the Gift of Chastity, but at present only enter upon that large Field, and begin with the Consideration of poor and publick Whores. The other Evening passing along near *Covent-Garden,* I was jogged on the Elbow as I turned into the Piazza,[2] on the right Hand coming out of

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James-street, by a slim young Girl of about Seventeen, who with a pert Air asked me if I was for a Pint of Wine. I do not know but I should have indulged my Curiosity in having some Chat with her, but that I am informed the Man of the *Bumper*[3] knows me; and it would have made a Story for him not very agreeable to some Part of my Writings, though I have in others so frequently said that I am wholly unconcerned in any Scene I am in, but meerly as a Spectator. This Impediment being in my Way, we stood under one of the Arches by Twilight; and there I could observe as exact Features as

I had ever seen, the most agreeable Shape, the finest Neck and Bosom, in a Word, the whole Person of a Woman exquisitly beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced Wantonness in her Look and Air; but I saw it checked with Hunger and Cold : Her Eyes were wan and eager, her Dress thin and tawdry, her Mein genteel and childish. This strange Figure gave me much Anguish of Heart, and to avoid being seen with her I went away, but could not forbear giving her a Crown. The poor thing sighed, curtisied, and with a Blessing, expressed with the utmost Vehemence, turned from me. This Creature is what they call *newly come upon the Town*,[1] but who, I suppose, falling into cruel Hands, was left in the first Month from her Dishonour, and exposed to pass through the Hands and Discipline of one of those Hags of Hell whom we call Bawds.[2] But least I should grow too suddenly grave on this Subject, and be my self outragiously good, I shall turn to a Scene in one of *Fletcher*'s Plays, where this Character is drawn, and the Oeconomy of Whoredom most admirably described. The Passage I would point to is in the third Scene of the second Act of the *Humorous Lieutenant*.[3] *Leucippe,* who is Agent for the King's Lust, and bawds at the same Time for the whole Court, is very pleasantly introduced, reading her Minutes as a Person of Business, with two Maids, her Under-Secretaries, taking Instructions at a Table before her. Her Women, both those under her present Tutelage, and those which she is laying Wait for, are alphabetically set down in her Book; and as she is looking over the Letter C, in a muttering Voice, as if between Soliloquy and speaking out, she says,

Her Maiden-head will yield me; let me see now;
She is not Fifteen they say: For her Complexion—

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Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, *here I have her,*
Cloe, *the Daughter of a Country Gentleman;*
Her Age upon Fifteen. Now her Complexion,
A lovely brown; here 'tis; Eyes black and rolling,
The Body neatly built; she strikes a Lute well,
Sings most enticingly: These Helps consider'd,
Her Maiden-head will amount to some three hundred,

Or three hundred and fifty Crowns, 'twill bear it handsomly.
Her Father's poor, some little Share deducted,
To buy him a Hunting-Nag—

These Creatures are very well instructed in the Circumstances and Manners of all who are any Way related to the fair one whom they have a Design upon. As *Cloe* is to be purchased with 350 Crowns,[a] and the Father taken off with a Pad; the Merchant's Wife next to her, who abounds in Plenty, is not to have downright Money, but the mercenary Part of her Mind is engaged with a Present of Plate and a little Ambition: She is made to understand that it is a Man of Quality who dies for her. The Examination of a young Girl for Business, and the crying down her Value for being a slight thing, together with every other Circumstance in the Scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true Spirit of Comedy; tho' it were to be wished the Author had added a Circumstance which should make *Leucippe*'s Baseness more odious.

It must not be thought a Digression from my intended Speculation, to talk of Bawds in a Discourse upon Wenches; for a Woman of the Town is not thoroughly and properly such, without having gone through the Education of one of these Houses: But the compassionate Case of very many is, that they are taken into such Hands without any the least Suspicion, previous Temptation, or Admonition to what Place they are going. The last Week I went to an Inn in the City, to enquire for some Provisions which were sent by a Waggon out of the Country; and as I waited in one of the Boxes[1] till the Chamberlain had looked over his Parcels, I heard an old and a young Voice repeating the Questions and Responces of the Church-Catechism. I thought it no Breach of good Manners to peep at a Crevise, and look in at People so well employed; but who should I see there but the most artful Procuress in the Town, examining

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a most beautiful Country-Girl, who had come up in the same Waggon with my things, *Whether she was well educated, could forbear playing the Wanton with Servants and idle Fellows, of which this Town,* says she, *is too full:* At the same Time, *Whether she knew enough of Breeding; as that if a Squire or a Gentleman, or one that was her Betters, should give her a civil Salute, she could curtsie and be humble nevertheless.* Her innocent

forsooths, yes's, and't please you's, and she would do her Endeavour, moved the good old Lady to take her out of the Hands of a Country Bumkin her Brother, and hire her for her own Maid. I stay'd till I saw them all marched out to take Coach; the Brother loaded with a great Cheese, he prevailed upon her to take for her Civilities to Sister. This poor Creature's Fate is not far off that of her's whom I spoke of above; and it is not to be doubted, but after she has been long enough a Prey to Lust she will be delivered over to [a]Famine. The Ironical Commendation of the Industry and Charity of these antiquated Ladies, these Directors[a] of Sin, after they can no longer commit it, makes up the Beauty of the inimitable Dedication to the *Plain Dealer*,[1] and is a Master-piece of Raillery on this Vice: But to understand all the Purleues[2] of this Game the better, and to illustrate this Subject in future Discourses, I must venture my self, with my Friend WILL, into the Haunts of Beauty and Gallantry; from pampered Vice in the Habitations of the Wealthy, to distressed indigent Wickedness expelled the Harbours of the Brothel.

T

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NOTES

[1] Motto. Terence, *Eunucbus,* 930–3: This I conceive to be my masterpiece, that I have been able to show this stripling how to detect the artifices of harlots, and by knowing them early, detest them for ever.

[2] See No. 14 (vol. i). James Street leads north from Covent Garden to Long Acre.

[3] Richard Estcourt, the proprietor of the Bumper Tavern, seems to have had Anthony Aston as his 'man' (cf. No. 264).

[1] This is the earliest example of this phrase in *OED.* Cf. No. 182.

[2] 'Since c. 1700 only feminine, and applied to a procuress, or a woman keeping a place of prostitution' *(OED).*

[3] Steele quotes II. iii. 15–26. Fletcher's play had not been acted since 11 Apr. 1709, with Mr. Pack as Leucippe. It was revived at Drury Lane on 11 and 12 Feb. 1712.

[a] 350 Crowns,] fifty Crowns, *Fol.*

[1] 'A compartment partitioned off in the public room of a coffee-house or tavern' *(OED).* This is the earliest recorded quotation in this sense.

[a-a] Famine. ... Directors] *M;* Famine; the Ironical Commendation of the Industry and Charity of these antiquated Ladies. These Directors *Fol., 8vo, 12mo*

[1] Wycherley's play was dedicated 'To My Lady B——,' in the form of a long ironical address. Madam Bennet was a notorious procuress of the time of Charles II. One of her maxims is quoted in *Tatler* 84.

[2] 'The region forming the outlying part of anything abstract, *arch.*'*(OED).* This is the last quotation in *OED* in this sense.

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